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Library
of the
University of Wisconsin

RUSSIA 1812. See Page 721, "THE CONSCRIPT,"—ALSO, Page 341, Vol. I.



THE RETREAT FROM RUSSIA. THE END OF A WAR OF SPOILIATION AND INVASION (1812).

VOL. II.

A PRESENT TO YOUTHS & YOUNG MEN.

Printed for Private Circulation, and Presentation.



"Christian" at the "Wicket Gate."

"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you!"

The "Old" Theology, versus the "New" Theology.

"No man having tasted Old wine straightway desireth New, for he saith, 'the Old is better.'"

Once, to every Man, and Nation, comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the Good or Evil side;
Some great Cause calls to all, offering each the Bloom or Blight,
Parts the Goats upon the left hand, and the Sheep upon the right,
And the Choice goes on for ever, 'twixt the Darkness and the Light.

"By going down the Street of 'By and By,' one comes,—at last,—
to the Gate of 'Never!'"

From the Arabic.

In Nurse's arms,—a naked, new born Child,—
Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around thee *Smiled*:
Live so,—that,—sinking,—to thy last, long, Sleep,—
Calm may'st thou Smile,—while all around thee Weep!

TO A FATHER,
WHOSE CONSCIENTIOUS LIFE,
UNDEVIATING RECTITUDE, AND UNFAILING LOVE,
HAVE,—DURING A LENGTHENED PERIOD,—
PROVED THE BEST EXAMPLE TO HIS SONS,
THIS BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

The above Dedication was to the Earlier Editions.
He died 11th October, 1880. His eldest son was the Author of
“**John Inglesant**,” who died 4th March, 1903, a Portrait
of whom is at the End of Volume II.

NOTE.—It is suggested to place the Stamp of the Library, or Institution on this Page.

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PRESENTED TO THE LIBRARY OF

WITH THE BEST WISHES OF THE
AUTHOR.

" I expect to pass through this World but once ; if, therefore, there be any good I can do, let me do it now ! Let me not defer, or neglect it ; for I shall not pass *this way again*."—ANON.

ERRATA, VOL II.

- Page 474,—For "This Volume,"—read "Vol I."
,, 479,—For "26 years ago,"—read "44 years ago."
,, 535,—For "See Page 57,"—read "57, Vol I."
,, 573,—For "thinks"—read "thinks proper to."
,, 603,—For "Pages 461, 359, 371,"—read "of Vol. I."
,, 626,—For "Pages 211, 429,"—read "of Vol. I."
,, 655,—For "Page 211,"—read "of Vol. I."
,, 768,—For "Belzan's"—read "Belzone's."
,, 910,—For "King and Country,"—read "Kin."
,, 919,—For "Listens to Him,"—read "Listen to Him."
,, 984,—For "Christs,"—read "Christ."
,, 1045,—For "Mediators,"—read "Mediator."
,, 1045,—For "Pia," read "Pio Nono."
,, 1083,—For "Popist," read "Papist."
-

"THE LIBERATOR."

Page 512.—*Note.*—The Rev. Stockwell Watts, Congregational Minister, died 9th October, 1908, after 14 years assisting the Sufferers of the "Liberator" Frauds. Subscriptions greatly needed to support some 3,500 Aged People; Office—16 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

LETTERS AT ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND, 1907-8.

The number of Letters weekly dealt with, mentioned on Page 156, Vol. I. at St. Martin's-le-Grand,—was incorrect. For the Year 1907-8,—203,597 persons were employed in seeing to the following:—

2,863,900,000 Letters
858,300,000 Post Cards
940,600,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Packets
199,800,000 Newspapers
109,470,000 "Parcels Post"

4,972,070,000

Nearly *Five Thousand Millions* (!) were delivered!

19,123,050 Registered Letters
1,034,262 Registered Parcels
1,808,888 Express Deliveries
10,431,497 Money Orders = £39,060,590
125,264,000 Postal Orders = £44,614,000
Deposited in Savings' Bank, £44,217,288
Interest Paid, £3,719,975
Total due to Depositors, £157,500,077
89,493,000 Telegrams
551 Telephones gave 21,993,113 "calls"

VOL. II.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER XLV.	
How we can "Harden" our Hearts - - - - -	465
CHAPTER XLVI.	
Rich and Poor. Was this Boy "Poor" ? - - - - -	480
CHAPTER XLVII.	
Rich and Poor. Was this Man "Rich" ? - - - - -	482
CHAPTER XLVIII.	
The Rich Young Man and Christ - - - - -	484
CHAPTER XLIX.	
Our Fathers and Mothers - - - - -	494
CHAPTER L.	
A Precipice. "Unbelief" Part I. - - - - -	510
CHAPTER LI.	
A Precipice. "Unbelief," Part II. "The Fall." The True Gospel. The Stupendous Power of God. The "New Theology" - - - - -	542
CHAPTER LII.	
What "Human Nature" is. Witnesses of the Gospel Narrative. Toleration - - - - -	600
CHAPTER LIII.	
The Trinity of Evil. Drink. "Gone out too Far" - - -	626
CHAPTER LIV.	
The Trinity of Evil. Immorality. Set up a Competition. Sports, Chess, etc. - - - - -	655
CHAPTER LV.	
The Trinity of Evil. Gambling. Turf Tragedy. Dr. Palmer	680
CHAPTER LVI.	
The Horrors of War. A "Conscript's" Story - - -	700
CHAPTER LVII.	
"Who Murdered Willie?" - - - - -	731
CHAPTER LVIII.	
The Bitter Melon, and Slave Boy - - - - -	733
CHAPTER LIX.	
Flowers for the Poor. The Good Ladies - - - - -	734

	PAGE
CHAPTER LX.	
The Boy Martyr. A Flogging at Sea - - - - -	744
CHAPTER LXI.	
The Page Boy. A Good Son - - - - -	751
CHAPTER LXII.	
Kite Flying with a Kind Brother. The Murder in Blackwood -	753
Fables. The Chameleon - - - - -	768
Honest Woodman and Fairy- - - - -	770
Traveller and Satyr - - - - -	771
Ox and Gnat - - - - -	772
Shower of Plum Puddings - - - - -	773
CHAPTER LXIII.	
A Story, by Peter Parley. Life and Adventures of Neddy Bray	776
CHAPTER LXIV.	
Tom Brown at Rugby School - - - - -	828
CHAPTER LXV.	
The Theatre. Vile Plays and Novels. The Truth about "Dotheboy's Hall" - - - - -	838
CHAPTER LXVI.	
The Brave Sailor Boy of Ireland - - - - -	847
CHAPTER LXVII.	
Henry. The Skating Party - - - - -	852
CHAPTER LXVIII.	
The Young Sentinel. Napoleon and the Boy "Velite" - -	854
Fable. The Goose with the Golden Egg - - - - -	860
CHAPTER LXIX.	
The House would never have been Taken, but for a Traitor within	861
CHAPTER LXX.	
Horrors of the Past. Slave Trade. Children in Cotton Mills, etc. Boy "Sweeps." The Bad Old Times - - - - -	878
CHAPTER LXX.	
A Brighter Picture. Müller's Orphanage. His Life - - -	907
CHAPTER LXXI.	
A Brighter Picture. Ragged Schools. Our Good Missionaries Abroad. Astabula Creek. Marshman, Carey, Paton -	928
CHAPTER LXXII.	
A Brighter Picture. Barnardo's Homes. His Life - - -	954
CHAPTER LXXIII.	
A Defence of Nonconformity. Parts I., II., III., IV., V. Gold, Money, Lucre, Persecution - - - - -	977
Parting Words - - - - -	1123

PREFACE TO NEW EDITION, 1908.

Former issues of this Work,—from 1864 to the last in 1892,—having been approved by Libraries, one more Improved Edition,—probably the last,—is once more offered for their acceptance. Although applications from private persons cannot be entertained, the Book may be had on application, from all our English Public Libraries, and “Y.M.C.A.” Branches, also at similar excellent Institutions in the United States, Canada, etc.

NOVEL READING.

The habitual Novel, or Story, Reader, will,—at times,—candidly express a fear that the habit debilitates the Mind,—consumes countless hours, and useless Sentiments over bogus Heroes, etc., who never had any existence,—while it gradually disinclines to rational Study, or useful,—instructive,—Reading.

Undoubtedly he is right! The Problem remains,—“Can a Book of an instructive tendency be rendered, at the same, time readable,—without having recourse to Fiction?”

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS, FOUNDER OF THE “Y.M.C.A.”

During world-wide travel, the Writer,—on one occasion,—crossed the Atlantic with the late excellent Mr. (afterwards Sir) GEORGE WILLIAMS,—of “Y.M.C.A.” celebrity.

This was in 1876,—on a Tour to the first, American “Centennial” Exhibition, at the People’s Park, Philadelphia, extended to Kansas,—Colorado,—Salt Lake City,—“’Frisco,”—Mexico,—Canada,—etc.

Thirty years ago, travel in the Far West was not without its incidents,—Mr. Williams, and his son, being shot at, across the street, by a drunken Rowdy at Cheyenne. The splendid wave of “Prohibition” has,—since that day,—spread over America. Would that it would do so over Great Britain.

Even in 1876, the Writer was greatly struck with the Noble Schools,—Colleges,—“Y.M.C.A.’s”—“Public Libraries,” etc., of America,—the latter,—through the munificent aid of that

great, and wise, Philanthropist,—Mr. CARNEGIE,—and other Patriotic Citizens now immensely increased in number.

“ JOHN INGLESANT.”

✓ Not possessing the Genius of his late Brother,—the AUTHOR of the Historical Romance,—“ JOHN INGLESANT,”—a favourite Book of Mr. Gladstone’s,—the Writer can only offer to the Libraries of the above excellent Institutions,—this little work,—with his good wishes.

George Washington, Patriot.

The Grandfather of the Writer,—for many Years,—added the Business of American Merchant to his English Manufactory, and was in New York, when the Great Patriot,—GEORGE WASHINGTON,—died,—14th December, 1799.

NOTE.—Those were the “ Good ” (?) old days of “ Sailing ” Ships. Delays of weeks took place at times,—waiting for a Wind to get fairly out to Sea. He left Liverpool in a well-found Ship,—the “ Severn,”—Captain Sheffield,—an able Mariner,—22 September, 1799. Attempting,—but failing,—to negotiate the South of Ireland route,—they had to take to the Northern passage. A Stormy voyage,—narrowly missing Sable Island Shoals,—in a terrible Gale. They reached New York 23 November, 1799,—a 61 days’ passage. But the “ Harriet,”—leaving Liverpool the day before them,—took 13 weeks !—while the “ Neptune ” from Bristol took 15 weeks 4 days (109 days) and ran short of Provisions ! They were all in constant Dread of meeting the “ French Privateer ” Vessels,—and carried guns ! “ Good old times,” Reader !

Rather a contrast to the Floating Palaces,—the “ Lusitania,” and “ Mauretania,” of 1908,—800 feet in length, 32,500 tons,—and 70,000 h.p.,—crossing in less than 5 days ! The first “ Cunard ” s.s.,—the “ Britannia,”—207 feet long,—left Liverpool the 4th July, 1840,—and crossed in 14 days 8 hours, with 124 Passengers. Mr. SAMUEL CUNARD,—the worthy Quaker of Halifax,—who accompanied them,—within 24 hours of landing, received 1,800 Invitations to Dinner, from hospitable American Citizens !

THEOLOGY,—“ UNREST IN THE CHURCHES,” 1908.

THE “ OLD THEOLOGY ” VERSUS “ THE NEW THEOLOGY.”

“ No man having tasted old Wine straightway desireth New : for he saith, ‘ The Old is better.’ ”

The Reader,—disturbed by the eccentric Theological Teaching of this day,—is asked to peruse the following Chapters in Volume II.,—giving them a fair hearing,—and to say whether the Propositions advanced do not commend themselves to the Conscience, and,—may it be added,—our Common Sense ?

(1) How "Unbelievers" "Harden their Hearts," Page 465; (2) "Unbelief," a Precipice, Page 510-541; (3) The True "Gospel," Page 561; (4) The "New Theology," Page 587; (5) "The Fall of Man," Page 604; (6) Witnesses of the Gospel Narratives, Page 614; (7) Toleration, Page 621; (8) "Sin" graphically described, Page 604; (9) The Conscience of Great Nations Asleep, Page 878; (10) Black "Slavery," Page 886; (11) White "Slavery," Cotton Mills,—“Climbing Sweep Boys,” etc., Page 896; (12) Defence of Nonconformity, Page 977; (13) George Müller, Page 912; (14) Missionary Workers, Page 935; (15) Dr. Barnardo, Page 954; (16) Ragged Schools, Page 929; (17) Drink, Page 626; (18) Gambling, Page 680; (19) Immorality, Page 655; (20) War, Page 700; (21) How the Castle was taken, Page 861. Life's End.

TOLERATION.

To avoid misconception,—this Work is not a "Proselytizing" one. It is not connected with,—nor advancing the views of,—any Especial Christian Sect,—or Denomination. What little Sectarian reserve the Writer might,—from early associations,—have imbibed, has, long ago, disappeared. Having attended, with much Respect, and Interest, the various Churches, Chapels, and Meeting Houses, during world-wide Travels,—of, he thinks, almost every known Religious Denomination, he has found the same Essentials to true Religion,—Reverence, Faith, and Worship. He ventures, therefore, to claim that every true Believer,—whatever may be the name of the "Church" he may elect to unite with,—belongs,—in addition,—to one VAST FAMILY, who, throughout the World, claim God, as their Father,—Jesus Christ, as their Saviour,—and God, the precious Holy Spirit, as their Sanctifier. Surely,—then,—all True Believers in our Lord are; Fellow Christians,—alike entitled to Respect and Esteem.

The object being entirely a Philanthropic,—not a Financial one,—as in previous Editions of this Book, no Copy can ever be Sold. It must be accepted literally as a "*Present*" to Young Men.

"Freely ye have received,—freely give."—Matt. x. 8.



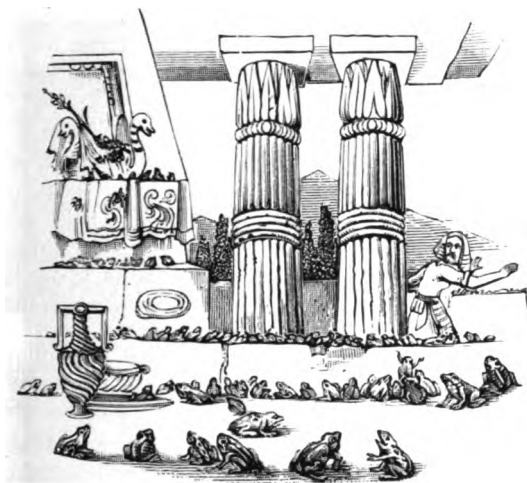
INTOLERANCE. THE HUGUENOT PROTESTANT, 1686. (See Page 1073.)

His young Wife imploring him to save them and their little ones,—and their Property,—by putting on the Badge of that “Conversion” to Rome of which we heard a good deal and saw on Catholic Banners at the Eucharistic Procession in London, 1908.



INTOLERANCE. BARBAROUS TYRANNY. PERSECUTION.

Reader,—consider the *alternative* to this “Conversion” ! What Constancy,—what Grace,—was needed to refuse the saving Badge. His Wife left defenceless. The Dragoons plundering, and outraging, all round them. Their little ones taken from them, to be brought up as Catholics ; his Property all confiscated ;—he himself sent to the terrible “galleys” for life, chained to the huge oars, with the lowest criminals ! Many Pastors and cultivated men were 26 years in the galleys as Slaves !



The Frogs.

"And the River shall bring forth frogs, abundantly, which shall go up and come into thine house, and into thy bedchamber, and upon thy bed, and into thine ovens and into thy kneading troughs." "And Moses cried unto the Lord; and the frogs died out of the houses, and out of the fields, and they gathered them together into heaps, and the land stank."—*Exodus xiii.*, 3-13-14.

CHAPTER XLV.

TWO "DIFFICULTIES" IN BIBLE READING MET. UNBELIEF.

Illustration No. 2.—PHARAOH.

"Pharaoh hardened his heart at this time also." *Exodus viii.*, 32. "And when Pharaoh saw that the hail ceased, he sinned yet more, and hardened his heart, he and his servants."—*Exodus ix.*, 34. And the Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh."

NO portion of the Old Testament has been more challenged by Secularists, and Unbelievers, than the remarkable expression,—“The Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh.” But, as usual, the Secularist always seems to disregard the fact, that we are also informed, Pharaoh *first of all*, hardened his own heart,—which makes all the difference in the World. We all see the Folly of singling out one isolated verse or Chapter,—and that

the Bible must be read as a whole. Paul dealing with the subject in that remarkable IX. Chapter of Romans says,—“For the Scripture saith unto Pharaoh, ‘Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up, that My name might be declared throughout all the Earth.’”

Four thousand years have passed away,—and yet the traces of the magnificence of the Egyptian Empire astonish our modern Explorers.

How the ancient Egyptians ever built their stupendous Temples, and Pyramids, puzzles our modern Engineers. An entire Nation in abject Slavery,—thousands upon thousands of unfortunate Israelites all at work drawing,—by main force,—the immense Stones up Inclined Planes, which were afterwards removed,—seems the most probable method by which these colossal Monuments were erected. One single stone at Baalbec was measured 30 feet long by 15 feet square!

We must imagine the Absolute Monarch and Ruler of the most powerful Empire then in the world,—the greatest of the Pharaohs,—accustomed to adulation,—and even to have Divine rites paid to him by an abject people, told, through Moses, to let an entire Nation,—the down-trodden Israelites,—go free! Some of us,—living four thousand years after Pharaoh,—have witnessed how an even professedly Christian Nation can cling to their ill-gotten “property,”—Slaves,—with the same desperate obstinacy as that shown by the Heathen Pharaoh, and his People. It is a long period between the Southern States of America in A.D. 1864, and Egypt in B.C. 1500, but surely *human nature* remains the same! History repeats itself! It needed one of the most terrible civil Wars on record to force the South to let *their* Israelites go free!

Imagine then, an Heathen,—Absolute,—Monarch,—like Pharaoh,—proudly surveying the vast cities rising through the toil of the enslaved Nation,—the Jews.

With what unutterable scorn, and derision, would he have greeted Paul’s words 2,000 years after. “For this cause have I raised thee up to show My power.” WHAT! the so-called “God” of this wretched Race of Slaves, whom I have had under my foot for years, and will hold for years to come,—a “God” whom the Priests and Learned Men in Egypt know nothing about,—raised ME up indeed! “We will soon see *that*!” There were a multitude of heathen “Gods” worshipped by the Egyptians; but Pharaoh’s utter contempt for the God of these miserable Israelites is shown in his first reply to Moses. “Who is the “Lord,” that I should obey

his voice ? *I know not the "Lord,"—neither will I let Israel go ! Ye are idle,—ye are idle ! Wherefore do ye, Moses and*



Pharaoh.

Aaron, let the people from their work ? Get you unto your burdens. "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick as heretofore, let them go and gather straw for themselves, let more work be laid upon the men, yet not aught of your daily tasks shall be diminished."

PHARAOH HARDENS HIS HEART.

The Student will observe that the two expressions "Pharaoh sinned yet more and hardened his heart,"—and "God hardened Pharaoh's heart," are repeated several times ;—it is unfortunate that disputants on both sides, are always apt to pick out only those isolated expressions which happen to suit their favourite views,—instead of honestly, candidly, taking the entire account into consideration,—as a whole. To the Believer,—and prayerful student of this wondrous book the

Bible,—both expressions are only too literally true,—and in our day in the experience of every persistent provoking sinner, we see the same solemn truth exemplified. The ages pass, but human nature, and the opposition of the natural heart to God, remain the same ! There must ever be a wilful hardening of the heart before it is possible that you can have a bad man !

How long had this cruel, and merciless Pharaoh, and his people, oppressed the Israelites ? That there had been terrible wrongs, and cruelties, perpetrated, is clear. Are we to wonder that the Judgments of a Just God fell upon their cruel oppressors ? The people of the Southern States had “hardened” their hearts for many a long year against the unutterable wrongs of Slavery,—and the Civil War at last fell upon them, as a Judgment long deferred ! The most cruel of Slave owners,—the most atrocious characters, Pirates, Murderers, and Blasphemers, never became so all at once—it took time. The worst of Mankind were all innocent little children once.

EVERY UNBELIEVER “HARDENS HIS HEART.”

Nero himself, when young, was amiable and good-natured. After years of crime and cruelties such as Pharaoh’s might have been,—there does certainly seem to come a time when abandoned sinners are left by God. Conscience, that barrier of God to man’s sin,—seems to have withdrawn. “He that is filthy let him be filthy still.” Left thus to themselves, such persons end in becoming Monsters, dangerous to Mankind, hated alike by God and Man. “My soul abhorreth them,”—we read, “and they also abhor Me.” In that awful condition, whether we choose to express it, as in the Bible, “God now hardens their hearts,”—or “God leaves them to themselves,”—really seems practically to be the same thing. In the solemn sense that God has *left them*, He may now be said to “Harden their hearts.” They went too far ! “I swear, in My wrath that they should not enter into My rest.” “Take heed lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God ; whilst it is called to-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.” “There is a *sin unto death*, I do not say that ye should pray for it.” “When once the Master of the house hath shut to the door.” “He limiteth a time,”—“Of how much soever punishment suppose ye shall he be worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of Man, and hath done despite to the Spirit of grace ; for we know Him that hath said, Vengeance belongeth unto Me, I will recompense, saith the Lord.”—Heb. x., 26-31.

What do these and many equally other solemn warnings mean, if they do not warn the sinner that if he "hardens" his *own* heart in the day of Grace, it will one day be hardened *for ever*?

But the Believer claims that the individual hardening of the heart must begin first on *our* part,—certainly not upon God's. Observe for yourself, take your own experience, did not Conscience rebuke that first sin you committed?

THE LECTURER ON INFIDELITY.

Or, take for instance, that wretched creature,—the Public Lecturer on Infidelity,—the "aggressive" Secularist;—he did not bring his deadly nightshade of unbelief into that Lecture Hall *at once*. *It took time!* Perhaps years! And while that time was taken,—and those Lectures thought out,—were there not restraints and appeals of Conscience to be hushed, and finally overcome? Certainly there were! "Around you," expostulated Conscience,—(which is the voice of God),—"is a sinful and a dying World; there is given to it a blessed Hope,—and precious Gospel held out to all,—to you also."

Do not,—if you refuse to "believe" yourself,—seek to,—and actually go out of your way, to ruin others! You have some talent,—intelligence,—you can speak well; do not abuse these talents the Creator has given you, by employing them to profane His name, and weaken His cause, by taking your deadly nightshade of unbelief to that Hall! What has God done to injure you?"

There is a Struggle! Do not talk of deciding the fate for weal, or for woe, by that most unsatisfactory,—apocryphal, Scene, known as a "death-bed repentance," whatever that may mean.

The *deciding* period is when the person is in health and strength, with all life before him, and death probably far distant. It is at *that* time the Man decides his Fate!

It was so with Holyoake,—Chas. Bradlaugh,—Chas. Watts,—Colonel Ingersoll,—"Saladin,"—the leading Atheists of our time; all of whom are now (1907) in Eternity. They know, now, *what* Eternity *means*!

THE APOSTATE DECIDES.

At length the Freethinker decided,—like Pharaoh he "hardens his heart." "Who is the Lord?" There is no God! At any rate I know not the Lord,—nor do I want

to. "I shall go and speak as I please!" And the Lecture is delivered. It is *easier* next time,—he learns to make better points,—he is pleased with his success, and the congratulations of his coadjutors. Conscience is dulled, then ceases altogether,—and when a man of talents and firm pride, like Pharaoh, is once launched upon that Gulf,—unbelief,—and bitter opposition to his God,—unless a Miracle of Grace prevents it,—such a one will remain unchanged to the end!

Precisely the same wilful hardening of the heart is needful at the commencement of every sinful life,—whether it be Drunkenness,—Vice,—or Dishonesty. So far,—therefore, from the Believer being afraid to face the difficulty the Secularist claims to exist, in the case of Pharaoh,—the Christian sees in it only what is at this moment taking place around him. "And Pharaoh sinned yet more, and hardened his heart;"—and every sinful person, who has ever lived, since,—or before,—Pharaoh, has done the same!

WHY SHOULD A PUBLIC LECTURER ON INFIDELITY EVER CHANGE ?

A well-known Christian gentleman, in London, lately stated that a Lecturer upon Freethought, had recently, (1890), recanted at,—or shortly before,—his Death. The Secularist Body publicly challenged the assertion that any of their Sect had done so, and called for the Name. Knowing nothing of the case, judging only from the past, the Secularists certainly have the experience of Mankind, and the Scriptures, *for once*, with them! Much more consistent with the whole of his life, were the dying words of the Unbeliever,—“I feel neither hope nor fear!” Very few prominent leaders of infidelity ever really change their views! *Strange indeed* if they did!

When we consider the “many” who are “called”—infinitely less guilty souls,—who, if they have done no good, have, at any rate, not gone out of their way to do much harm;—when we consider how many far less dangerous persons, are “called” but their lives too clearly prove are certainly not “chosen”—why Almighty God,—*passing by so many*,—is to go out of His way,—and suddenly bestow His *choicest*, and most *precious gifts*,—true repentance,—saving grace,—interest in Christ, and entrance into the abode of the Blessed,—upon a wretched *Infidel Lecturer*, at the close of his life,—when he is unable to do any more mischief;—appears to be unintelligible,—monstrous,—and inconsistent with all God’s warnings! It is simply grotesque!

We cannot have our Common Sense thus abused!

As the rotten Tree falls, surely there,—a rotten Tree, it lies !

In plain English you think that,—as in the case of Pharaoh,—“ God hardens sinners’ hearts ? ” Reader ! Can you see any practical difference, between “ God hardening the heart,” of such, and declining,—as a Just God to bestow upon such,—after years of rebellion,—saving grace ? We cannot ;—and reply,—that in that sense, and it is a very solemn one,—we *certainly* do ! But if you ask did God *render it impossible* for any sinner (from Pharaoh to Judas) to have been saved, we would reply *emphatically*,—No ! Our Blessed Lord,—the Lord of Heaven and Earth,—takes a towel and humbly washes Judas’,—the traitor’s,—feet, as well as those of the other Apostles. Surely one would have thought it would have *softened any heart* ! But Judas had “ hardened his heart,”—he had longed for that Money,—slept upon his proposed Treachery,—had planned it long ! It was not till after all the offices of love had been resisted that “ Satan entered into him.”

“ But the men of our day do not experience tragical ends,—on the contrary, they seem to get on well enough,—no judgment falls,—years pass by,—property is accumulated,—they live a fairly successful, and pleasurable life.”

Undoubtedly they do ! The Creator’s sun shines for years upon the dwelling of many a Sinner, but there comes *no Jesus there !*

GOD’S AWFUL LONG-SUFFERING.

GOD SPARES THE WICKED LONG.

The almost inexhaustible patience of God with the wicked,—the years they live,—their comfort and prosperity, has been a trial of faith to Believers in all ages. It is,—so to speak,—an *awful* long-suffering ! *Why ?* Because it argues *what is coming !—Eternity !*

For, dear Reader, what is the longest life,—70 or 90 years,—what can it be to the Supreme ? Forty years is not much to some of us,—it has passed like a dream !

David boldly, however, confesses that the comfort, godless people lived in,—in his time;—shook his faith in God.

“ But as for me, my feet were almost gone ; my steps had well nigh slipped, when I saw the prosperity of the Wicked. Their strength is firm ; there are no bands in their death ; they are not troubled as other men.”

How should there be when God has departed, and Conscience is dead ?

“ Until I went into the sanctuary of God, *then understood I their end.* How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment ! They are utterly consumed with terrors.”—*Psalms lxxiii.*

"What if God, willing to shew *his* wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction."—*Romans ix.*, 22.

We forget that men who live the longest lives, are but as Insects flitting,—*for the brief moment*,—in the Summer's rays,—motes or specks allowed for a moment to exist, by the Almighty,—while His vast designs, for Eternity, are slowly unfolding !

Who doubts that the unfettered "Freewill" of every soul can break down those barriers, the faithful God places in the way of every Sinner, on his dread pathway to Perdition ;—and that during our brief span of life upon this World any soul may *begin* by neglecting,—and *end* by *rejecting* Christ ? Are these exceptional cases ? Are they not going on all around us ? All the warnings of God,—throughout the entire Bible,—if they mean anything,—mean that "He limiteth a time." "To-day, if ye will hear His voice,—harden not your hearts." "My Spirit shall not always strive with Man !"

DOES GOD THEN HARDEN THE HEART ?

SOUL SUICIDES.

Does then God "harden" a sinner's heart ? In the sense that the provoking,—sin-loving,—persistent,—Sinner often "called," often warned,—is at last allowed to have his own way,—and is *left alone*,—Yes ! In the sense that God, *from the first*, rendered it *impossible* that such a one could have changed his course, and found Salvation,—No !

When will the sinful learn that to be *left alone* by God the precious Holy Spirit is all that is needed,—that it has been the faithful God who alone has saved him from already going to extremes in Sin ? Surely to be left by God is all the sinner needs ; he will ever then work *his own way* to Perdition, and will go out proud,—unbelieving,—into a dread Eternity,—unholy and unsaved !

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN ? ONE SPEAKS WITH BATED BREATH.

What that may mean who but God can tell ? What Christ Himself has never experienced ! It is true that every "Believer,"—every "Christian,"—places his entire hope upon the perfectly, satisfactory sacrifice, and atonement, of our Lord Jesus Christ, in his stead ; thus reconciling him to even an all-just God.

But the "Believer" never yet lived who presumes to say that our Blessed Lord *ever really knew* what it is to be "lost,"—or ever experienced what a "lost Eternity,"—or "everlasting punishment" means. So far from this, the Christian believes that our Lord,—on the contrary,—is now in Glory, at the right hand of God. "But to the Son He saith, Thy throne, oh! God! is for ever and ever!"

NOTE.—That is to say,—speaking, with bated breath, of a most Solemn Mystery,—if our Blessed Lord did know, and pass through it all, for our sakes,—still, it *is* passed through, not *to continue*,—not *to come!* Surely a very different thing,—(being now for ever in Glory),—to the experience of a *finally Lost Soul!*

Reader! Inclined, it may be, to this fatal sin of unbelief,—the unbelief of the heart,—preferring your pride,—your sins,—to God,—are *you prepared* to face, for ever, what even our Blessed Lord Himself has *never known*, or *passed through*? Be *wise* in time, and "harden not your heart!"

When the young Reader meets thus, with any so-called "difficulty" in that Wondrous Book,—the Bible,—let him be assured, that every alleged difficulty will be found to give way before prayerful Study of God's word. But, to understand its depths, time and study are indeed needed! Time? Say, rather it must be the Study,—and a most happy and blessed Study, too,—of your lifetime, and will probably be our Study in Eternity!

If, Reader, some parts of the Bible stagger you, why *dwell* upon *them*? Suspend your judgment,—and turn to the inexhaustible portions of the New Testament which can "stagger" no one!

A mere Schoolboy,—proud of his cleverness,—may easily ask questions in Religion,—which the oldest Christian will require time, prayer, and patient thought to answer satisfactorily. Some years ago, the late Dr. Colenso challenged the Old Testament, and many appeared to tremble for the Bible, when brought in contact with the Mathematician; but, somehow, the Old Testament *remains*, while the Doctor's Works appeared to vanish from Public notice, with the same suddenness with which they appeared. It was proved that Dr. Colenso,—though a Mathematician,—was *no Hebrew Scholar*,—that he totally misunderstood and "Wrested" the Hebrew;—and began his objections, invariably from a *false foundation*!

"An Examination of Dr. Colenso's Difficulties," and "Reasons for Believing the Divine Origin of the Pentateuch,"—by Alexander McCaul, D.D., Professor of Hebrew, King's College,—Rivington's, Waterloo Place, London, 1863,—

though unfortunately long out of print,—will be found an admirable work.

Vast numbers of copies of Colenso's contribution to Unbelief, and Infidelity, were last heard of in the Cellars of the Publishers. The Public,—very wisely,—preferred Moses to Colenso. They said, "the old is better!"

Commence at once the Study of God's Word,—asking Divine aid every time you open the Bible,—then "difficulties" will fade away,—and a conviction of its Truth,—and Belief in the presence of an Indulgent, and Faithful, God,—of unfathomable love, to the true Believer in His Son,—will gradually be acquired,—which no words can adequately describe, and which no mind can fully comprehend; because they are the commencement of—that "Peace of God which passeth all understanding,"—those precious things which "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,"—which Paul calls, "the unsearchable riches of Christ!"

"AND WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME!"

"Him that cometh unto Me I will in *no wise* cast out."—*John vi.*, 37.

always seems to the Writer to be *final*, as coming direct from our Blessed Lord, settling once, and for ever, the duty of all men, while the "day of salvation" is now unquestionably open to "Whosoever will."

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, come! And let him that is athirst come! And *whosoever will, let him take of the Water of Life freely.*"—*Rev.* xxii., 17.

Not much "Predestination," "God's arbitrary will," "Foreknowledge," &c., here, dear Reader.

What Christian Believer does not recognise in his own happy experience, in which all, if they chose, might share, that the Blessed God, in condescension to his creature man,—and to be true to His own precious Promises,—*alters His attitude*,—speaking reverently,—towards our souls, as we *humbly*, and *perseveringly*, *alter our attitude* towards our God?

"Oh! nonsense! God knows all from the beginning! He knows whether I shall be ultimately lost or saved!" Does He? Come, dear Young Reader, troubled with "Predestination," "Election," &c.,—a Challenge! Do not merely *talk* about these Mysteries! Do not *reason* merely upon them, but *act*! Try for yourself! Adopt the Christian's Life suggested by Dr. Doddridge, from page 431 to page 442, of this Volume; try it for a Month,—for a Year,—for ten,—for your Life!

Why, dear Reader, before long, "Election," &c., will be lost in your obedience to Christ's commands, and disappear altogether in the precious Promises of God! A sweet Heavenly Visitant will ere long be coming to your door! Why? Because the Blessed God, seeing submission to Christ,—persevering prayer,—a grasping of His Promises, *alters His attitude* to you as He desires to alter it *to all*, if they would do their part. It enables the faithful God to say, "I see before me, it is true, a very indifferent character,—a sinful person,—but a *suppliant* before Me. Many sins, many falls,—it is true,—but still continued applications for my Almighty,—all availing,—all changing Grace, I cannot pass that person by!" My Promises are at stake,—My honour is concerned here. That Grace shall,—nay,—*must* be bestowed upon that person!

Surely, this is Christ's Gospel! The once money-loving Jew, Zacchæus, the usurer, is anxious to see the Lord; he mounts the tree, he is intent upon his purpose. "How unbecoming to see a staid Jew, a grown-up man, getting up into a tree like a schoolboy." But it *answered*! It brings the Lord of Heaven and Earth into the house of that earnest, repenting, desiring, soul!

"Zacchæus, *make haste and come down*, for to-day I must abide at *thy* house!"

"*Must*," dear Reader? "I cannot pass him by!" Not much of the "absolute Divine Sovereignty" here! Rather the *other* way! Surely that blessed "*must*" is meant for us! The earnest man's prayers and efforts had stopped the Lord! They "*must*" be attended to! *Must* be answered! There was much to do,—our Blessed Lord's life was short,—but still, "to-day I must abide at *thy* house!" "I must be true to My Promises!"

Surely, dear Reader, while our little day of life is passing, our wisdom is,—like this earnest seeker's,—to "make haste," and "come down," from our pride of Intellect and Reasoning,—and, by our prayers, to bring the same Heavenly Visitant also to *our* "house" and heart. Instead of "vain disputations" upon the nature of our God, and His mysteries of Foreknowledge, let us, also, rather seek that "Election," and "saving Grace," which He pledges Himself to bestow upon all who diligently "wait upon Him!" Try it for yourself, dear Reader, and see if it will not bring, one day, to you also the glad announcement,

"To-day I must abide at thy house!"



"And he sought to see Jesus who he was; and could not for the press, because he was little of stature.

And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycomore tree to see Him: for he was to pass that way.

And when Jesus came to the place, He looked up, and saw him, and said unto him, Zacchæus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house."

"CALVINISTIC" VIEWS, FOREKNOWLEDGE,—PREDESTINATION,
"I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT!"

"I cannot understand these things," the Young Reader may say,—*"I cannot understand how Jesus could be God as well as Man. I cannot see how God can know the End from the Beginning,—who will accept the Gospel, and be converted and saved,—and who will not,—and yet that we all act of our own free will!"*

Who *asks* you to? Who *does* understand it? Who wants or *expects* you to do so? "Can'st thou,—by searching,—find out God?" "Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel the Saviour."—Isaiah xlv., 15.

"Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto Babes."

THE DEEP THINGS OF GOD. THE ANGELS DESIRE TO LOOK INTO.

The doctrine of Election,—Foreknowledge, Predestination,—Sovereign Grace,—Freewill,—Choice,—and Offer of Salvation to all,—are phases, and very solemn ones,—undoubtedly,—of Divine Truth. Almighty God doubtless knows the End from the beginning, He would not be God if He did not.

LET US DO *OUR* PART, AND ALL WILL BE WELL !

But we, dear Reader, have no more to do with the doctrine of Predestination,—or the unquestionably mysterious Nature and Powers of Almighty God, than we have to do with the complex movements of His myriad Stars, in the great Nebulæ of Orion, the “Milky Way,” or Andromeda ! Our duty,—as perishing creatures,—existing for a brief period on a dying World,—like the insects around us, fluttering their brief life-time in the Summer’s rays,—supported for a moment by Almighty God, soon to pass on in the solemn march of all created things onward to Eternity,—is,—surely to have “Faith,” and “Belief,” in God’s promises to all who call upon Him,—to take the Almighty at His Word, to grasp His promises, and to Believe in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ !

This, you and I can certainly attempt now to do,—Predestination, or no Predestination ;—and as God willeth not the death of the Sinner,—

“Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.”—*II. Peter* iii., 9.

“For God hath not appointed us unto Wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.”—*I. Thess.* v., 9.

We may be certain that we shall not attempt it long, before God will extend to us also, this Saving Grace,—for He hath said, through our Blessed Lord,—

“Him that cometh unto Me I will in NO WISE CAST OUT.”

CONCLUSION.

The Writer ventures to dwell upon the above Solemn Subject, at great length, having been,—as a Sunday School Teacher,—earnestly asked for an explanation to these difficulties. He believes that many thoughtful, well-meaning, intelligent, Youths, are not a little perplexed and hindered on their Christian Course, by these insoluble,—depressing,—and *unpractical* Speculations.

Let the Young Christian leave these inscrutable “deep things” of God to a faithful,—*necessarily* inscrutable, but all wise,—all just,—Creator, and attend happily to *his own* department,—his own useful, happy, daily Christian life and duties, as a Young Believer.

HOW CAN WE GRASP THE ETERNAL AND INFINITE ?

The Young Reader,—and indeed, every reasonable, thinking Person,—it is claimed *must* see the utter folly and absurdity

of any unaided Human Intellect conceiving Almighty God, forming a "Hypothetical," or, so to speak, Supposititious, or Imaginary, knowledge of the minutest occurrences,—the thoughts, deeds, lives, and characters of every *single* creature, who ever breathed,—*ages* before those minute occurrences *actually* took place at all,—and thousands of Years *before* those creatures *ever came* into Existence! Yet that this "Hypothetical" knowledge, in every single case, proved *exactly* correct, and yet that every person enjoyed,—and was permitted by the Almighty,—precisely the very same "Free-will," Free choice,—between a Good or Evil Life, which the Reader and Writer of this Book most *unquestionably* possess. Or rather their *unquestionable* power of seeking, and claiming, Divine Assistance.

" I WILL NEVER BELIEVE ANYTHING WHICH I CANNOT
CLEARLY UNDERSTAND ! "

Then, Reader, you will never become a Christian "Believer" for you will never "clearly" understand God for (probably) all Eternity. You will lose all things for the sake of making an Idol of your poor finite Intellect,—and allow that miserable delusion, Intellectual Pride,—fancied Powers of Mind,—and Human Reason,—to cause your final Ruin !

The Blessed Angels,—for aught we know,—may have existed for *nameless* Epochs,—*speechless* Time, yet we read in Scripture,—

" Which things the Angels desire to look into ! "

Then, Reader, is the little Insect Man,—born, as you and I were, the *day before yesterday*,—if he cannot have every Mystery at once made "clear" to him, is he to threaten that he will *really* become *very* angry, and refuse to attend any longer to Religion ?

" Without Faith it is *impossible* to please God ! "

" O the depths of the Riches both of the Wisdom and the Knowledge of God ! How *Unsearchable* are His Judgments,—and His ways *past finding out* ! "—*Romans* xi., 33.

" Canst thou by searching *find out* God ? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection ? It is *as high* as Heaven ; what canst thou do ? *Deeper* than Hell ; what canst thou know ? " —*Job* xi., 7, 8.

THE "OPEN SECRET."

THE SECRET OF THE WORLD.

Can'st *thou* read the Secret of this World, O Wind!
 As thou sleepest o'er the Moorland,—buffeting the Mountain's breast?
 Or 'gainst its headlands beating,—with a sobbing as entreating,
 Shelter, in Earth's bosom, from thy wild unrest?

Can'st *thou* read the Secret of this World, O Soul!
 As thou strivest towards the Infinite, and absolute Unknown,
 Tracing Firmamental Courses,—seeking Elemental Sources,—
 Making all the WISDOM of the SCHOOLS thy own?

No!—The Secret of this World, is hid, O Wind!
 From thy storm wail on her surface,—from thy beating,—as in strife,—
 Yet each *gentlest breeze* that bloweth,—with that Secret overfloweth,—
 Breathed in soft cadence from Earth's hidden Life!

And the Secret of this World is hid, O Soul!
 From thy many Titan strivings,—“Pelion upon Ossa,”—hurled,—
 Yet in *that Heart*,—contrite and lowly,—In *that Heart*,—pure and
 holy,—
 God reveals *Himself*,—the “Secret of the World!”

Written by a Young Scotch Gentleman, who,—26 years ago,—was going to Australia,—with the Author,—for his health. In that beautiful climate, it is believed, his health was restored, at least for a time, but whether he still lives is unknown.

“At that time Jesus said, I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, because Thou hast HIDDEN THESE THINGS from the wise and PRUDENT, and hast revealed them to BABES. Even so Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight.”—*Matt. xi., 25-26.*

“A Thousand ages, in Thy sight, are like an evening gone.”
 “From Everlasting, Thou art God, to endless years the same.”



Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

CHAPTER XLVI.

RICH AND POOR—A CONTRAST. WAS THIS BOY POOR (?)

WHEN I was teacher in —, a severe Winter had set in. Dark December had arrived, with its cold, nipping wind and frost ; the ice was thick on the ponds, a pleasant time for those who are well fed and clothed, with money, friends, a warm house, and merry parties awaiting them night after night during Christmas time ; but it was a terrible winter for the poor. It was a sad time for the half-naked bodies and feet of the children of our Ragged School. Their ankles and feet were often bleeding with the cold ; the teacher was often grieved to witness them shivering with the cold, especially as little could be done for such a number, it being with great difficulty that sufficient funds were raised to carry on the School.

During this Winter some of the boys were taken ill, and died through their constant exposure to the piercing cold. There was one poor boy, James —, whose death-bed I shall never forget. A cold (neglected) had settled on the lungs, poor diet, exposure, no proper attendance or medical care, hastened the end. The teacher learnt that he was dying, and, after a long search, found, at length, the Court and House, in a back court of a wilderness of streets, in a poor neighbourhood. Up a back staircase, and in the corner of an empty, cheerless, cold room, lying on some dirty straw, he found the boy. A coarse, drunken-looking woman, evidently the mother,—what a MOTHER !—handed me a broken chair, the only one. A large deal box stood in the middle of the floor, serving for a table, and *that was all !* Their things had gone, one after another, to the pawnshop, close by, and the Proprietors of the two large gin palaces, at the corner, had the money. If the members of Governments (*not themselves in the trade*) would leave their West End Clubs some Winter nights, and go a little amongst the poor, and witness their temptations, the swarms of flaunting gin shops, which *suck the life blood* from the labouring poor, would soon be diminished !

James had a young brother and sister, and had just taken leave of them, urging upon them to keep in the school, and learn about Christ and the way to Heaven. James said that he “ was dying,” and that he “ was going to Jesus.”

He asked to have some words of the Saviour's read to him which had struck him most at the school. He was evidently dying; the medical man had thought it needless for him to call again; he could be of no use. He fixed his dull eyes upon his father and mother, who were both now in the room, looking at the dying boy, for the last time, and poor James said, in a faltering voice, "Oh! mother, will you give up drinking, and go to chapel, and pray for a new heart? I want to meet you in Heaven, dear Mother."

Poor woman! the tears were running down her pallid cheeks. A guilty conscience added force to the dying request of her child. There was, doubtless, *a long, sad tale* here, of neglected children, and a ruined home. Who knew better than she did, that his life had been shortened by her own extravagance, and miserable neglect,—spending year after year, in her intemperate habits, the money which should have clothed her children? Theirs had been one of those miserable homes,—drunken Parents,—constant quarrels, and the whole train of wretchedness which follows; but there was not one word of reproach for unkindness, ill-usage, and a life shortened by their neglect. James had turned to his father, telling him he was about to leave him, but he felt sure that he was going to his "Heavenly Father," and, looking wistfully at him he continued, "Won't you give up swearing and bad words, Father,—and not beat Mother, and read the Bible, and pray to God?"

The rough, drunken, and coarse-looking man could not answer a word! There he stood, wiping away the tears with his flannel jacket. The Mother answered for him—"He will, James! Yes, he will; we both will!"

The Teacher offered up a prayer, as they all knelt beside the bed, and then left. He heard afterwards that the boy died about an hour after he had left them. But after the affair had a little gone from their minds, the Parents of poor James were the same again as ever, and returned to their drunken habits! Poor James! It was impossible to wish him back again,—why should we, when the Saviour had taken him to Himself from such a life of wretchedness—had taken him to that bright home where God wipes away tears from all faces and where all sorrow, and crying, have passed away! And why should we say "poor" James, when, after all, he possessed all things, in possessing God's love, and the "unsearchable riches of Christ?"

Was this boy "poor"?

CHAPTER XLVII.

RICH AND POOR.—A CONTRAST. WAS THIS MAN
RICH (?)

“I am too busy.”

A MERCHANT sat in his office ; numerous letters and books were spread before him, clerks and messengers passed to and fro from the various offices, everything indicated a successful man, surrounded by a splendid business, and absorbed in its intricacies.

An earnest Christian man is shown into the office. “ Oh ! Mr. ———, we want to interest you in an effort to check some of the vice, intemperance, and misery, which has of late been increasing in our part of the town.”

The Merchant cut him short—“ My dear sir, *will* you kindly excuse me ; but I am really too busy to attend to subjects of this kind.” “ May I call again when you have a few minutes’ leisure ? ” Why ! really I cannot say ! I’m generally very busy, occupied every day. You will excuse me, I know, good morning ! ”

So it was, and so it had always been, with this successful man ! He would talk for hours about business ; hint at a profitable speculation, and he would invite you to his house to talk it over, for he was a sagacious, bold, and successful business man ! But when it came to anything which did not concern his *own* interest and gain, he was always “ too busy ! ” And he said the truth ! He was involved in a lucrative business—his *heart* was there—he was too busy to listen to the claims of religion—too busy for anything but making money !

But after many years had passed, there came a day, when God sent a SUMMONS to that Selfish Man !

The Pale Messenger who brought it was unexpected ! He came *suddenly*,—and he seemed in haste ! *Stop* him ? You might *stop the world* ! It was a Summons which *brook*ed no delay ! Every door flew open, and *in he came* ! The Stranger stepped up, *at once*, to the Rich Man,—no one saw him but the Merchant,—and, laying a cold hand on his shoulder, said in a voice that *would* be heard,—“ You must come with me ! ” A *sudden chill* fell upon the Merchant’s heart,—he laid down his pen,—he would never want it any more ;—he closed his books,—he would never open them again !

He left his counting house, and was taken home to his bed, and ever and anon something whispered to him,—“ You

must go with me ! ” What ! *leave it all !* A chill had, indeed, fallen upon the rich man’s heart ! Dim visions of his ships, and property, deeds and shares, and land, flitted before his mind ; but there *never came* visions of past *good* done ; the widow and the fatherless visited—the neglected cared for—*Christ’s cause* promoted ! For years and years he had said that he was too busy to attend to these things, but he found that he was *not too busy to die !* For the merchant knew *all along*, that the name of that Solemn Visitor was DEATH !

Humanity,—Mercy,—and Religion had once begged his influence, and means, and attention. He always said that he had no leisure to attend to these things, but he found that he had plenty of leisure to die !

Yet every one said after his death, that he had been a “very successful man,” and, at the splendid funeral, it was said at the grave, that “It was with a sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection ! ”

What ! “A sure and certain hope ” for one who had never done one single thing for the God Who made him, and the Saviour Who died for him ? *Successful ?* Surely if the Bible is true, it were far better for that sham, false, Christian, when lying in his coffin—far “better for him if he had never been born ! ”

When excuses arise to our life—“that we are too busy to find time for prayer, and for religion”—too busy to secure life’s great end,—let us remember, however busy we may now be,—we shall find, like the Merchant, that we shall not be too busy to die !

Was this man “rich ? ”

But covetousness, let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints ;

For this ye know. No unclean person, nor covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God.



“Thou shalt not Muzzle the ox,—when he treadeth out the Corn.”—

Deut. xxv., 4.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE RICH YOUNG MAN; OR, THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

"For Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."

"But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions."

"Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow Me."

"And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved: for he had great possessions."

A MORAL YOUNG MAN.—ANXIOUS ABOUT ETERNITY.—
YET TURNS FROM CHRIST.—WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE DONE.

"Lord, what shall I do that I may have eternal life?"

WE are told, when the fame of Jesus, and His wonderful miracles was spread far and near, that there came a Young Man to Christ, earnestly asking Him "what he should do" to ensure eternal life. Our Saviour named to him the Commandments:—to do no murder—not to steal—to avoid sins of uncleanness—not to say, or to swear, anything falsely: to honour his parents, because they stood in God's place towards him while young; and sums up by that most difficult, but blessed attainment,—“Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.”

The Young Man was able to reply that he had “observed all these things from his boyhood upwards!”

And, indeed, it appears there was truth in what he said—his eagerness in coming to the Saviour (for we are told that he “came running”)—his reverential manner, for we learn that he kneeled at Jesus’ feet; and his being able to say that he had kept so many of the commandments, showed that there was indeed much in his youth to love and admire. Jesus Himself recognised (as He is ever ready to do), the good and amiable qualities in this young Man. A courteous, humble behaviour,—a sincere and docile disposition,—is far from being disregarded by Christ; not only in this place, but in others in the New Testament, our Lord expressed his approval of it. It was evident that this young man had given some diligence in seeking after eternal life, and had a Concern about

his hopes of Heaven ; he thought himself righteous, it is true, but still he was willing to receive further instruction, for he asked, " What lack I yet ? Is there any other precept to be performed in order to entitle me to life eternal ? " There is ever hope of one who is willing to be taught, and not indisposed to improvement. His concern for Heaven was not a sick-bed concern, for he was in the vigour of health and youth,—nor was it the melancholy of old age, which renders the pursuit of many of the pleasures of this world no longer possible,—nor was it his being discontented and out of humour with the world, for he was rich and prosperous,—already a young ruler among his people. How many things meeting, as they did together, in this young man, were there to render him worthy of love ! How rarely do we find amongst those like him, in the prime of youth and prosperity, this concern after Eternal life !

HE TURNS FROM CHRIST.

And yet this unhappy Youth,—one whom even the Saviour as he regarded Him, " loved,"—nevertheless fell short of Heaven, from his *love to this World* ! Here we have one who was young, was modest and sincere,—had a desire after Heaven, went far in the outward forms of godliness, and he had a mind, too, to follow Christ—but there came the parting point ; Jesus was poor, and His followers must, in some things, learn to deny themselves ; he " was not far from the Kingdom of Heaven "—he was *almost* a Christian,—but he loved this world,—feared the loss of his riches, and pleasures and honours too much to become *altogether* one !

We are not told whether he was ever brought to repentance and salvation in the later years of his life—but, from what we gather from our Saviour's discourse with His disciples on His departure,—most probably he *never was*,—for if he loved his Estate and Money so well in his *youthful* years, that Vice would naturally, and but too probably, increase, as it invariably does, with age ; if he could not decide altogether to accept the proposals of Christ now, in early youth, would he be more likely to do so, after years of worldliness had been passed ? "

It is extremely probable that, had this Young Man,—like the other Disciples,—forsaken all, and followed Jesus, he would have become a great Apostle.

Many lovely accomplishments joined together will not of themselves win eternal life. Why *should* they ? They are accidents of Birth. God does not see merely as man seeth ;

nor can He bestow that priceless blessing—Eternal Happiness,—merely on account of some natural good qualities possessed. Before His eyes the hidden vices of the mind are naked and open ! They may be concealed from others, we may even impose upon ourselves, in respect to our real merit, but He Who knows what is really excellent, obtained by a life of piety adopted, and persevered in ; nor is His love, in its highest sense, to be purchased contrary to His own settled and eternal laws. He could not but perceive in all these good qualities of this youth, a mind too full of *love to other things* to have room left to love Him. Although God loves us all, He does not save us all. “God so loved the World, that He gave His only Son, that he that believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Yet thousands do perish ! Jesus tells us that many go in at the wide gate and broad way to destruction, and few go in at the strait (difficult) gate that leads to life. Why ? Because, like this youth, they cannot give up,—*will not* give up,—what is needed to secure their salvation.

Although considered in His *human* nature, our Lord could not but feel complacency and love towards so hopeful a youth, yet, Jesus Christ, considered in His *Divine character* (as God), could not merely for this reason, so bestow His special and saving love upon the young man, as to communicate, in his present condition of mind, Divine grace, and salvation to him.

It becomes us to be silent, and humble, before that depth of Divine wisdom, which could pass by so hopeful a one as this youth, upon whom Jesus could not look without loving him !

Yet there is a lesson for all, in this very painful and solemn thought ; for what would become of the morose, the naturally rough, the rugged, tempers, the ill-formed, and unlovely, of this World, if God should give eternal blessedness to none but the fair and well-favoured ? No youth, therefore, however conscious of his inferior character and disposition, should by any means be discouraged in seeking Salvation and God’s love. How mean soever may be his position and appearance among men, God can supply all that he needs to be pleasing in His sight. Let such only avoid sin, and be happy for ever ! On the other hand, those possessing great natural advantages, must not flatter themselves that they are, upon that account, beloved of God, and the more likely to become partakers of eternal blessing.

It is undoubtedly a most saddening thought that any, born, like this youth, with a sweet disposition, and,—(to our finite ideas)—blessed with so much that is lovely, with

such capacities for good, should ever fail of securing Eternal happiness. But you should remember that this good humour, or natural kindness of heart, which makes you the favourite of all, and gains for you their good wishes, and kind services, in return, may spring more from your natural good, healthy spirits, and gentle, cheerful disposition. And is this enough upon which to place your dependence for Eternal life? Oh! that I could speak in words earnest enough to awaken you to the timely fear which those in such a position find it so difficult to feel the necessity for! Allowing that there is some truth,—and justice,—in my words, let me ask, “How will your gentle nature, that had something so loving in it, sustain to be banished for ever from a World of Love? How will you bear the rage, madness, contention, and spite, of Malicious Evil Spirits, in a lost state, excluded for ever from the regions of concord and peace?”

APPEAL TO THE READER.

And, Reader, is not your own case very similar, in many points, to that of this young man? He came to learn of Christ,—and you come to Sunday Schools, or to Christ’s earnest Ministers, to hear of Him, to learn the only way to eternal life and happiness, by loving and serving Him, Whom to love and serve is happiness here, and must be so for time everlasting. It is the aim of every true teacher in religion to lead others to apply to Christ for themselves; and if our Lord were to ask us as to our knowledge and practice, surely a large proportion of us would be able to answer that they know well, as this youth did, the chief Truths of the Gospel, and that, though they could not say that they had followed the commandments, like this young man, from their youth up, yet at least they had followed many of them, and intended still to follow them; that they had, at least, shrunk from much evil, and hoped to shrink from it still.

We must all have had, at one time or another, some feeling,—however transient it may have been,—of the infinite love and kindness of our Lord to all His people, especially to the Young.

The love, the goodwill, the kindness we remark in any here on Earth, what are they but very faint, and imperfect, reflections, borrowed from Him, from Whom all goodness, and love, and kindness spring? Before Whose merciful eye not even a sparrow falls unnoticed to the ground, and before Whom “the very hairs of our head are all numbered.” When, therefore, He sees any of you living as I have described,—guilty of no gross sins, and doing many duties,—trusted, and confided in

by your superiors,—doubtless loved by your friends, and affectionate to them in return,—it is indeed true that Jesus, beholding you, as He did this young man, loves you.

He regards you, not with severity or threatening, but with an earnest desire that you may become wholly His, and be loved by Him for ever.

So it is, I trust, that we stand before Christ to-day : Jesus, “ beholding you, loves you ! ” In His voice to you there is nothing harsh, but it is full of gracious encouragement ; all that there is good in you He freely acknowledges, and regards with approbation and love. But let us hear His words to a young man who had constantly kept so many of His commandments : “ One thing thou lackest,” which must be obtained, and “ come, follow Me ; ” follow My teachings, and that daily life which will brighten more and more, and lead ever upwards, through a fallen world, to the bright home above.

Can we say that we have kept, like this youth, many of God’s commandments ? Then let us not be content ; for do not our consciences assure us that there is “ one thing ” that we also “ lack ; ” which He would have us gain without delay ?

NO WAY BUT BY THE CROSS.

It may have been we were following Christ’s teachings when it was easy to us to obey Him,—and it is often, thank God ! pleasant and easy to do so. We “ loved those ” whom we felt “ loved us ” ; we were glad when we could give them pleasure :—it is good, and right, and pleasing to Him, to do so, but surely not very hard or painful. We have abstained from many low, discreditable, vices ; it is good and right to do so, but surely not very difficult, when there is but little to induce us to give way to them. Christ loves you, as He did that young man, but He calls you to something of more real service ; true, He encourages us to enter upon that service, for He tells us,—and those who have followed only a little way can testify to the truth that His yoke,—His law,—is easy and light, that it is the Path of Pleasantness and Peace. Yet still He says, “ You have followed Me when it was easy to do so, will you also ‘ go away ’ when a little more is asked of you, when you can, with some little pains, honour and advance My cause ? ” What else is the meaning of “ taking up the cross ” but being able to deny ourselves something given up for His sake, anything which promises enjoyment, but is, we feel, opposed to His will, as it also is to our best interests and good ?

It is easy to deny ourselves extravagant, and idle, or sinful

pleasures, when they are such as we care little for, but when they just suit our tastes and desires it is not always easy to deny ourselves. There are times when it is no easy thing to check the impure thought or inclination! It is easy to speak the truth when the truth is convenient,—but there are times when it is not always so easy to speak the whole truth.

It is easy to feel kind and good-humoured when we are pleased and happy, but we must expect sometimes to do our duty, though it be at the loss of some pleasure and enjoyment;—to endure the scornful smile, or unkindness, from others, without irritation, or longing to return evil for evil;—all those things must surely run through our lives daily. These are the things in regard to which Christ tells you, “One thing thou lackest,” in order to inherit Eternal life.

What was it hindered the young man, we read of, from following Christ? He “went away” grieved because he could not be good *easily*; he had now to choose between his pleasure, and comfort, and riches,—and his duty,—and he “went away,” grieved,—it is true,—that he could not keep them both; but although he “went away sorrowful,” yet he could not give them up, and so *he went away!*

DID CHRIST CALL AFTER HIM?

And surely, with a *far* deeper grief than he could feel, did our merciful Lord look after him as he “went away!” To see him in whom He had seen so much that was good that He loved him, and hoped to have loved him always, not turn away, with but very little hope of ever coming again in this life so near to Him, when he “was not far from the Kingdom of Heaven!” But did our Lord *call after this youth*—(whom in his human character He loved),—as he “went away,” and say, “Turn back, young man, for I love thee still, and if thou wilt not follow Me when it is hard to do so, *thou mayest still* be Mine?” Alas! *nothing of the kind!* It could not be! Our Saviour’s own way led to the *Cross on Calvary*, whither His Father’s will called Him!

Then said Jesus to His Disciples, “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God.”

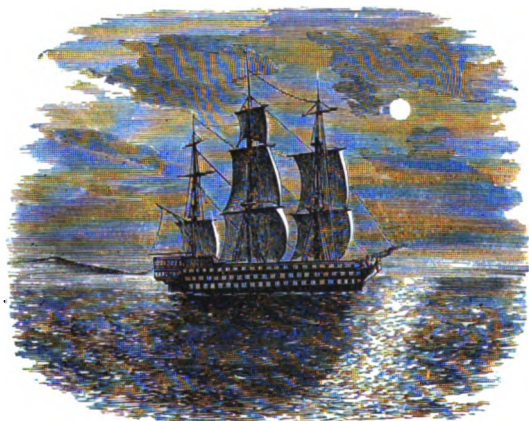
WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE DONE.

But if this rich young man had NOT turned sorrowfully away from Christ, but had *kept the nearer* to Him, and asked Him for that strength and love he needed to follow Him,

surely his Saviour would have beheld him with a *far greater love* than before ! He would have given him the strength he needed, and what seemed as impossible as a camel going through the eye of a needle **WOULD** have become possible, and “ the rich young man ” would have entered the Kingdom of Heaven !

You, dear Youth, who reads this Book, have heard Christ’s call to follow His gentle rule, to serve Him in thought and word and deed, even when it may cost you some little effort and pains to do it. *Will you also “ go away ? ”*

Like a Vessel sailing on a moonlit Sea, *how many* a Youth has come out of darkness and gloom, and sin,—has been enlightened for a brief moment with a Saviour’s love, with concern as to his hopes of Heaven,—like the vessel which, coming from gloom and darkness, is illuminated, for an instant,



Passing away !

in the narrow strip of moonlight that glitters on the water, and then,—passes on again once more into the darkness and gloom beyond, never to return ! Will you also “ go away ? ” Do not turn away, it may be “ sorrowful ”—because you are young,—and because you may be in a place where temptations are many, and faithful obedience, and service to Christ, may cost you many a sacrifice,—for if the necessity for such a life as this still appears harsh to any one,—let him remember how soon he may change it into words of the tenderest love,—“ Who-soever shall do the will of My Father, which is in Heaven, the same is My Brother, and Sister, and Mother.”

We had judged our Saviour’s yoke, heavy and severe, His commandments impossible to perform. You will find Him

gentle and loving in heart, keeping account for you of even a cup of water given in His name ; gathering up with love the least good He perceives in you !

We shall find there is happiness to be obtained in such a life,—when it has become habitual,—which nothing else will ever give !

Amongst the number who assemble together in a Sunday School, or in a place of worship,—who, for a short time meet together and then pass away from sight, and in time from remembrance,—there will be some by whom such words as the foregoing will be heard with *indifference* ; the words are heard, the Seed is sown, it is true, but it falls *unheeded* or *uselessly* by the *hard wayside*, upon the cold, hard, or *careless* heart ! But there will be more, who, like the young man in the Gospel, are convinced that they have a Heaven to gain and a Hell to shun,—who do feel some anxiety as to their hopes of Heaven,—and are willing to do something to obtain Eternal happiness hereafter ; but they cannot see the absolute necessity of beginning *at present*, of letting others see that they care so much about these things ; or there are pleasures, and amusements, which they fear they may have to give up, and so, for the present, *they turn away*, it may be *sorrowfully*,—resolving, at some future time, to begin anew. Speaking from the experience of all ages, and all times, I would warn you that that time, to some, will *never come* ; the door of Eternal life will never be entirely closed, so that it cannot possibly be opened, but the truth is that the entering in to some *will never take place* !

NEGLECT. “TIME ENOUGH YET.”

They will allow their present opportunity to gain Eternal Life to pass by neglected ;—the negligence of *to-day* will only be followed by the negligence of *to-morrow* ! There will come a time when these will look back with *alarm* upon a prayerless, woeful, misspent life, and fain would have their youthful days over once more to devote them to the Saviour ; they will be startled to find, after long habits of sin and prayerlessness, that there comes a time when it does seem impossible to press into the Kingdom of Heaven !

It may not, it is true, be said of any that even in the eleventh hour, some may not go to work in the Vineyard, that even in the eleventh hour it is impossible for the sinner to enter into life eternal, but God does not,—cannot,—work such miracles every day ! And when others shall have reached that Promised Land of life and happiness, and meet once more in those Realms

of Light, their names, those names, which once were called over together,—those who were once so closely connected, who sat side by side,—hearing the self-same words,—will not be found written in the Book of Life, and they themselves will be *absent* for evermore !

But if this should ever be the case with any who has read these words, do not let him ever say that it was because Christ had *less love to him* than to others,—that evil came more easily to him *than to others*, and that his prayers seemed to meet with no answer, and so he gave them up ! No ! The Saviour's heart now yearns over each alike ; and though, after long grieving His Holy Spirit during a sad and misspent life, there does seem a time when we shall seek Him but shall not find Him any more, yet we may *now* all pass into the Kingdom of Heaven if we will ! And let him not say that there was no one ever to entreat him to think upon these things, and to begin the needful work !

We all know the means of doing so,—the habit of praying alone,—of reading our Saviour's words and commands,—the daily attempts to fulfil them, and to overcome our besetting sins. It does, I say, depend upon ourselves, with God's blessing, upon our efforts, our prayers,—(for I speak to those who have known and heard Christ's Gospel, and with all things ready on Christ's part to give us the victory)—whether that entering in shall take place to us,—whether we shall be among those who are taken, or those who are left.

In the Battle of the World, what may be lost at one time may be retrieved at another ; but the great Battle of Life comes but *once* for us all ; the interests at stake are so tremendous,—a long Eternity depending upon the result,—that we must in this Battle win and conquer now, or all is lost ! If any prove not successful, the blame, alas ! will too clearly be seen, when too late, to have been his own !

We shall find that our Lord followed us with tender and watchful interest through our life, from the earliest period that we ourselves can remember, making all terminate in those thoughts of conversion,—those desires after God and Holiness, He now strives by His blessed Spirit to produce in you !

The blessed God,—and the faithful Saviour,—follow the Sinner *from his childhood* to his *grave* ! Beware how you reject those precious thoughts and feelings while you are young ; believe me they are not at our command !

We can, if we will, encourage them by our prayers ; we can make a point of doing so every day !

What shall I say more ? “Come and see !” To lead you

to Christ is our great aim and hope,—perish all our books and words if they have not this one earnest desire ever for their object!—and, ashamed of having so long delayed, so long hesitated whom to serve,—yourself or Him,—so long disputed,—you will seek your first prejudices against Him, but will find them no longer!

“God’s ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all His paths are peace.”

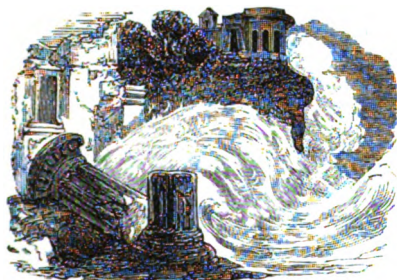
“In Thy presence is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore!”

“If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me Nay?
Not till Earth and not till Heaven
Pass away!”

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal :

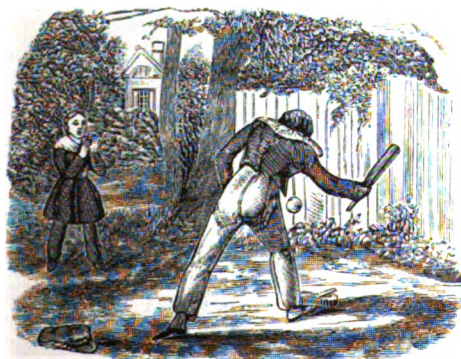
But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal :

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

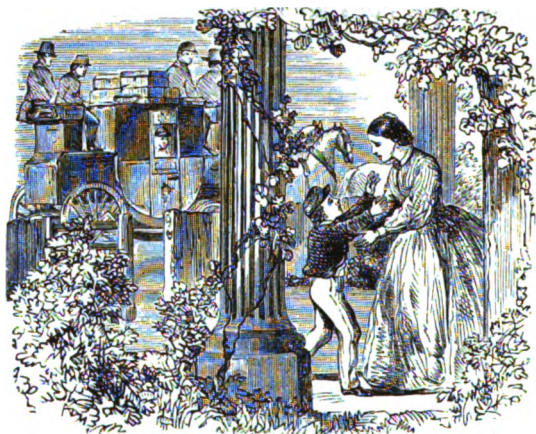


Whosoever cometh to Me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will shew you to whom he is like :

He is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock : and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it : for it was founded upon a rock.—*Luke vi., 47.*



Trap and Ball : from an old Book of 1840.



Home from School for Summer Holidays.

CHAPTER XLIX.

OUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

"Honour thy father and thy mother."

NOTHING is more striking,—as showing the wise and gracious plans of our Creator, than surrounded by a number of Youths, to ask the question,—“Where were all these some fifteen or eighteen years back?” They were not alive,—this school room crowded with Youths, not one of whom was alive when it was built!

How can we help admiring God's wonderful provision, by which thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of Children are nourished and cherished till they have grown to be as healthy and intelligent as these Youths now are! What cause is there to thank God for our Fathers and Mothers! That obedience and love towards them is pleasing to God, we are assured again and again; and when we give the Subject a little thought, we shall clearly see why this is so highly esteemed in the sight of God, for there are many things which prove that the same disposition to love and obey our parents is nearly associated with the obedience and love we owe to our Heavenly Father. We should try to encourage the most dutiful thoughts about our Parents. We should view them as standing in the most endearing relation to us, as those who, while young, stand as in God's

stead towards us ! We should regard them as those to whose love and government God Himself has committed us.

We read in old times of two sons who saved their aged parents at the sacrifice of all they possessed and at the risk of their own lives.



1819. " Papa " of the Period, with his Boys.



1907. Harry.—and his Dog, " Prince," at Tea with the Modern Manma.

In ancient times a city had been set on fire by the savage troops, no quarter was to be given, but two youths, who had done them a service, were permitted to bring out anything which they held most dear to them. The soldiers waited impatiently to begin the savage work and pillage. At length

the two youths reappeared ;—there was gold and plunder to be had,—but no ! The youths sought their aged parents ! One took his feeble old Father on his back, and the other his aged Mother, and bore them through the scorching streets, till they had got them safely outside the wall !

Granted, if perchance they be aged, and possibly infirm, there is little of interest or amusement, and therefore, but little fellow-feeling, between them and you ; granted, even, that with increasing age and feebleness, there may be at times, a querulousness of disposition, should you not, in spite of all this, remember what they have been to you ?

With life and health laid up, as it were, in store for them it may be, for many years to come, how apt are the young not to feel for the aged ! You may laugh at the little weaknesses and foibles of the old, let us see if you laugh at them when your hairs are grey ! You have yet to learn the sadness felt as one relation after another,—one old friend after another, the comrades of our early days,—pass from our sight never again to return ! The eye once as bright as your own is dimmed, it is true, by age ; the spirits once as bright and gay as your own are heavy now perhaps with many an anxious care ; the limbs, once as light and active as yours, are failing, it is true ; but if, when it shall come to your turn to experience this, if when you need a stronger than you,—an Almighty Friend to whom to turn,—you do not wish Him to close His ear to you, try to do your duty to your earthly parents !

GODLESS, WICKED PARENTS.

It is true, alas ! that there are some who will say, “ But there are many things in my Parents I can neither ‘honour’ nor ‘obey ;’ they never taught me when my heart was young, and could have been easily turned to God, to pray to Him, and I have grown up hardened in habits of prayerlessness ; hardened to the thoughts of His goodness, accustomed to living without Him in the world, ignorant and careless of the presence of a loving Saviour.”

How often a poor woman,—on whom the family of children depends,—is crippled for life by a brutal villain of a husband. His girls actually forced to a life of infamy to bring the vile wretch money for his drink and debauchery,—his boys given no chance in life, thrown on to the Public, and the Streets.

Punishment of such in this World is too often a “ Farce.”

“ A FARCE.”

What are three months in a comfortable Prison for a worthless ruffian, kept at the Public expense, to that of a poor wife, beaten till her life is despaired of, and crippled for her life time ?

"NOT A FARCE!"

But what is coming is *not* a Farce!

There are no such "Farces,"—with an angry God,—in Eternity!

"Talk to *me* of Christ,"—roared a dying, drunken Ruffian, on his death bed.—"I tell you,—it was my vile habits, and drunken cruelty which killed my poor Wife. It was my selfish drinking, and gambling, which beggared my home, and children,—it was my example and atheism which ruined my earliest friend! What's the use of keeping up this d—— Farce any longer? I tell you, I'm *going down to Hell!*"

"But the Wicked are like the troubled Sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up Mire and Dirt. There is no peace,—saith my God,—for the Wicked."—*Isaiah lvii., 20.*

"Like warning Storm Bell, off a Rocky Shore,
Tolling,—for ever,—on a lone, wild Sea,
A Sinner's Conscience,—resting, never more,
Rocks on a Lost Eternity!"



The Brute Creation call Shame upon such Parents! A Bird will make 300 visits in one day to her nest, with proper food for her young ones.'—*Isaiah lvii., 20.*



Her Husband Bringing Supplies for their little ones.

We will not speak of such Parents in the terms which they deserve; surely we may think their punishment sufficient in the day when we shall all stand before the Judgment seat of Christ, and His Almighty, and Awful, voice is asking, "Where are those to whom I entrusted this immortal life, but which they ruined by their sinfulness and neglect?" Alas, for them! they are saying to the rocks and mountains, "Fall upon us, and hide us from the Face of Him that sitteth upon the Throne!" And if the lot of those born in such scenes of irreligion, scenes, it may be of sin, and wickedness, excites sympathy and desires for a happier future in store for them, in the minds of their Teachers and friends, how much greater must be the interest felt for such by the Great and Blessed Creator Himself?

He never made man to sink lower than the brute creatures who are devoted to *their* young, or to bringing misery on himself and on his Children, or Wife, by Sin, and Idleness, Drunkenness. What is it but His Holy Spirit which ever tries to incite us, when tempted, as we all must be sooner or later, to pray for help? How must the loving Saviour's heart be pained with seeing the lives such Children are brought up to,—to witness the temptations such are exposed to as they grow older?

But these are not the cases most of us have to do with, most of us have had Fathers and Mothers worthy of the name.

FAITHFUL, LOVING PARENTS.

A Mother, who fed you at her bosom, day by day, for many a month. Many and many a time she denied herself for you, many a weary hour of anxious care did you cause her; she thought of you wherever she went, and your little cries soon brought her back; she bore with all your weaknesses and fretfulness, she dried up your tears with the sunshine of her smiles, and sang you to sleep with gentle songs. Does she deserve no love, no returns from you?

Then your Father;—how many a year,—through disappointments and anxious cares,—has he patiently toiled from morning till night, to procure you food and subsistence, when you could do nothing for yourself. What plans have your Father and Mother thought over for you, what anxious solicitude do they feel that you should grow up pure, and honourable, and good men! How many a prayer have they raised for God's blessing to be granted you, that you may join them after death in a brighter and better world!

Have you been tempted to think Prayer in the Family

tedious and monotonous? Have you asked yourself why it feels so, and if at least some of the fault is not your own? What more beautiful picture can you desire, more pleasing in the sight of the Great Creator, than is presented by the poet Burns, in "The Cotter's Saturday Night":—

"The cheerful supper o'er, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The Sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha' Bible ance his father's pride,
 Then, kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
 Hope springs exulting on triumphant wings,
 That thus they all may meet on future days."

Who was it but your father who gave you those pretty presents? Who took you to all those pretty sights? Who tried to make your studies interesting to you? Who but he supported, protected, and educated you? And does he merit no love, no affection, from you in return?

Look at any poor boy, without Parents to care for him, without home, it may be, driven to beg in the Streets, and you must see what a blessed thing it is to have a "Father and Mother."

It is to be marked how very little we are told of the Lord Himself, when He was a boy, and yet that the little we *are* told about Him should bear upon this very Subject of obedience, and respect, and love to parents. We learn that He was *subject* unto His parents, and that He increased in wisdom and stature, and favour with God and man.

And if *He* who was God over all, and blessed for evermore, —if *He* honoured and obeyed His parents, setting us an example to follow in His steps, can we plead that it is unnecessary?

God Himself came down from Heaven upon Mount Sinai,—which shook and burnt and smoked the while,—to give, with nine other great laws, to Mankind; that law, "Honour thy Father and Mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

To warn Mankind how important this is, God ordained that "the eye which mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out," meaning that such might expect an untimely end, and thus be exposed unburied to the birds of prey. To show how dreadful is disobedience to this law in God's sight, however lightly we may think of it, to show what great importance He attaches to it, we read that His law in those early days was, "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father or his mother,

they shall say unto the elders of the city, this our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice : he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of the city shall stone him that he die."

True, we now live under a new, a clearer dispensation ; true. the law that was then, " Eye for eye, tooth for tooth ; if a man has caused a blemish in his neighbour, so shall it be done to him again," has given way to a purer, nobler, higher law, now that Mankind are sufficiently advanced to receive it, the new law our Saviour brought with Him upon earth, " But I say unto you, love your enemies, do good to them which hate you." Disobedient, and bad, sons are not to be destroyed in this way now ; cases which would have been death under the old law, appear to be unnoticed now ! But is it really so ? How many Youths are there of a character only too like that just represented to us ;—unlike the youth who came to Jesus with so many good qualities that the Lord loved him, though he lacked one thing needful,—these, as they grow up are possessed neither of the beauties of holiness, nor the attractions of kindness and courtesy ! Ungentle,—unaccommodating,—in their disposition, they are incapable of enjoying happiness, and unwilling to impart it ! Unhappy young men ! See them at home ; they are tyrannical, morose, proud, selfish, domineering, ungrateful, disrespectful, to their parents ; not to be checked by a father's mild authority, unsoftened by a mother's love.

A WICKED, CRUEL CHILD.

Such often actually realise the words of God, their days are *not* long in the land ; for His Holy Spirit being rejected, and having withdrawn from them, how often do they add immorality and profligacy to all this ; shorten their own lives, and do much to break a Mother's heart, and bring down a Father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave ! True, such are not suddenly destroyed now ; in these days of grace, God allows the wicked time for repentance ; our punishments and rewards have now not so much to do with *this* world as in olden days, but such, if they remain impenitent, are in danger of a worse punishment than stoning. Do not go away with the impression that such conduct is to be passed by now unnoticed ! Is God's eye dull that it cannot see ? It is easy to laugh at the admonitions, the warnings of others, but there will come a time to such when they will laugh again no more ! You may go on to-day and to-morrow as you have done ; you may inflict the bitterest grief and pain on a

loving Parent ; you may visit the same scenes of Vice and Sin yet a few times more ; the jests, and folly, and coarse language of the companions you have chosen will fall yet a few times more upon your ear ; you may think that God has forgotten, that His judgments are less sure than formerly ; but the hour will come when you will *understand the matter better !*

Gentle, loving as the Saviour was and is, His warnings are plain and unmistakeable. He forewarns us " Whom we should fear ; not those who can kill the body, and after that have nothing more that they can do ; but fear Him who, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into Hell ; yea, I say unto you, fear Him ! " Let not God's long-suffering in these times make any think that His eye, before which all things are open and naked, looks more slightly upon disobedience to His laws than in those former days ! Indeed it is not so ! Is there such a youth as I have described attending to me at this moment ? Go, while time and opportunity are yours, to your room, to your knees, to your God, and strive after a change of disposition ; it is the fruit of many a struggle to such a character as this,—of many a prayer ; but remember that every good and perfect gift cometh from Him, and that the Change you need is yet possible.

FALSE SHAME.

The practice of private prayer, of communion with God and Christ, may not in itself be generally delightful to you ; but, although not generally delightful to our fallen nature, it would, I believe, be much oftener practised by the young, at the period of life most pleasing to God, and most blessed to themselves, were it not for a false and mistaken shame of what may be said or thought of them by others. But what ? Is there cause for shame because our hearts are yet young and tender towards our Heavenly Father ? Are we to feel shame because we desire to love and serve that great and blessed God, in whom " we live, and breathe, and have our being ? " It would seem strange, a Youth thinks, to be seen reading his Bible, although that blessed Book is the only one in the whole world which has God for its Author ! it would seem unusual, he fears, to seem to love Prayer, although by it alone we can be fitted for a brighter, and a purer, World !

Surely we all see the *falseness* of all this ; surely the shame and the deepest shame, too, is to those who refuse to pray to their Creator and Preserver ; surely there is not a sight more

blessed on this fallen Earth than a Youth who is thus rich in love towards his God !

I have spoken of the false shame which would turn us from Piety. But this is not all ; strange to say, do you not sometimes learn to feel ashamed of indulging your natural affections,—of being much attached to your father, or mother, or sister, and being fond of their society ?

You fancy it is unmanly to be influenced by them, and you are afraid of being supposed to care for their kindness towards you. I would not discourage perfect manliness and independence, but I would ask you,—do you not sometimes affect a bluntness and hardness you do not really feel ?

At first it is put on with an effort, from fear of seeming too fond of home ; but the effort, I fear, soon ceases, especially in some dispositions, to be one, and the coldness and reserve, which were at first merely put on, become too often the natural temper. It may be greatly owing to the System of Education in England, which tends to weaken, and lower, confidence and love between Parent and Child ; for certainly there is more of cordial intimacy, more of real familiar friendship, between parents and children in other Countries of Europe than generally exists among us. In England, when at School, there is a long absence from Home—other persons and things engross a large share of your thoughts and feelings.

Many things, small in themselves, are felt very keenly ; for instance, you compare yourself with others, and you do not like to have less money than other boys, or to have fewer presents sent you ; this hurts your pride, and you think of your Parents as less generous or less wealthy than others. Thus feeling towards Home, the effect of absence is increased tenfold : concealment and restraint are sometimes the dispositions with which you meet your Fathers.

PARENTS PASSING AWAY.

Then comes actual life. You go out to service as Clerk or as Apprentice, perhaps, in another Town—it may be to other parts of the World,—and settle at a distance from your Father's house ; the opportunities of undoing the bad, and cold, impressions of early life are no more obtainable, those loving voices which are associated with early and bygone days are but to be heard by you *a few times more*, and *all* that passes between Father and Son are *a few* short letters,—and *a few* short visits,—till you are called upon to perform the *last* sad act of duty that will EVER be required of you,—in following your Parent's dead body to the Grave !

"Be kind to thy Father, for now he is old,
His locks are besprinkled with grey,
His footsteps are feeble,—once fearless and bold,
For thy Father is *passing away*!"



Last Words.

Though this may be far from being your case, we have all need to guard against the tendency to that false shame,—that hateful pride,—which suppresses the expression of duty and affection, and makes you affect being undutiful even before you are so in reality. And I press it upon your attention the more earnestly, that your confidence and affection may not be lost toward your earthly parent before they are centred upon a Heavenly one. For I would remind you that the same coldness encouraged towards those who stand in His place respecting you is too likely to be felt towards our Heavenly Father. In all that I have said in reference to the claims of a Parent, I had this in view; for what are they but a faint type of that duty, that affection, that confidence which ought to exist in your heart towards your Creator and your Redeemer! I am the more desirous, in conclusion, to draw your attention to this, because many who are gentle, docile, and dutiful, towards their earthly parents may yet be wanting in this one needful thing.

THE "ONE THING NEEDFUL."

There may be some among you who possess many things really lovely and amiable; kindly and affectionate to your Parents and Companions; willing ever to oblige, and looked upon by them in turn with joy and pride. There may be some of you who, if needful, would work nobly to render

assistance to an aged Mother, and keep her from want, who would share your last meal with her, and your Brother, or Sister, or Friend, while at the same time you are wholly destitute of piety or affection towards your God !

THE FATAL FALL OF MAN.

Alas ! this, *more than anything else*, exhibits to us the fallen state of man towards his beneficent Maker ! That the *Immoral*, the *Thief*, the *Adulterer*, and the *Covetous*, whose idol is his wealth, should disclaim subjection to his God, is sad, but *not* surprising ; but the alienation of the World from its Maker is even yet more seen in the amiability which can feel love to *all but God*,—the industry that feels no labour heavy, that never yet wrought one work for Christ, done to please Him,—the strength and endurance that care for no toil, except the labour of serving and worshipping God ! That *must* be a Separation, indeed, which exiles Him, as it were, from the World that He has made ! That when His voice is heard seeking admittance to our hearts, “ When He comes to His own, His own receives Him not.” Will you that He should see the fairest things that He has formed,—the fairest feelings He has implanted,—embracing every object but Himself, bearing fruit for all but Him ? At your cheerful presence many an eye brightens when you enter, and the kindly smile shows that you are a favourite with all ; have you no wish for the favour of One whose favour is above all ? You would not willingly be thought ungrateful, unkind, to your companions, nor repulse the kindly feelings of a young companion towards yourself ! Will you repulse, by coldness and ingratitude, Him who has so loved you ? Will you refuse His love who even died for your sake, to redeem you and to make you His ?

Shall you by courtesy, civility, and good-nature please and gratify everyone else, but never ask the question, “ Where is my Maker, my Heavenly Father, who gives me all things to enjoy, that I may feel the light of His countenance, and reflect it back in gratitude and love ? ”—He who merits our faith, our love, our submission, our devotedness, He, our Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor ! Does it never occur to you, if such a one is amongst us this day, to ask yourself, “ How must I appear in the eye of God Himself with this one defect,—the want of Religion, of Piety towards Him ? ”

Seek, then, by overcoming this false pride and coldness, I have spoken of, towards your nearest relatives and friends, to encourage in your heart the growth of kindly affection

and disposition. But let your reason for doing so be because you feel it is pleasing in the sight of Him, who is the nearest and dearest friend of them all ; One Who thought nothing too dear or too costly to resign for us.



At unexpected seasons, in unforeseen ways, and without effort on your part, tokens of God's goodwill will come dropping in upon you, as richly-laden vessels come dropping into a sheltered harbour with the tide !

And if miracles are not wrought for your reward in this life,—if purer gales do not breathe to preserve your health, nor softer suns arise and more timely rains descend to ripen your harvest,—yet of this you are confident, that God is pleased with you, and will surely manifest His approbation.

He, indeed, looks with gracious approval upon a blameless, dutiful, childhood, as it blossoms into a graceful Youth and Manhood ! He regards with pleasure the inclination of your heart towards Him, your early docility and gentle, good-humoured acquiescence to those who endeavour to act for you, standing, as it were, in His stead.

"Honour," then, "thy Father and thy Mother, that thy days may be long in the land." Do not repel by coldness as if to show that you can do without it, the affection they feel and show towards you ; let their faults be what they may, the life-long affection of a parent is not to be slighted ; the world is cold and selfish, and you will find such love is easier lost than found, when that familiar form and well-remembered voice have passed away. But, above all, let me urge you, finally, never to forget what the object of your

obedience to them is,—that it is to lead you to obey and love another and an Almighty Father.

CHRIST AT THE DOOR.

Repel not, above all besides, by coldness and indifference, the affectionate and sincere desires to please, and love and honour God, which we all sometimes feel.

Beware, above all else, when His gentle voice pleads with you against sin, or indifference and coldness to Him and His,—how you turn a deaf ear, and stifle such feelings with your pleasures and pursuits. The face of Nature never, surely, showed a sight so wonderful as that expressed in these words, “Behold! I stand at the door and knock.”—That He the Lord of Heaven and Earth from the Creation,—“when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy”—that He, in the person of our Saviour, should show such Divine condescension, such unmerited, and, alas! often unrequited love, as to stand and knock at the Door of each of our hearts! The wonder of wonders is that none other than God Himself should come, thus standing at the Door, asking us—“My son, give Me thy heart; open the door! My yoke is not a heavy one; My burdens are but light! Consent to be My Son, and I will be thy God! Thy stay in this world cannot be a long one; its restless scenes will not give thee happiness, for after drinking of earthly pleasures thou wilt surely thirst again. Why, then, spend that strength for naught, which now thou mayest spend for My honour and thy own eternal welfare? I will give thee of that living water of which those who drink will never feel thirst again! A few hurtful pleasures thou must deny thyself, it is true; a few lessons in My school thou must learn, it is true, to fit thee for the life of bliss to come; as others, thou must share, it is true, the penalty of My righteous judgment on a fallen world; and, like others, thou must one day return to dust; but accept the offers of My love (which thou canst not doubt, seeing that I gave Myself to redeem thee), and that I will be with thee in life and death,”—and that there should be any that refuse!

It is not that the Door is never opened! The World, with its pleasures, its gains, and its pursuits; knocks at your door, and you know that it is opened to it! Evil passions and desires,—and Satan, even,—knock, and you know that the door closed to Christ is sometimes opened to *them*!

I would entreat you to mark Christ's words,—“Behold! I stand.” The *attitude* is not that of one who will *always*

be standing there; it is the *attitude* of one who may soon PASS ON!

THE ATTITUDE. "BEHOLD I *Stand*."

CHRIST DOES PASS ON!

From the unopened door, even Divine patience must, in time, turn sadly away! "They wish to be left alone. Day, after day, have I gone, offering them blessings,—priceless, eternal,—and they have spurned them away! Sunday after Sunday have I sent them teachers, inviting them to come to Me, encouraging them in all danger, and trouble, and temptation, to pray to their Saviour that He would hear and save all that put their trust in Him; but they wished to be left alone! My kindness and My charity must be turned into other channels, where they may meet with a welcome and loving reception. Well, if it must be so, *let them alone!*"

ANOTHER SUMMONS WILL COME!

Those who have long heard Christ's call should indeed make haste to obey it! Surely there are some of us who have tried His patience long enough. I would have you bear in mind that it is possible, even in early life, thus to reject the offers of God, and to pass a life of ordinary ease and comfort, though in a life chosen by ourselves, and without God in the world. It is marked by no greater symptom than a prayerless, thoughtless life, by almost perfect indifference to religion, by the aim and object of your life being centred in *yourself*. Alas! I fear there comes a time in the *experience* of some when their Creator's sun, it is true, may still shine a few more days upon their dwelling, but there *comes no Jesus there!* The day will come (for life is at best but uncertain) when there will be *Another*, and a Terrible one, knocking at *your* door! Where the Saviour stood once there stands now the King of Terrors,—Death! Oh! how will you then spring to your feet and rush to the door to seek for Christ, where once He came so often in vain to seek for *you!* "Oh! LET US IN! The Bridegroom is so sweet!"

LIFE COMES BUT ONCE.

But the opportunity, the precious opportunity, is yours *now*; you need only open to Him your heart, to call upon

Him by Prayer ! He is near you now ; His ear is not heavy that He cannot hear ; He is as near you now as if He still lived upon the earth ; He is even more so. Go to Him ; go from our discourses to Him ; to lead you to Him is the one object which we have ever proposed to ourselves in writing.

Perish all our discourses and all our books if this is not the spirit which animates them !

Go to Him yourself, for human language stops at that limit ; beyond, in communion with Christ, pass things which are between yourself and God ; things which " a stranger intermeddleth not," which cannot be reduced into language, although known in the happy experience of the least of the children of God.

You had judged Him severe, His yoke heavy, His conditions impracticable ; you will find the Saviour meek, and lowly, in heart, keeping account for you of a cup of cold water given for His sake, gathering up with love and approval the least good which He perceives in you.

He will show you that He followed you with tender and watchful interest through your life, from the most distant point which you know yourself, making all terminate in those thoughts of conversion which He now produces in you—(is it not time ?)—and which, in favoured moments, you all sometimes must have felt.

And if there be a Youth who has one day poured out his penitent heart before God, and has formed, unknown to all men, the sincere design (more sincere, alas ! than realised) of giving himself to the Lord unreservedly, He will instruct him that it was, nevertheless, *not lost*, that honest resolution,—that it did not *fall to the ground*, that silent Prayer,—that they have not flowed in vain, those too-soon dried tears, of which He alone still retains the trace,—but that all these loving proofs, gathered within His faithful bosom, will one day bear for Him their precious fruit !

" I do remember the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals."

YOUTH THE TIME FOR RELIGION.

Come, while the Spring its Linden blossom spreads,
Come, while Life's Morn is bright,
Come, while the Golden Crown is to be won,
Come, ere the long, cold Night !

Come, while the Saviour's love for us is saving,
Come, while Salvation is God's holy will,
Come, ere the Church Yard grass o'er us is waving,
And all around,—is Cold,—and Stern,—and Still !



The Eagle's Nest.

With great difficulty, Robert scaled the Cliffs, found the nest with young in,—and was about to take them, when he was attacked by the enraged Mother bird. Discharging his gun ineffectually, he was nearly driven over the Precipice. Whatever the cause,—whether injured,—or content at seeing her young ones still safe,—the Bird wheeled off to her nest; leaving the Boy only too glad to descend, especially as a distant speck in the sky proclaimed the approach of the Male Eagle. Had the attack been renewed, while he was descending, the Birds would, in that defenceless position,—have torn his face to pieces,—causing him to miss his footing, and he would have been killed.



"VAULTING AMBITION."

A Crow, seeing an Eagle carrying off a Lamb,—pounces on a Lamb to do the same; But his feet got entangled so fast in the Fleece, that he neither could rise, or obtain his Release! So,—instead of his taking the *Lamb*, you must know, the *Lamb*,—with great ease ran away with the *Crow*!

A PRECIPICE : " UNBELIEF " CUTS THE ROPE.



The Bird Fowler. Shetland Isles.

CHAPTER L.

TWO KINDS OF SCEPTICS. THE " PESSIMIST " COMPLAINS OF " NATURE." THERE MUST BE TRIAL. UNBELIEF BEGINS EARLY IN LIFE. " RELIGIOUS " PHRASES ANNOY A YOUTH. THE REASON. THE REMEDY.

UNBELIEF.

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God.

But exhort one another daily, while it is called To day ; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

So I swear in my wrath, they shall not enter into my rest.

And to whom sware he that they should not enter into his rest, but to them that believed not ?

So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief.

Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief.—*Hebrew iii.*

READER, what would you say to a stealthy villain cutting the Rope upon which the Bird Fowler,—you see in the Picture,—entirely depends ?

Yet our Faith in Christ is the Rope on which our Souls entirely depend, which " Unbelief " *does* cut in silence, and by stealth !

WHY UNBELIEF IS SO FATAL.

" Faith,"—(and Christ),—says,—

" Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy Soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength ! "

Why? Because it is to God we owe *everything*! Every breath we draw,—the Food we digest,—our Health, our Reason, our Present, and our Future, we owe entirely to Him! In short,—it is

“In Him we live,—and breathe,—and have our being.”—*Acts xvii.*, 28.

“Believers,”—and “Unbelievers,”—alike,—and what is more, shall do so throughout Eternity!

“And the Scribe said unto Jesus,—‘Well, Master, Thou hast said the Truth; for there is one God; and there is none other but He;—and to love Him with all the Heart,—and with all the Understanding,—and with all the Soul,—and with all the Strength, is more than all whole Burnt Offerings, and Sacrifices!’

And Jesus said unto him, ‘Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God!’”—*Mark xiii.*, 32.

Consequently,—in Wilfully,—Deliberately,—Obstinately, Rejecting God as his Maker,—and Scorning the Scheme of Salvation through Jesus Christ,—the Unbeliever deliberately *cuts the Rope* which suspends his Soul over the Precipice, or Abyss, and renders his own Salvation an Impossibility! “Without Faith it is *impossible* to please God!”

“Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy Heart, and with all thy Soul, and with all thy Mind, and with all thy Strength. This is the *First Commandment*!”

If this is the very *first* Commandment, what is the position in God’s sight of that wretched being who sets himself,—as a life work,—to destroy Belief in, or Reverence for,—his Creator? The following distinction however is an important one.

TWO KINDS OF UNBELIEVERS.

There are two distinct Classes of Unbelievers;—the *Silent*, and the *Demonstrative*, or *Aggressive*.

Thus we have the private,—quiet,—silent,—thoughtful,—Sceptic,—and there is the “Aggressive,”—open,—avowed—“Secularist,”—Infidel, Public Lecturer, or Writer.

The quiet Unbeliever, or “Agnostic,” not unfrequently a fine, but too often, prejudiced mind,—claims the right of private opinion in matters of Religious Belief,—but he *respects*,—does not attempt to interfere with, the religious belief of others. He asserts his right to private Unbelief,—the right of exercising Volition,—will power,—in rejecting,—if he chooses,—the Bible,—a Hereafter,—Heaven,—Hell,—a future Judgment,—Immortality,—Belief in Christ,—and, finally, belief in God Himself;—according to what Stage in the Sin and Disease of Unbelief he may yet have reached.

Whether such a one can stop at silent indifference to Religion, and pause at any of the above Stages of Unbelief, time alone will prove! Experience has rather proved that,—once let the deadly Sin,—Unbelief,—get the control of an active, intelligent mind,—it will not stop until,—like the terrible Leprosy, or the fatal Sins of advanced Vice, Covetousness, or Drunkenness,—it has swept away all that is really precious to Mankind. Generally, however, the Silent Sceptic,—though thinking for himself,—does not attempt, like the Modern Unbeliever, in Pulpit or on Platform, openly to spread the dread Disease to others.

Indeed, so far from it,—many a man who will not come under the influence of the Gospel himself,—is quite willing that his children may enjoy a proper Christian education themselves. “I’m a ‘Nothing-arian,’ myself,—you know,—but,—mark you, I never say a word about it to the Children,—always show outward respect for Religion,—you know!”

Fatal inconsistency! He recognises the speechless blessings which Christianity,—the God-like precepts of Jesus Christ,—have brought to his Nation, and the World at large,—is quite willing that his children should have a Christian education,—but will not come to Christ himself!

As God, however, in the constitution of things, has ordained us to be Free Agents,—the quiet Sceptic’s claim to private unbelief,—must, it is supposed,—be sorrowfully admitted. Nothing, therefore, in this chapter or the next is to be taken as applying to the silent, respectful “Agnostic”; it is the aggressive, public promoter of the Sin, and Disease, of Infidelity who is alone spoken of.

THE LECTURER, OR PUBLIC APOSTATE, OR UNBELIEF IN THE PULPIT.

The Young Reader will see that this is a *totally* different thing to quiet, private Scepticism.

It is one thing to be Evil *ourselves*,—it is a far worse thing to *lead others* into it!

It is one thing to have a dogged, perverted prejudice, a Pride, and Self-conceit, which renders Submission to God,—and acceptance of Salvation through Christ,—impossible. It is another thing deliberately to use this perverted intellect to destroy the precious Faith and “Belief” of others,—to endeavour to take from Mankind the most precious things they possess, and give them Nothing in their place!

Consequently a ten-fold damnation awaits these dangerous Public Apostates in the never-ending Eternity to which we

are all fast hastening. "Harsh words!" Dear Reader, let us have no milk-and-water Delusion about "Honest Unbelievers,"—"Conscientious Atheists,"—a mild, forgiving God,—certainly not the God of the New Testament,—Who will,—after all,—after a slight show of displeasure,—ultimately Save all alike,—"bring in,"—the Impenitent Wicked,—Murderers,—Demon-like Men,—nay, the very Devils themselves,—and allow all to dwell with Him for all Eternity!

Later on, a *strong*,—and by many considered a successful,—effort is made to present that Delusion of the Devil, "The Eternal Hope," or the "Universal Salvation of all Mankind," to the Young Christian, in the plainest and boldest possible manner.

A STEALTHY VILLAIN.

"*Harsh words?*" Look, dear Reader, once more at the Woodcut, to this chapter,—notice the Precipice below the Fowler,—how that Rope is *everything* to him!

Then imagine a stealthy Villain,—afraid to do it too openly,—seizing every opportunity to *weaken* that Rope,—slyly,—when the Fowler, and his comrades,—are not on the watch,—cutting a strand here and there,—until the Rope, one day, suddenly gives way, and the poor man,—to whom it is *everything*,—perishes!

So it is with these False Teachers in Pulpit, or on Platform, or in their Books. Constantly at work, endeavouring to undermine precious Faith,—that "rope" of the Human Soul, that only tie which connects the Human Soul with God,—with Christ its Saviour,—and its Glorious, Immortal, Future,—these public Apostates are an Enemy to their Country, Nation, and to the entire Human Race! Like everything else, they have been long foretold!

"There shall come in the last days, Scoffers, walking after their own lusts, saying, "Where is the Promise of His Coming?" "All things continue as they were from the Beginning of the Creation!"

"For this they are willingly ignorant of, that the Lord is not slack concerning His promise, but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to Repentance."—II. *Peter* iii., 3, 4, 9.

"But be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a Thousand Years, and a Thousand Years as one day!"

Presumptuous are they, self-willed, and despise government, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities." (Note.—They "speak evil" of the Bible, deny the "Fall,"—belittle Christ, and His Atonement.)

"While they promise liberty *they themselves* are the Servants of Corruption; for of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage."—II. *Peter* ii., 10, 19.

"But these speak great swelling words of vanity, speaking evil of the things *that they understand not*,—and shall utterly perish in their own corruption."

"Ungodly men, turning the Grace of our God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Jude i.*, 4.

The "Pessimist" Atheist claims to sit in judgment upon his Maker,—to be a greater Philanthropist,—more feeling,—than the Creator, and that he could have arranged things infinitely better himself!

The "Pessimist" Unbeliever claims that the all-prevailing Misery, Pain, and Sin, we see around us in this World, preclude the idea of—or Belief in,—the Existence of a God of Love,—or even of Justice.

Shutting his eyes firmly to the hearty enjoyment of countless thousands around him,—though generally taking good care to share those enjoyments *himself*,—he claims that "Life is really not worth living,"—that all is Misery, Pain, Disappointment, and Death!

One School of Unbelief claims that this is the very worst World that could possibly be, because they assert, if it was only a shade worse than it is, it could not exist at all,—a Result which they seem to think would be a consummation devoutedly to be wished.

For they consider it a misfortune to have been born,—that Evil always has (?) and always will (?) prevail and dominate over the Good,—"*Wrong* on the Throne, *Right* ever at the Stake!"—and that the best thing that we can do is to die as soon as we can,—cease to be,—and go out into,—they assert,—the non-existence from which we emerged!

Such a man will not consider the exquisite Creation around us,—that Storms are the *exception*,—not the rule,—and are simply beneficial,—necessary,—efforts, to restore, once more, Sunshine, Calm, and Repose. He will not admit, or recognise, the numberless Pleasures and Comfort God allows him,—and Millions,—to enjoy year after year, for a long life!

Thus, Schopenhauer, the great German "Pessimist," or "Grumbling Against God School," of Unbelievers,—had a most successful life,—Health,—Fame,—Wealth,—Leisure,—long life,—Travels,—Luxury,—and died quietly, at last, in 1860. So far from gratitude to the indulgent, long-suffering, God,—this Unbeliever, and others like him,—for long years,—while taking good care to secure their own gratifications,—looked, or *pretended* to look,—upon this World as the *worst* possible one,—railed at its Creator,—regarding all His wondrous creation through the "Spectacles of Discontent," and "Unbelief."

How many a poor man's cheerful life, with none of their advantages,—calls shame upon their Conduct and Ingratitude. Here is one instance out of many :—

Blind, and lost both arms and legs.

The blind bidder at a recent sale at Christie's is not alone in his singular cheerfulness. For several years there has been one in Wigan, who in addition to being blind, has lost both hands and arms. A friend takes him round the lots in the sale-room and describes various articles for sale, and anything he requires to be satisfied about is held up to him and passed along to his mouth. Notwithstanding his double affliction, he is said to be a remarkably good-tempered, and even jovial, fellow, and can enter into keen competition for anything he takes a fancy to.

Again, at the "Barnum and Bailey's Show," at Olympia,—which Barnum brought to London, before his death,—the Writer conversed with one of his "Freaks,"—a most cheerful, hearty, robust gentleman,—*born* without arms! He said, from an infant he had used his Toes so habitually, that they were like our Fingers, and he proved it! He took a pen,—and on small cards he wrote beautifully with his toes,—at one penny each,—any name required. He was a wealthy man, could drive his carriage, and a pair of horses,—dress himself,—and assured the Writer he could actually *shave* himself! He had several healthy children,—a fine House in U.S.A.,—and was evidently a prosperous gentleman, with a good income. He did not rail at God, because,—amongst Millions,—he happened to be born incomplete. He, on the contrary,—instead of accusing God,—accepted the conditions of his Birth cheerfully,—making his very deficiencies the means of acquiring a Fortune, and an enjoyable life. The Writer has the cards still; he only wishes he could write as beautifully and quickly as those toes did!

What a Lesson to those, who,—with all their faculties,—are even dissatisfied, and grumbling against God?

The feat of an armless man driving a pair of horses even through London streets was successfully accomplished last year (1906). No doubt while the limbs of a Baby are flexible, it may by incessant practice, reach its mouth with its toes. But to "Shave," and "Dress," *did* seem a Miracle!

AN ABYSS. THE ATHEIST ON "NATURE."

(Like the Heathen, who could make nothing of Nature.)

"Upon this Vista the Curtain may fall! Neither Poet, nor Seer, can look beyond Nature, who is *unconscious of her immorality!* Entrancing in her Beauty,—savage in her Cruelty,—imperial in her Prodigality,—appalling in her Convulsions! *She is not only Deaf but Dumb!* There is *no answer* to any appeal!"

"The best we can do,—the best that has ever been done,—is to

recognise the Implacability of the Laws which rule the Universe, and contemplate as calmly as we can the nothingness from which we came, and the nothingness into which we shall all disappear!

The *one* Consolation that we hold,—though it is one which may be illusory too,—consists in the Belief that when Death comes, fear and hope are alike at an end! Then Wonder ceases,—the Insoluble no longer perplexes,—Space is lost,—the Infinite is Blank,—*the Farce is over!*"

Precisely the feeling of the Heathen,—the "untutored" Savage,—who quails before the Thunder Storm, and Nature in her "convulsions," simply because he did not understand that *all was over-ruled for his good*. Small blame to the "untutored" Savage!

But, living in this day of boasted Intellect, to call Nature "Immoral" is amazing! In these days of Intelligence one would have thought every Schoolboy knew something of the "Law of Storms,"—that, so far as being,—as the untutored Savage thought,—symptoms of the presence of an angry God,—they are, on the contrary, obeying beneficent Laws of Nature, and of God, in establishing an equilibrium, and producing once more,—Calm,—Sunshine,—and Repose! "*Christian* Heathendom" seems worse than that which our good Missionaries are contending with abroad!

The Lightning, which alarmed the Savage, has proved, in the Electric Light,—Car,—Wireless Telegraphy, &c., the Greatest Boon Mankind has ever known!

What a confession of hopeless, unintelligent Atheism, is the above extract! Yet, Reader, this is the Abyss which the wilful Rejector of Christ,—certainly comes to in the end!

To the Christian,—the "Implacability" of the "Laws of Nature,"—(or as the Believer asserts, "The Laws of God")—constitute *our safeguard*,—it proves the greatest *blessing* to our Race!

Could we not *depend upon* the existing order of things at *all* times,—were the Laws of Nature *not* "implacable,"—our very existence upon this Earth would be impossible! Why call them "Savage," or "Immoral," when our Common Sense tells us that the very fact of there being a reward to those who *obey* these beneficial Laws,—*necessitates* a penalty to those who *disobey* them! So far from being "Savage" it is to these essential "Laws of Nature," (or rather "of God,") that Mankind owe their past, present, and future, well-being and preservation! "Everything that is, is right." "Just, and true are all Thy ways!"

At the same time, unless our Lord had told the "Unitarian," that he had his "kind Heavenly Father,"—he is so fond of speaking about, as quite sufficient, for him, without any Divine.

"Saviour,"—Atonement, or Sacrifice,—there was indeed,—as the Pessimist says,—little in "Nature," and its "Convulsions," to tell him that he had any "kind Heavenly Father" at all! It was our Lord Who first told Fallen Mankind about "Our Father Who art in Heaven." But, apart from a Saviour, "believed in,"—trusted to,—for Salvation, there exists no "Divine Fatherhood." Our Lord was addressing His true Followers,—Disciples,—"Believers," alone, not "Pessimists,"—"Sceptics," or "Unitarians." Much more true to fact is the following hopeless confession of an Unbeliever, thus,

LIFE'S MELODRAMA.—THE CURTAIN FALLING.

"The Curtain's falling,—and the Lights burn dim,
And truth to tell,—I'm willing now to go,
I've seen Life's Melodrama,—paid the Price,—
Have shared its Gains,—its Losses,—Joys,—and Fears,—
Its Laughter and its Tears,—
And now,—Heaven knows,—*I would not see it twice!*"

The Unbeliever denies that Creation shows the Goodness of God, or that so evil a World,—(*he is no great things himself*),—could have had a Being of Love, Wisdom, and Goodness, for its Author, Creator, and Sustainer.

It is not wondrous sympathy or "Enthusiasm for Humanity" which causes all this dogged, chronic, discontent! It is the "Evil heart of Unbelief in departing from the living God," the Pride, and Conceit of the Atheistic Heart, of the Self Idolater, wishing to dethrone a God Whom he dislikes, which is at the bottom of it all!

THE "FALL" OF MAN FROM HIS GOD.

Finally, he grumbles at the shortness of Human Life,—how all is Vanity,—and yet turns resolutely away from Belief in Christianity,—and treats the Blessed promises of God, and the "certain hope of a joyful Resurrection,"—through Christ,—with Weariness and Contempt!

DARWIN ASSERTS THAT HAPPINESS PREPONDERATES.

The "Pessimistic" Atheist points to the unceasing, prevailing, existence of Suffering,—Pain,—the World over; the Destruction of Mankind by Wars, Wrecks, Earthquakes, Railway Accidents, Diseases,—the Unbeliever omits to add, the Drink,—Wilful Sins,—Unutterable Folly,—and Obstinacy of "Fallen" Mankind.

He draws our attention to the "Cruelty of Nature," the unceasing Pain, inflicted by Animals, Birds, Fishes, and

Insects, preying upon each other,—the stronger destroying the weaker,—thus securing the "Survival of the Fittest." How can such a Creation be the product of a God of Love and Goodness? "Red with Tooth, and Claw."

The "CHRISTIAN" *versus* THE "PESSIMIST."

The **Christian Believer** replies by pointing out to the "Pessimist" Unbeliever, that where *one* person suffers Sickness and Pain, thousands live for sixty years, in perfect health, and enjoyment. That most Diseases are now curable, if good Physicians, and Proper Remedies,—are sought, unless "Christian Science" absurdities,—and "Faith Healing,"—without using Remedies,—prove fatal. That the destruction of Mankind by Wars is merely the outcome of their own folly, and pride, in going to War at all. That to one Sailor drowned in a Wreck, countless thousands have never been wrecked at all! That Statistics upon Human Life prove that the *safest place*,—drawn from the irresistible logic of facts,—in the World, is the Cabin of an Atlantic Steamer.

Always provided that you are not addicted to playing Cards, "Poker," etc.

That Earthquakes,—though they destroy *Thousands*,—are the Safety Valves to which alone *Millions* on this Earth owe their preservation!

In the great earthquake a few years ago in the Sunda Straits, the Waves of the Ocean were affected for 15,000 Miles; indeed the Instruments of our Observatories proved that the agitation caused, passed *three times* entirely round the Earth, before it finally subsided! This World still contains forces which,—were it not for Safety Valves,—would blow it into atoms!

To *one* person who has suffered from an Earthquake,—*Millions* have never noticed them; except as a *half-minute* wonder, not again occurring for Years!

The Christian claims that to one Railway Accident,—countless Millions travel,—for a life-time,—and never meet with one! The Writer travelled once with an Engine Driver, up to London, who had been a Driver of Passenger Trains, and Goods Trains, for *forty-one* years, and never had an accident, nor saw anyone injured!

There are more persons killed every year in London alone through falling from the outside of windows or from buildings in course of erection than the total number killed on all the railways in the United Kingdom. In 1895 the railway companies of the United Kingdom carried 930,000,000 passengers.

Incredibly few were killed. During this period 140 persons met with their death in the streets of London from accidents of various kinds, and there were no fewer than 586 deaths recorded as being caused through falling from windows, buildings, and the like.

But the Christian has seen multitudes ruined in the past,—and ruining *themselves* Body and Soul at the present *moment*,—by *their own* Wickedness, Atheism, Drink, Vice, Godlessness, Dishonesty, Prayerlessness, and Sin !

THE BRUTE CREATION.

Here, again, the Believer replies, that the Creatures around us enjoy themselves up to the moment that they are killed ; they have no reflection, no anxiety, no looking forward to an evil day. Where one bird is killed by a Hawk or Sportsman,—thousands live happily for years in peace, breed,—migrate to Sunny Climes,—and enjoy life quite as much, or more, than we do ! If they do not, why do they Sing like they do ?

To *every* Mouse caught by a Cat,—*thousands* get fat and die in peace, without ever having seen a Cat in their lives !

To every fly taken by the Spider, millions flit in the Sun, sip the Flowers, and enjoy a Summer's life without ever having any "Interview" whatever with a Spider !

Darwin,—himself,—than whom a more patient Student of Nature never probably lived,—admits that,—amongst the World of Animals, Birds, Fishes, and Insects,—enjoyment and pleasure *vastly preponderate* over Pain ! Thus flatly contradicting the "Pessimistic," or Schopenhauer School, and,—one little word,—dear Reader, a little Bird has whispered that, though this is such a dreadful World, Schopenhauer managed to enjoy *himself* remarkably well ! Seneca, the Ancient Stoic Philosopher, discoursed with wondrous power on the wisdom of *having little*,—being contented with the necessities of life. "Why," he would teach his Pupils, "does a man want a Silver Goblet to drink out of, when the Water is just as sweet taken from the hollow of his hand ?" Words of Wisdom ! Yet History relates that Seneca filled *his own* house,—though a "Stoic,"—with such a collection of treasures,—that it is shrewdly suspected that his wealth excited the cupidity of others, who compassed his death in order to obtain it.

ALL OVER-RULED FOR GOOD !

But the Christian approaches the subject of the Necessity

of Pain, Disappointment, and Suffering, by the Human Race, with bated breath. He takes an utterly, and entirely, different view of this Mystery of Pain to that of the Pessimist. To the Believer, the presence of Trial, Pain, Sin, and Conflict in this World of Probation, is an absolute Necessity for the Formation of Character,—or the "Christian Life!" He cannot conceive anything more hopeless than, a World of Puppets! A Race all fed by the Creator, without the necessity of the slightest Labour, Toil, Exertion, or Self-denial, on their part, all "good," because there being no evil permitted in the World,—no temptation,—nothing to try them, it is *impossible* for them to be *anything else*,—whether they *wanted* to be so or not! It would be a "goodness" (?) of a World of perfect Machines, *all going round for ever*,—a World of excellently contrived Puppets all doing the *same thing*! No discipline, no trial, no "*tried goodness*," which is the only *real* "goodness!" No Pain to educate us,—to lead us to *feel for others*,—no distress of others, to give us the *opportunities* of "doing good,"—no sorrow to induce Sympathy towards our Fellow Men!

Of course God *could* have constructed such a World,—but Millions of the best,—the wisest, the holiest of Men,—the "God-like" men,—have had cause to thank Him for ages past that,—in His infinite Counsels,—*He did not*! We should have been "*Things*"—not "*Men*"!

The Mystery of Pain! What a Subject! This entire Book might be filled with it!

It has been *over-ruled* by God to produce results infinitely precious to Millions of Immortal Souls!

What would you have? A World *purposely designed* to be a Trial Ground,—a State of Probation,—and yet without Sin, Trial, Temptation, or Pain?

Dear Reader! It is self contradictory! The idea is *monstrous*! You cannot have true Virtue or Goodness without Trial. How else are they to be produced? How do you know they are there? If we had no responsibility, no freedom of choice between Evil and Good, how praise or blame that which is not susceptible to praise or to blame? We do not speak of a "virtuous" Sewing Machine, or a Conscientious Musical Box. How can you have "trial" without "temptation?" How can you have temptation without the presence of Sin, Tempters, Evil, and Evil Men? And how can Sin, and Evil, be present, without Pain, Sorrow, and Retribution accompanying them?

We Christians believe that we owe everything to the Mystery of Pain. To it we owe the Priceless Sufferings, and

Death, of our Blessed Lord, upon which alone we rely for our final Reconciliation with, and Acceptance by, our God, our Eternal Salvation, and admission into a Future Life of Endless Bliss !

We look to the Mystery of Pain as an expression of the ultimate, and Eternal, Love of God to His creature Man !

" My Thoughts are not *your* Thoughts,—neither are *your* ways My Ways,—saith the Lord !

For as high as the Heavens are above the Earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts."—*Isaiah* lv., 8, 9.

We accept the " Mystery of Evil,"—and the " Mystery of Pain," as necessary, and in the case of the Believer,—(and, Reader, you are invited, and urged to be a " Believer " from your Childhood to your Grave),—*always* over-ruled by God for Good !

We are certain that the **Good** will ultimately prevail, and there we rest ! We Christians do not profess to grasp the Infinite,—or to discern the Evil from the Beginning,—but "**one thing** we know,—whatever *is*,—is **right** !"

The " Pessimist " asks, " Is life worth living ? " and answers "**NO !**"

The Christian Believer asked the same question,—answers, — joyfully, — gratefully, — and hopefully, — emphatically "**YES !**"



Go down a Country Lane in Summer, amongst the Wild Flowers,—Birds singing, Bees humming, Youths at their Cricket, &c., and, dear Reader, you will admit that the Good God gives us all things freely to enjoy !

Still we all admit that this is a " Fallen " World.

"For we know that the whole Creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."—*Romans* viii., 22.

"Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

"And I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

THE CHRISTIAN'S EVOLUTION THEORY.

"There is a natural body, and there is a Spiritual body." "It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in Glory." "So also is the Resurrection of the Dead. It is sown in Corruption; it is raised in Incorruption!"

"As we have borne the image of the Earthly so shall we also bear the image of the Heavenly." "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God; neither doth Corruption inherit Incorruption!" "For the Trumpet shall sound, and the dead be raised incorruptible, and *we shall be changed*." "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this Mortal must put on Immortality!"—1 Cor. xv., 44, 43, 42, 49, 50, 52.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye *steadfast, unmovable*, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your *labour is not in vain* in the Lord."

"While we look not at the things which *are seen*, but at the things which are *not seen*; for the things which are *seen* are Temporal, but the things which are *not seen* are "Eternal."—2 Cor. iv., 18.

Glorious "Evolution Theory" that, dear Reader. May we have part in it,—for Christ's sake! Better than Scientific (?) Theories of our being "*evolved*" from Monkeys!

UNBELIEF.

"Who is 'the Lord,'—that I should obey His voice? I know not 'the Lord,'—neither will I let Israel go!"—Exodus v., 2.

So spake Pharaoh,—three thousand four hundred years ago,—and so in their hearts have spoken Unbelievers ever since. Constantly shifting its ground, and changing its front,—to suit increased intelligence and culture,—the polite, and ingenious, Scepticism of the more refined type of Unbelievers in 1907 is very different to the coarse Infidelity of Paine, and the School of Atheists,—of ninety years ago. They never made much pretension to Scholarship,—ancient records, documents, monuments of the Ancients,—never troubled Paine much, they simply denied *everything*, and treated the Bible as an imposition and a fraud. The modern,

refined, leaders of Unbelief, now look with contempt upon the ignorance of the old School of Atheists. Modern Criticism and Scholarship, for instance, no longer permit the Renan, or Strauss, School of Infidelity, to disallow the authenticity of the letters of the early Christian Writers; such as the Epistle of Clement, A.D. 97, the letters of Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, A.D. 110, or the Epistles of Paul to the Romans, Galatians, &c., written about A.D. 58, or, as some think, a little earlier.

PAUL'S LETTERS AS AUTHENTIC AS CICERO'S.

Paul's Epistles are now accepted by Modern Scholars as authentic as the writings of Cicero, and others. Disagreeing, however, with each other, the Modern Leaders of Infidelity pull each other's Theories of Unbelief ruthlessly to pieces,—and the views of Modern Freethinkers change every few years. Thus it is now found safest, after all, to acknowledge, and quote from the *Gospel narrative*,—as admitted History, and Fact,—and then to endeavour to explain away the belief of the early Christians in Christ,—in the Resurrection,—and all else,—by wild phrases, and incredible Suppositions, as in the “New Theology” Teaching.

THE HALLUCINATION THEORY.

Thus Renan,—taking only a detached portion of the Gospel account,—argues in phrases, exquisitely, and entirely, French,—that Mary Magdalene saw a Vision of our Lord, and that she was the authoress of Christianity; others, merely following her lead, and sharing her hallucination. He only deals with a small portion of the Gospel narrative. Unbelievers are ever apt to omit all the *remaining narrative* which might be inconvenient and fatal to their wild theories.

THE RESURRECTION.

“When the Even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathea named Joseph, a Counsellor; he was a good man and a just, who also was Jesus' disciple. He went boldly unto Pilate and craved the body of Jesus. And Pilate marvelled if he were already dead, and, calling the Centurion, he asked him whether he had been any while dead. And when he knew it of the Centurion he gave the body to Joseph. And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb which he had hewn out of the rock. Now in that place there was a Garden.”

Mary, supposing him to be the Gardener, saith unto him: “Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him.” Jesus saith unto her, “Mary!” She turned herself and saith unto Him, “Rabboni,” which is to say, Master!

THE RESURRECTION.



The same day, at evening,—when the doors were shut, where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the Jews,—came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, “Peace be unto you.” And He showed them His hands with His side. But Thomas,—one of the twelve,—called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, “We have seen the Lord !” But he said unto them, “Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe.” And after eight days again came Jesus, the doors being shut, and Thomas was with them.

Then saith He to Thomas, “Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands, and reach thither thy hand, and thrust it into My side, and be not faithless, but believing.”

And Thomas answered and said unto Him, “My Lord and My God.” Jesus said unto him, “Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have NOT SEEN, yet have believed.”

All this portion of the Gospel narrative Renan and others avoid. They do not mention all these Witnesses who,—so far from *being enthusiasts*,—given to *hallucinations*,—were very hard to *convince*,—even on the *evidence* of their *senses*,—and evidently found it most difficult fully to believe in our Blessed Lord’s Resurrection. Again, Renan has not a word to say about the five hundred early Christians whom Paul calls upon as having all seen our risen Lord. 1 Corinthians, xv., 6. “After that, He was seen of five hundred brethren at once ; of whom the greater part remain unto this present ; but some have fallen asleep.” This challenge of Paul, as to hundreds of witnesses then still living, was written about the

year 58. These witnesses,—so far from going merely by Mary Magdalene, were men, who, like Thomas,—had actually seen their risen Lord,—had spoken to and eaten with Him.

The Crucifixion had taken place only 28 years before Paul wrote these words. No one then disputed the fact of the Resurrection,—or Paul's words; too many witnesses were then still alive. How many of us in 1907 can distinctly remember,—and in case of need, could witness to, and prove,—events which occurred 45 years ago, viz., in 1862, the year of the Second Great Exhibition in London? Again, Paul had been a Christian 20 years when he wrote his Epistles, thus we are brought within eight years of our Lord's death.

This host of witnesses,—Strauss, Renan, and the modern Infidels,—find it convenient not to allude to! Yet these are the men,—Heaven save the mark!—who are called "Our great Thinkers,"—Leaders of modern thought,"—"The first Scholars in Europe!" They certainly do not "lead" the Christian!

What must be the unutterable folly, and sin,—in any intelligent, responsible, thoughtful person,—who can choose the monstrous dogmas of Infidel writers to the sublime teachings of his Bible?

In our day, even the most deadly sins and the worst of mankind are most leniently dealt with. "Honest Unbelief" is rather encouraged than condemned! Sinners of all kinds are now to be pitied rather than shunned, and their vile principles, and "deadly nightshade" of "Unbelief," are to be defended, rather than detested!

THE SIN OF UNBELIEF.

A Youth to whom coarse sins,—sins outward, apparent, obvious, to all, and evidently ruinous to Character, and Self-respect,—present no attractions,—may yet fall before the more deadly,—because more insidious,—sin,—of Unbelief. It is outwardly respectable,—excites little alarm,—but it *kills the Soul* in secret, and *by stealth*!

There is the Unbelief, however, merely of the Intellect,—intellectual difficulties,—which may occur to many well-meaning youths. These may, with God's aid, and a little Study of His Word, be easily dispelled. But the real, deadly, Unbelief,—is the sin of wilful Unbelief of the *Heart*. The persistent choice and preference for an evil life of Unbelief,—rather than a life of obedience. The Real Unbelief which kills is the "rejection of Christ and refusal to come under the influence of the Gospel."

God has placed a barrier to this fatal sin, in placing the Bible in immense profusion, amongst all Christian Nations.

THE BIBLE STOPS THE WAY.

The Bible stops the way! On his dread pathway to perdition, it is evident to every Freethinker that *one* thing *must be done*. The Bible must either be treated in the old, coarse, brutal, manner of Thos. Paine, and the old, ignorant School of Unbelievers,—or its teachings must be explained away, à la Renan, to suit the increased culture of Modern Scepticism. All Sceptics, Secularists, Theosophists, Freethinkers, Infidels, Unbelievers, Atheists—(giving them any name they prefer),—feel that the *first* and *essential* thing to be done is to *attack the Bible!*

Every phase of Unbelief requires this to be done. The Authenticity of God's Word to Mankind,—either its Teachings,—its History,—its Morality,—or its Facts,—must be challenged,—disputed, or ignored. Once the Bible is admitted by Mankind to be a Divinely-inspired Book,—in fact, to be what it emphatically claims to be,—“The Word of God,”—Unbelief finds no standpoint,—no ground to rest upon. To lessen, therefore, the Authority, and to weaken the hold of the Bible, upon the minds and consciences of men,—ever has been,—and ever will be,—the first and necessary effort on the part of Unbelievers in every age of the World.

THE SIN BEGINS IN EARLY LIFE.—THOMAS PAINE.

This sin of Unbelief attacks Mankind often in early life,—and unless at once opposed, it carries,—like the sins of Vice, Covetousness, or Drunkenness,—everything before it. Thos. Paine, whose religious instruction had been by no means neglected,—relates that it attacked him first when comparatively young. As he was one day going down the steps into the garden, *there suddenly came over his mind*,—he says,—an opposition to,—and unbelief in,—the entire Scheme of Salvation through Christ. It was doubtless, his temptation in life. Unresisted,—it led,—as every besetting sin will,—to his ruin.

Judging from the following “thoughts”—recently re-published by Renan,—written in 1848,—sixty years ago,—when comparatively a young man,—he also seems to have once had religious inclinings. Whether the “God” of Renan’s “Youth,”—was the God of the Christian, or a Deity of his own creation, we have no means of judging.

"Oh! God of my Youth,"—he writes in 1848,—“I had hoped,—long since,—to return to Thee.” (The return is seldom made)—“spoilt by the pride of reason.”—(Note.—It seems always Reason, human reason,—which is made responsible for a shipwreck of Faith,—like Paine’s “Age of Reason,”—itself the most unreasonable and unreasoning of books.) “And maybe I shall ere long return humble, and vanquished.”

The “maybe” never took place; the return was never made. The return *entirely depends* upon the *grace* of God! The instances of an Infidel Writer, and Lecturer, returning, or alleged to have returned,—are so rare, that the case of Joseph Barker, the apostate Minister, whose apostasy did such mischief in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1849,—seems almost the only recorded instance at hand. Dying at Omaha, U.S., in his 70th year,—changing his views for the last time,—Barker asserted that he died a Christian Believer. Whether he did or not, he had certainly done mischief enough in his day to Christ’s cause.

“But, for the present,”—Renan continues,—“Thy Temple lies in ruins.” (If Renan had ever been, what Paul declares every true Christian to be,—“a temple of the living God,”—this remark, made in 1848,—was certainly true at his death,)—“I cannot see Thy face.”—(Surely, it was hardly to be expected; but the Unbeliever will *have* to see His face *some day*.) “ADIEU, THEN!”—(he continues, with colossal impudence),—“God of my youth! Perhaps Thou wilt again appear at my death-bed.”

What! after 40 years as a Teacher of Infidelity? It was truly amazing,—totally unintelligible—unworthy of the Almighty, and in direct contradiction to His own word, if He did! He certainly was not present at the death-beds of Voltaire and Paine; for the former appeared to be in a frenzy of rage,—and the latter was heard calling on “Christ” when alone,—and Renan died recalling early indiscretions,—(like Rousseau,)—a frivolous,—abandoned, soul.

“For though Thou hast deceived me,”—Renan concludes,—“I love Thee still.”

It will irresistibly occur to the Reader, that it was the Devil,—not the faithful, and blessed, God, who “deceived” Paine, Barker, Renan, Voltaire, Bradlaugh, Col. Ingersoll, Strauss, Besant, Foote, &c., and the many foolish readers who have preferred the “deadly night-shade,”—the dreadful stuff, and unmitigated rubbish, these wretched creatures have written, to the Priceless Word of God!

Reader, if you choose infidel companions, and infidel Writings, to a loving Saviour, and a faithful God,—whom have you to blame but yourself? The “Leaders of Modern Thought,”—(Heaven save the mark! they certainly do not “lead” the Christian Believer),—make light of the existence of a “Jealous

God,"—they "bid adieu to the God of their youth,"—spend the precious years of life as Teachers of Unbelief,—and then in the end, like Renan, who made a large fortune by his "Life of Jesus," and other Infidel Books, desire to "Die a Christian,"—and trust that He will "appear at their death-bed!"

But the Word of God tells a far different tale.

THE APOSTATE.

"For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened,—and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and the power of the world to come,—if they shall fall away, to renew them again to repentance; seeing that they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to open shame. For, if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the Truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries. He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sacrificed, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace; For we know Him that hath said Vengeance belongeth unto me, I will recompense, saith the Lord. And again, the Lord shall judge His people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God."—Hebrews vi., 4, and x., 26.

These men seem to be under the *delusion* that after years of rebellion, they can *change* their lives *at will*! They forget that "Belief," "Saving Faith," and "Saving Grace,"—without which Salvation is impossible,—are the most *precious* gifts of God, which He alone can bestow upon humble seekers. These inestimable Gifts of God are not at the beck and call of Mankind, just when they choose! They are *not at our control*! When we consider how many infinitely less guilty Souls (who, though Unbelievers, have kept it to themselves),—are lost,—why is God to bestow His choicest gift,—Saving Grace,—on a wretched aggressive Atheist when death stops him from doing further harm *for ever*? The idea is Grotesque!

FAITH A DIVINE GIFT. LEFT TO UNBELIEF.

Do you doubt it? Then look at God's own people,—or, rather, His once chosen people,—the Jews. Why do *they* not "believe?"—They go with us Christians as far as the Old Testament! They grasp with us, as God's own Word,—handed down to us by their own inspired Writers,—the splendid prophecies of the Old Testament,—teeming as they do with types and promises of the coming Christ,—they go with us down to the last word of Malachi; but when it comes

to the fulfilment of their own prophecies,—necessitating belief in Jesus Christ,—they *stop dead*! They absolutely reject every word of the New Testament.

Dear Reader, do you want to see Miracles, or “Fulfilment of Prophecy,” in 1907? Surely a greater Fulfilment of Prophecy than the position of our Jewish Friends,—never *took place* before the eyes of mankind! “Hearing they shall hear, and not understand,—seeing they shall see, and not perceive.” Dividing the sums spent by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Jews by the number of authentic conversions, it is said that £5,000 to £10,000 is expended in procuring the conversion of a single Jew!



Paul in Rome.

And Paul dwelt two whole years, in his own hired house, and received all who came in unto him. And some believed the things which were spoken and some believed not. And when they agreed not among themselves they departed, after that Paul had spoken one word. “Well spake the Holy Ghost, by Esaias the Prophet unto our Fathers”—(*Isaiah*, in the *Hebrew*; vi. 9) saying, “Go unto this people and say, Hearing they shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing they shall see, and not perceive. For their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed.” “Be it known, therefore, unto you that the Salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it.”—*Acts* xxviii., 30.

It is not want of *intelligence* on the part of the Jews; on the contrary, their financial success in every part of the World proves that, as a Race, or Nation, they are in intellect, and sagacity, *second to none*!

MEN BELIEVE ANY RUBBISH BUT THE GOSPEL.

What absurd religious impositions,—passed off upon Mankind,—have found ready followers, and believers!

Spiritualists,—(with Tricks not equal to those of Mr.

Maskelyne, which have been seen for one shilling, the past thirty years at the old Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly),—Spirit “forms,” Tricks of the Photographer, well known in the Trade,—Miracles which always require “the Gas being lowered,” *any* Rubbish, rather than Jesus Christ! Smith,—the Mormon Prophet,—Dowie,—Mrs. Eddy,—Blavatsky,—the North London Messiah,—Spiritualism,—“Christian (?) Science,” &c. Nothing seems too outrageous, provided it is something new,—for human credulity, excepting the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the “sweet reasonableness” of Christ’s Atonement, as the Divine Saviour of Mankind.

TRUE BELIEF NEEDS GRACE. IT IS A REVELATION.

The amazing difficulty, on the part of Mankind, in believing in the Divinity,—Resurrection,—and final appearance as our Judge, of our Saviour,—is shown in the Unbelief of His own immediate followers. So far from being,—as Renan asserts,—resolved to believe in Christ’s Resurrection, on the faintest grounds,—even as he suggests, on the optical delusions of an impassioned woman;—the Disciples were,—on the contrary,—most difficult to convince, even on the evidence of •their own senses,—sight,—hearing,—and touch!

It was evidently not Thomas Didymus, alone, who refused to believe in our Lord’s resurrection, until he had, himself, felt the scars left by the healed wounds of the nails and spear.



The Selfish Rich Man and His Brethren.

There was a certain rich Man who fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain Beggar named Lazarus laid at his gate, full of sores, desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man’s table; moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.—*Luke xvi., 19.*

We read that even had this rich Man “risen from the Grave,” his brethren would not have believed him.

Matthew (xxviii., 17). says,—even after our Lord had been seen by so many,—“But some doubted,” Doubted still! *Would not believe!*

A MIRACLE IN 1907 COULD NOT PRODUCE BELIEF.

It will be remembered that this rich man,—knowing the lives his five brothers were living,—no doubt, rich, and selfish, like himself,—pleaded that “one might arise from the dead,” to convince them. Abraham assures him that it would be useless,—“Neither would they believe though one rose from the dead.” The other Lazarus *did* actually rise from the dead, and was seen by numbers! Did they all believe and repent? *Not at all!* They *acknowledged* the *miracle*,—“Then gathered the Chief Priests in Council, and said, ‘What do we? for this man *doeth many miracles,*’”—(therefore we will believe on Him and repent?)—No! “If we let Him thus alone *all men will believe* on Him!” Then from that day forth they took counsel together for to *put Him to death.*”—John xi., 4-53.

“Much people of the Jews came not for Jesus’ sake only, but that they might see Lazarus also whom He had raised from the dead. But the Chief Priests consulted *that they might put Lazarus also to death*, because that by reason of him many of the Jews believed on Jesus.”

So it was A.D. 33, so it would be in 1907! Our Lord rose from the dead, yet “some doubted.” So it always is in the fatal Unbelief of the *heart*. We often read that Jesus “*marvelled at their unbelief*,” it seemed as if our Lord Himself (in His *human* nature) was *amazed* at it! Jesus’ brothers (John vii., 3-8) must have been brought up with Him from boyhood,—must have seen His lovely character. Surely one would have thought that the entire family would have loved and followed Him! But, like the brothers of Joseph, they seem to have been indifferent characters, jealous of, and irritated at,—His superiority to themselves.

EVEN JESUS’ BRETHREN WERE UNBELIEVERS.

Yet how sweet and lovely must have been the early days of the Holy Child Jesus! How lovely must have been the perfect piety and goodness of the youth of Him, Who was “fairer than the children of men, the chiefest of ten thousand, and altogether lovely.” One would have thought that being brought up with Jesus,—being constantly with Him,—seeing His lovely character,—would have melted a stone into love! Yet we read,—“For neither did His brethren believe in Him.” (John vii., 5.) Even our Lord’s immediate followers,—who

had "been with Him from the beginning," seen the miracles,—nay, had *even wrought them themselves*,—and had come back to their Lord with joy, saying, "even the Devils are subject to us through Thy name,"—*even they* had to be upbraided for their "unbelief," and "hardness of heart," to the very last,—even after the Resurrection of their Lord,—and had to have "their eyes opened that they might understand the Scriptures!" All this does certainly show the *amazing* difficulty of true, saving, belief in Almighty God, and His Son Jesus Christ! Paul, writing to the early Christians at Corinth, only twenty-eight years after Christ's death, reminds them that 500 of the brethren had seen the risen Lord, and spoken with Him after His resurrection, "Of whom the greater part remain to this day, but some have fallen asleep." Even thus early some were beginning to doubt! Indeed, everything points to the absolute impossibility of true saving belief in Jesus Christ, unless Divine grace is sought for and obtained in answer to continual prayer.

FAITH PRODUCED,—AND SUSTAINED,—BY PRAYER.

Many Youths seem to wonder at the necessity for all this prayer. "Why cannot God give us what we ask for, once for all, and *have done with it?*" They forget that all this prayer is *not* for God's sake, but *for our own*, it is the only known means of keeping "Faith" or "Belief" alive! Daily communion with God, in Prayer,—is the *only known means* by which the Finite can approach the Infinite!

Reader, your experience will but confirm the experience of Mankind, that without this constant asking for Divine grace,—the merely intellectual,—natural,—worldly,—human,—mind can never understand, appreciate, or accept, the method of Salvation through belief in Christ! On the contrary,—*"being talked at"* incessantly on these subjects, with the well-known pious Phrases and Expressions common to the Religious,—seems only too likely to excite disgust, if injudiciously persisted in. "Well! but a Parent, or person placed in a responsible position, must insist upon family prayer,—family reading of the Bible, &c., otherwise a very heathen condition of things would soon obtain in that family." True, but attempt should be made to render such efforts interesting,—real,—and pleasing, to the Young. The dismal routine of the Chapter read, for years, often in a very dismal voice, and lifeless way,—without a word of comment or explanation,—is very trying to Young People. The better plan is to let *each* of the Family read *in turn*.

AN UNCONVERTED YOUTH EXPRESSES DISGUST.

All this talk of "Jesus only!" "Getting well saved!" "Have you found Christ?" "What think ye of Christ?" "Is Christ precious to you?" "Only believe." "Coming to Jesus." "Buried in Baptism with Him." "Plunged in that crimson flood," &c., &c.,—wrote a fine, intellectual Youth, to the Author, "has been dinned into our ears, until it either becomes nauseous, or is listened to with quiet contempt, and without the ghost of a sympathetic response. We know well that too much of it is mere 'buncombe,'—gas,—inanity. The fact that so few are affected by it, proves, I think, that people do not really believe it."

I ventured to point out to him,—as I do to the young Reader,—that Religious, Pious, people acquire certain,—one may almost say "technical" phrases in expressing religious truths. Technical words gradually creep into every pursuit, and every amusement; words which all cannot appreciate. For instance, a youth in the Engineering or Machine Shop, would ask for a "Spanner," or a "Template," and would be understood in a moment; but not by the outer world. The Builder,—Seaman,—Miner,—even our Boys in their games at School, employ technical words, and phrases, which would not be understood by others. You must not, therefore, quarrel with Religious People if they employ,—over and over again,—certain terms, which convey to the pious, enlightened mind, the most *profound, blessed, and delightful* truths,—but which must be *very trying* to a *proud, intellectual, unregenerate* person!

DEPENDS ON THE STATE OF THE HEART.

Such expressions are merely "nauseous," because the young hearer has never yet *felt* the exceedingly precious Truths,—which such expressions are intended by good people to convey,—experimentally for himself. At the same time, if Evangelical—(another technical term for energetic, devoted, pious people),—Teachers could but give their hearers *more thoughts* and fewer mere words,—this complaint of "dinning our ears,"—without touching the heart,—would not be so often heard.

There never was a day in which there was more religious talk than the one we live in.

"We are preached to death with Feeble, lifeless, addresses, one cannot 'feel,'" said an excellent gentleman to the Writer. Not with thoughtful, practical, suggestive addresses, but with

an interminable flow of religious talk, with no life in it, and producing no practical result. Lacking not only the "enticing words of man's wisdom,"—*that* all Christians can dispense with,—but unfortunately, lacking also the indispensable,—"demonstration,"—Paul speaks of,—"of the Spirit and of Power."

"BELIEF" UNLIKE ALL OTHER STUDIES.

A well-meaning Youth,—meeting with difficulty in Religious Belief,—the unbelief of the Head,—the understanding, rather than of the Heart,—instead of expecting much from the religious talk of others, should give himself a certain time, alone, for private study of the Bible every day. After leaving School his must indeed be an unusual life if he cannot secure half an hour of an evening to himself. Let him be assured, from the experience of Mankind for ages,—that mere listening to others cannot of itself bring true "Belief," or "Conversion." Earnest Gospel addresses are helpful; but "Belief" cannot be taught as in a Class-room,—talked into an Audience, or worked out as in a problem of Euclid, by Diagrams,—to mathematical certainty. It cannot be represented intellectually, so as to bring irresistible conviction to the mind as in teaching Art, Science, or any Subject, pertaining to Sense or Time. When all has been done to convince the *understanding*,—still Divine grace is needed,—and will alone be effectual,—to convince and *convert*, the *Heart, Mind, and Soul*. It will, after all, be a matter of individual "Belief" in Christ, on the part of every youth,—because God has so ordained it.

Were it possible to teach Belief in Jesus Christ,—and Salvation through Him,—in a Lecture Room, with Black-board, Chalk, and a T Square,—by irresistible,—mathematical,—demonstrations, there would be no room, or scope, for the individual exercise of this inestimable precious gift of God called throughout the Bible, "Faith," or "Belief." So indispensable is it to Salvation that we are plainly told that "without faith it is impossible to please God." Prize, therefore, your faith and belief in God and Christ as really the most precious thing you will ever possess, and dread those persons, or Books, which tend to destroy "Faith" in all those they come in contact with.

FAITH OBTAINED BY THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

Though it cannot be *taught*, Faith may be *gained* by individual, personal, study of God's Word. Do you doubt it?

Then put it to the test! Let the young Reader only give himself time to study the Bible,—*always* with Prayer to God for enlightenment every time you open your Bible, for the next two months, and see whether glorious truths and convictions will not gradually open themselves to your mind. The “study” of God’s Word here spoken of is not merely reading at haphazard any verses that may at the moment strike you, and forget them all in five minutes after, as thousands do.

By all means read any, and all, the interesting parts of the Bible, as often as you like, but for “study” adopt the following suggestion. Let the young reader take the one verse: Matt. i., 21,—“And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call His name ‘Jesus,’—(‘Saviour’ in the Hebrew)—for He shall save His people from their sins.” Getting a thick ruled book,—copybook size,—with stiff cover,—let the student,—now no longer a mere reader,—look out all the References given in his Marginal Bible to this one verse, and write them all out in his book till exhausted, giving the places where he found them. He will find that there will be other sets of references again to these in turn. Let him take *all these in turn*, and, as his book fills, an amazing collection of the most precious promises and assurances will gradually be collected from all parts of the Bible,—*useful* to you *all your life*: and the great Scheme of Salvation through Jesus will gradually open itself irresistibly to your mind. “Why, you might as well ask me to write out the entire Bible!” No! All the references obtained from this verse, and all those to which you will be sent, will probably fill two books, and take some months to complete. If it took years,—if it took your lifetime,—could you spend the half-hour a day better? You give *countless* hours, in youth, to your Cricket, Football, and other pursuits, cannot you give *one half-hour a day to your God*?

BIBLE STUDY LEFT TO THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Thousands of men,—apparently sane,—sagacious,—men, in all that pertains to this World,—spend forty years, in ceaseless, amazing, toil and energy, in making a Fortune, but begrudge half-an-hour a day given to God! Then, when *danger* comes,—as on the sinking “London,”—(see page 57),—they *rush* to their neglected Bibles,—expecting to *condense* the duty of the past forty years into one short, distracted hour, “and to the mercy of a *moment* leave the vast concerns of an Eternal scene!” One really may question, whether,—in this direction,—such men are *really sane*!

The entire Bible,—carefully examined,—will be found to speak directly—(or indirectly by “types”)—of Christ,—the promised Messiah, or “Saviour.” Allusions to His coming,—His office and Kingdom,—will meet the student from Genesis to Malachi. Written by scores of persons, evidently of very different characters and temperaments, and at very distant periods of the World’s History, the diligent student will soon be convinced that the amazing unity and accord in their writings *must be of God!*

WHY DID GOD MAKE SALVATION DEPENDENT UPON “BELIEF” IN CHRIST?

Surely it is useless for finite beings to ask *why* Almighty God chose the amazing,—and to the Carnal, “Unbelieving” mind,—inexplicable,—method of Salvation through “Belief” in Christ, which He has thought fit to place before Mankind. Doubtless these are the things into which “the Angels” themselves “desire to look,”—and which will require no doubt Eternity,—and a greater advance in spiritual understanding than is now possible to Man,—fully to comprehend. Meanwhile, surely it is our wisdom and duty,—as perishing creatures,—sustained, for a few fleeting years, by God’s Providence,—to gain, with His aid, and the study of His Holy Word, this “Faith,” and most thankfully to accept for ourselves that Salvation by “Belief” in Christ, now offered to all men by an indulgent God.

The Unbeliever who sneers at David’s terrible Fall into Sin will not recognise the amazing candour,—and fairness,—with which the Bible records the vices as well as the Virtues of its heroes. He scoffs at David’s fall,—but he never seems to reflect that unless God had thought fit to record it, he,—the Sceptic,—would never have heard of David’s fall at all! The Bible gives all, boldly,—we may, therefore, read all with equal boldness.

THE BIBLE IS COMPLETE.

The Bible is *complete*. Nothing can be added to it,—certainly nothing can be taken away. “Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away.” “If any man shall take away from the words of the prophecy of this Book,” the Bible concludes by saying, “God shall take away his part out of the Book

of Life." "And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire."—*Rev. xx.*, 15.

CONCLUSION.

THE BIBLE MUST BE STUDIED CAREFULLY.

Hence the Bible must be read *as a whole*;—the most unfair method of reading God's Word,—fatal to truth,—is the extraordinary system of seizing upon one isolated Chapter,—or even a single Verse,—without considering to whom it was addressed,—and forming upon it a Belief or Creed! How can we thus distort the importance of one phase of Christian truth, without excluding others equally important? Surely the Scriptures are intended to be read as a whole, addressed to the infinitely varied needs of all,—Saint and Sinner alike.

PREDESTINATION.

Take,—for instance,—the Ninth of Romans,—“That Terrible Chapter,”—as it has been called,—dealing with the absolute “Sovereignty” of God. It is evidently intended, by Paul, for a certain Class he was contending with, and was then addressing, viz.,—the proud Jews, to whom the Rejection of their once chosen, but unbelieving, Nation, and the bringing in of us,—the Gentiles,—was an abomination. But the “terrible” Ninth Chapter of Romans having humbled the pride, at least, probably of some,—as it was intended to do,—Paul goes on in the *very next Chapter*, from “Predestination,” to the other equally true,—and most blessed phase of Truth,—namely, universal offer of Salvation to all who choose to humble themselves sufficiently to accept of it, and to call upon God, in his own appointed way, through our Saviour's atonement.

“For *whosoever* shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.”—*Rom. x.*, 12-13. “The same Lord over all is rich to *all* that call upon Him.” “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead thou shalt be saved.”—*Rom. x.* 9.

THE BIBLE ORIGINALLY NOT DIVIDED INTO CHAPTERS
AND VERSES.

If,—therefore,—you choose to read the Ninth chapter of Romans *by itself*,—or as an isolated chapter,—stop suddenly

at the last verse,—without considering whom Paul is striving with, and whom he is addressing,—you might become a fatalist. Whereas we know that Paul *never divided* his Epistles into chapters *at all*; that was done ages after Paul, “for the convenience of being read in the Churches.” Paul never intended you to stop at the last verse of the Ninth, or any, of our so-called “chapters”; he intended his Epistles to be read *as a whole*. Thus the fatalist may form a belief by singling out, and stopping at this “Chapter,” while the glorious Gospel for all,—for “whosoever will,”—is freely offered to him in THE NEXT! Even one isolated verse may be thus unfairly selected, and a belief or even a creed founded upon it at utter variance with true, saving, Belief in Christ! “If ye loved Me ye would rejoice, because I go unto the Father, for My Father is greater than all.”—*John* xiv., 18.

CHRIST SPOKE IN HIS,—THEN,—HUMAN CHARACTER.

“*There!*—says the Unitarian,—I *said* so! Jesus clearly does not claim to be equal with God,—confesses that God is greater than He is. *Just* what our Sect or Church has ever taught. A perfect Teacher,—sent by God,—but *not* Divine!” This one isolated verse may thus be taken out of the Bible,—carefully avoiding others,—to form thereon an amazing error! The Unitarian does not reflect that Jesus spoke these words in His *human character*,—as a man,—and while in that human state,—“He humbled Himself and was found in fashion as a man.” Then, true, indeed, “My Father is greater than all.” “The Word became flesh and dwelt among us.” But for this *one* isolated, misunderstood, “wrested” text,—a *hundred* may be quoted to proclaim the absolute Divinity of Jesus Christ. “Lord,” said Philip, “show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.” “Have I been so long with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father. How sayest thou, ‘Show us the Father?’ Believeest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me?”—*John* xiv., 8-9. “I and My Father are one.”—*John* x., 30. “But *unto the Son* He saith, Thy Throne, O God, is for ever and ever.” “For unto us a Child is born,—unto us a Son is given; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.” (Advent of Jesus Christ.) Unless Jesus was “very God” His amazing sacrifice and satisfactory atonement for all Mankind,—prophesied throughout the Bible, from Genesis downward,—amounts to nothing,—is quite unavailing.

Surely this shows that the Scriptures must be studied *as a whole*, and not by selecting one portion, and "wresting" it to the exclusion, and ignoring, of the rest,—merely to suit the peculiar views of certain Sects. Peter,—himself,—speaks of Paul's Epistles as containing "some things which are hard to be understood,—which they that are unlearned, or unstable,—*wrest*,—as they do also the other Scriptures,—to their own destruction." But Peter accepts these things as from God. "Even as our beloved brother Paul—*according to the wisdom given unto him*, hath written unto you."—II. *Peter* iii., 15-17. "Ye, therefore, beloved, beware lest ye also being led away with the errors of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness."

"I cannot understand these things," the young Reader may say,—“I cannot understand how Jesus could be God as well as Man. I cannot see how God can know the End from the Beginning,—who will accept the Gospel, and be converted and saved,—and who will not,—and yet that we all act of our own free will !”

Reader ! Who *asks* you to ? Who *does* understand it ? Who wants, or *expects* you to do so ? “Can'st thou,—by searching,—find out God ?” “Verily, thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel the Saviour.”—*Isaiah* xlv., 15.

“Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them unto Babes.”

IT IS A REVELATION OF GRACE.

The doctrine of Election,—Predestination,—Sovereign Grace,—Freewill,—Choice,—and Offer of Salvation to all,—are phrases, and very solemn ones,—undoubtedly,—of Divine Truth. Almighty God doubtless knows the End from the Beginning, He would not be God if He did not.

But we, dear Reader, have no more to do with the doctrine of Predestination,—or the unquestionably mysterious Nature, and Powers, of Almighty God, than we have to do with the complex movements of His myriad stars in the great Nebulæ of Orion, the “Milky Way,” or Andromeda ! Our duty,—as perishing creatures,—existing for a brief period on a dying World,—like the insects around us, fluttering in a brief life-time in the Summer's rays,—surrounds of water moment, by Almighty God, soon to pass,—wants to water any march of all created things onward, ^{to his} foot, or spade,—and to have “Faith” and “Belief.” When sufficiently watered, he call upon Him,—to take the “Watering with the Foot.”

His promises, and to Believe in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ !

This, you and I can certainly attempt now to do,—Predestination, or no Predestination,—and as God willeth not the death of the Sinner, “not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.”—II. *Pet.* iii., 9. “For God hath not appointed us unto Wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.”—I. *Thess.* v., 9,—we may be certain that we shall not attempt it long, before God will extend to us, also, this Saving Grace,—for He hath said through our Blessed Lord,—“Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in NO WISE CAST OUT.”

“At that time Jesus said, I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven, and Earth, because Thou hast HID THESE THINGS from the wise and PRUDENT, and hast revealed them to BABES. Even so, Father ; for so it seemed good in Thy sight.”—*Matt.* xi., 25.

PARABLE OF OUR LORD.



The Unjust Judge.

And He spake a Parable unto them, that men ought always to Pray and not to Faint ; saying, “There was in a City a Judge which feared not God, neither regarded Man : and there was a poor Widow, in the City, who came unto him to avenge her of her Adversary. And he would not for a while, but afterwards he said within himself, “Though I fear not God, nor regard Man, yet because this Widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest, by her continual coming she weary me !” And the Lord said, “Hear what the *Unjust Judge* saith ! And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry Day and Night unto Him, though He delay to avenge them ?”—*Luke* xviii., 1-7.

(Christ.) Unless ye pray, ye shall not receive anything, for every one that asketh receiveth. (Gen. xviii., 1-7.) And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry Day and Night unto Him, though He delay to avenge them ?”—*Luke* xviii., 1-7. “Ask,—and ye shall find ; knock,—and ye shall open.”—*Mat.* vii., 7 ; *Luke* xi., 8.

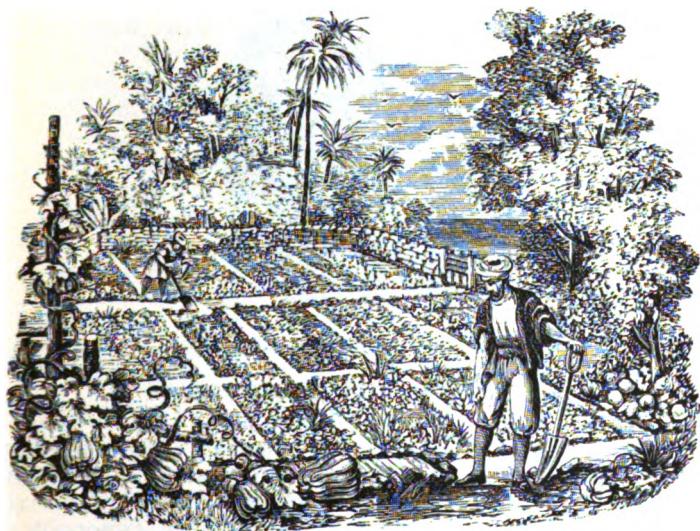
"If ye, then, being evil know how to give good gifts unto *your* children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to *them that ask Him*!"—*Matt. vii., 11 ; Luke xi., 13.*



Too Late! Jews' "Wailing Place" at Jerusalem.

"O Lord! Build the City!" "O Lord! Build the City!"

Seek ye the Lord, while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near.—*Isaiah lv., 6.*



"Watering with the Foot," In the hot, sultry East, the Gardens depend entirely upon being irrigated by little narrow runs of water conducted through the garden. When the gardener wants to water any part, he removes the little bank of soil with his foot, or spade,—and allows the water to run over that bed. When sufficiently watered, he repairs the breach with his foot,—and the water passes on, once more, in its former channel. This is called "Watering with the Foot."

NOTE.—A VERY LONG CHAPTER.

The Reader must please Note that this Work will find its way into Libraries in Japan, and elsewhere,—where our Christian Religion,—our "Gospel,"—and our Worship of,—and dependence upon,—our Saviour, Jesus Christ,—the Divine Son of God,—is very imperfectly understood, or taught.

Also,—that False, Delusive, and Fatal Errors in Religious Teaching are now being widely circulated, coming even from the Pulpit, and Press, and meet with astonishingly feeble opposition.

Hence these long chapters are introduced. The Writer ventures to claim that those Essential Foundations to the "Christian" Faith, (1) The "Fall" of Man from his Maker, (2) The only,—but all availing,—"Atonement" of Jesus Christ, (3) His Divinity,—Future, and Final Judgment of Mankind, and (4) the Eternal Loss of obstinate,—unholy,—Christless,—Impenitent Sinners,—are advanced and illustrated in these chapters on "Unbelief,"—in the boldest and clearest manner,—(keeping, throughout, to Christ's own words),—of which our English Language is capable. The Reader may hear, or he may forbear, but Christ's Words stand for Eternity.

A PRECIPICE. UNBELIEF CUTS THE ROPE.



After Sea Birds' Eggs—Shetland Isles.

CHAPTER LI. (PART II.)

THE TRUE GOSPEL. UNBELIEF. CHRIST "MADE THE WORLDS,"—THIS WORLD IS HIS. THE STUPENDOUS POWER OF GOD. AN AWFUL JOURNEY TO THE NEXT SYSTEM TO OURS,"—"ALPHA CENTAURI." THE "NEW THEOLOGY."

"When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith in the earth?"

CHRISTIAN DUTY.

"Exhort one another, while it is called TO-DAY, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, lest there be in any of you an EVIL HEART of UNBELIEF, in DEPARTING from the living God!"—Heb. iii. 12, 13.

WHO doubts there are diseases of the Intellect,—the Mind,—as fatal as open Sins,—and as horrible, and corrupt, in God's sight,—as the most repulsive Diseases of the Human Body are to us?

Unbelief,—not the mere need, or lack of Instruction of the Young,—but the wilful neglect of God, and of Prayer, is one of these fell Diseases of the Mind.

READER! There is a PRECIPICE far more terrific than the one in the Picture of the Bird Fowler suspended by that Rope upon which his life entirely depends! That Precipice is the Sin of Obstinate,—Deliberate,—Long-continued Unbelief in the Divinity of Christ,—and Rejection of God's only scheme for our Salvation,—by His Intelligent, and responsible Creature,—Man.

"Positivism,"—"Spiritualism,"—"Christian Science,"—"Theosophy,"—"Freethought,"—"Progressive New" Theology,——"Secularism,"—"Agnosticism,"—etc.,—call it what you will,—these are but phrases for "Unbelief." "I will not accept the Gospel of Redemption through the Atonement of Christ,—I do not believe in it, and I will endeavour to persuade myself, and encourage others to believe,—that there is no need of Jesus' Sacrifice,—no 'Fall of Man,' and that the Miracles of Christ,—His Divinity,—Miraculous Birth,—and Resurrection,—Last Judgment Day,—and, in fact, the Bible itself,—*is not True.*"

"That is the Gospel of Unbelief!" "I can do without a Saviour,"—that *has* been, and ever *will* be,—the fatal delusion of "Unbelief,"—till the Great Judgment Day tears aside the Veil of Unbelief,—its "Refuge of Lies" (*Isaiah xxviii*), 17), once, and for ever.

Christian Reader. "I object to these Chapters upon 'Unbelief,'—or its Literature,—being brought before Young People at all. I consider that,

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!"

Undoubtedly! All Christians object to it! Ignorance of Unbelief, and of Unbelievers, is Bliss! It would be a happy thing for old England, if there did not exist a Sceptic, "Unbeliever," or Infidel Writer in our Country. But where can our Young People go to avoid them? Unbelief is absolutely forced upon us, whether we "object" to it or not. The Young will meet with Unbelief,—in our day,—everywhere,—in the Magazines,—the Monthlies,—the Newspapers,—at College,—in the Workshops,—at School, in the Lectures of (so-called) "Scientific" Men,—and now even in the (so-called) "Christian" Pulpits!

Surely, then,—it is better to warn the Young of their danger !

There never has been a day in which there were so many things calculated to excite doubt in the Truths of Revelation, and to spread the **Poison, and deadly Nightshade of Unbelief** amongst Young People !

Well ! Reader ! Use your ears,—your eyes,—your common-sense ! Look around you and say if it is not so !

SHAMMING DEAD.

Now that there is a Lull in the Wars, and Bloodshed of former days, now that Mankind have learnt to Worship God in their own way, without any desire to Murder, any longer, those who Worship in a somewhat different manner to their own,—now that Education and General Enlightenment,—an open Bible,—has dawned upon the Nations,—it would seem that the **Devil** is attempting a new departure, endeavouring to persuade Mankind that he does not exist. He is “shamming dead” once more,—though never more active,—and wherever his agents go, they are instructed to whisper,—and whisper loudly, too,—“**Hell is but a Fable ! Heaven a Poet's Dream !**”

Then are you, Christian Reader, doing *your* Part,—your Duty,—as a Follower of Christ, by simply ignoring the existence of a Dread Disease, which is spreading,—like a Blight,—over our Country, and indeed over all other Nations ?

Can any doubt that the GREAT BATTLE OF TO-MORROW,—the Future Contest will now be between Scepticism and Faith,—Unbelief and Belief,—Piety and Atheism ? that every Young Reader who peruses this Chapter will,—before he dies,—have made his final decision by his life,—practice,—example,—and influence over others,—which cause he will promote,—either the Religion of Jesus Christ, or the Views, and Indifference, of the *practical* Atheist or Unbeliever,—and,—finally,—that upon *that* decision will rest his own Salvation,—or his own Perdition through all Eternity !

The Religion of this Empire, and also that of the vast Empire of America,—since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers,—has ever been the “Christian” Religion,—having Christ for its Central Figure. This Religion is,—and ever will be,—precious to Millions of the English Speaking Race ! It has been the means of raising us to become Nations such as this fallen World has never seen !

No “Unbelief,” or “Unbeliever,” can exist, by possibility beyond *this* World ! Although,—to secure the “Freewill”

of every Intelligent Being, the Almighty permits "Unbelief" in *this* World,—that object *being accomplished*, He certainly will not permit *one moment's* "Unbelief" in the *next*! At the Stroke of Death all "Unbelief" will end *for ever*!

FAITH, THE ROPE.

The "Sure" and "Stedfast" Rope which preserves the Believer from this Precipice,—this Abyss of the Soul,—is "Faith." Faith in the "Unseen!" Faith in the Blessed God,—and His Son Jesus Christ,—which is an "Anchor to the Soul,—*sure*, and *stedfast*."—*Heb. vi., 19.*

A STEALTHY VILLAIN CUTS THE ROPE.

Look at the Woodcut,—once more,—to this Chapter,—notice the Precipice below that Fowler,—how that Rope is everything to him!

Then imagine a Stealthy Villain,—seizing every opportunity to weaken that Rope,—slyly,—when the Fowler and his Comrades are not on the Watch,—cutting a strand of belief here,—another there,—till the Fowler's Rope one day suddenly gave way, and he to whom it was everything,—perishes!

By all means let our Young People early make their decision! It seems a poor thing for Christian Believers,—to sing with great enthusiasm, "Stand up for Jesus!"—"Onward, Christian Soldiers!"—"Hold the Fort!"—and other inspiring Hymns,—in Gatherings, where they have no Foes to meet, and can *have it all their own way*,—and then, when the Christian Religion is openly assailed,—the inefficacy of Prayer publicly taught,—God rejected,—and Our Blessed Lord openly blasphemed,—the same Christians who sung so loudly shirk their responsibilities, say how very unpleasant it may be to oppose these people—quail before the Demon of Infidelity,—and have never a word to say for the Blessed God, or His Christ!

THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANT.

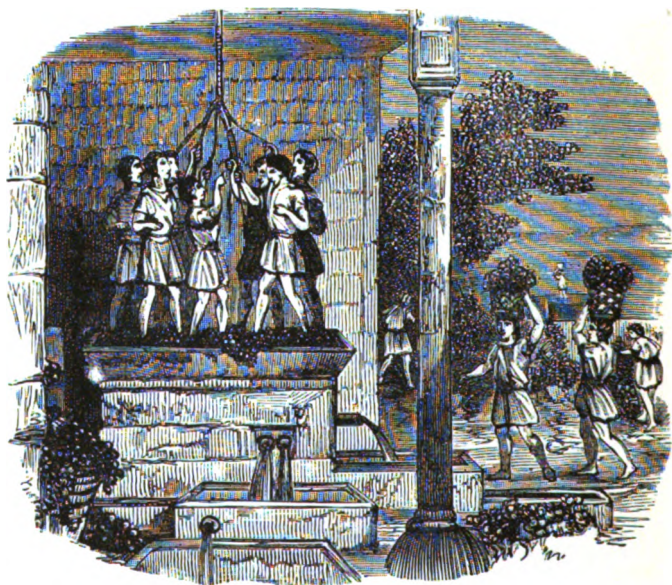
"Choose you your part, . . . but,—*having chosen it*,—follow it *to the end*! Especially in the hour of Trial, and Danger, be sure that you never falter! For be certain of this,—that no misery can be equal to that of the man who is conscious that he has proved unequal to his post;—who *deserted* the post his Captain *assigned to him*, and who, when men said, 'Such and such a one is on guard, and there is no need for further anxiety,' has quailed, with craven heart, before the foeman, and left his Post, to the loss, perhaps total ruin, of the Cause he had espoused! I pray God, that such misery as this, may never be yours!"—"John Inglesant.")

This Chapter is written,—as indeed is the rest of this Work,—for the Young alone,—calling upon them—during that (to them) speechlessly important Period of Life,—15 to 30 years old,—to answer once, and for ever, for Time and for Eternity, The Great Question.—which they will be,—“Christian,” or “Unbeliever”?

It is an attempt to place before them the *true character* of Infidelity, and to warn them to shun those worst of Murderers,—Immoral Teachers,—who desire to deprive Young Englishmen of the Religion of their Forefathers, to take from them everything that is truly precious to Mankind,—our Faith,—our God,—our Saviour,—our Bible,—our Future Hope,—and not stopping even there,—(in a certain School of Atheists) our Common Virtue,—Purity,—and Morality!

Wretches who desire to *deprive* us of all that is truly precious to the Nation, and yet to *give us nothing in exchange*! Wretches who,—as Shakespeare says,—would

“Rob us of that—which not betters them—and leaves us POOR INDEED!”—Shakespeare.



Ancient Winepress. Treading Grapes with the Feet.

“I am the true Vine,—and My Father is the husbandman,”—were our Lord’s words to the Disciples, at their last Supper.

The Vine is constantly referred to both in the Old and New Testament, as a symbol of fruitfulness, and plenty. To illustrate, by a figure, a time of public tranquility, and profound peace, the expression is employed, *Micah* iv., 4,—“They shall sit, every man under his vine, and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid.” There are solemn references, too, as to the winepress:—“The winepress of the wrath of God,” is spoken of in *Rev.* xix., 13, 15. “And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and his name is called the Word of God, and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God.”

THE TRUE GOSPEL OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR.

"He was wounded for our Transgressions. He was Bruised for our Iniquities. By His Stripes we are healed."

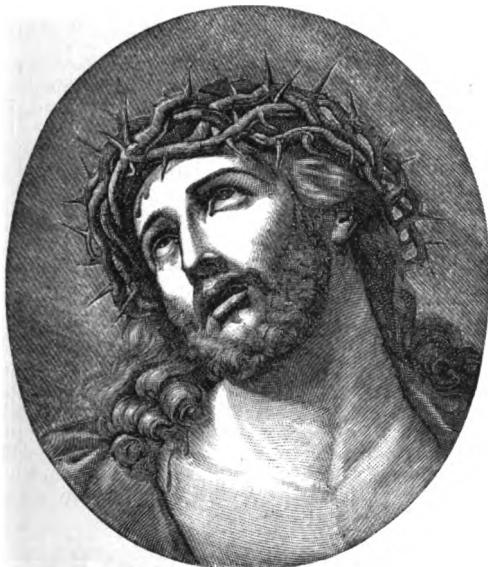
"But for Thy Saving Grace, we know we never should in GLORY see The Image of THAT FACE, which once grew pale and agonized for me!"

"Why! He was a Sinner—like the others"! JUSTICE cries. "True!" says the all just, yet indulgent God. "Many Sins—many Falls—but He took Me at My Word"! He came to Me in My own way! He took hold of My strength, and made Peace with Me. And what is this that I see upon that once-sinful Soul? Surely it is the Blood of My dear Son? I shall "PASS OVER." I see NO Sinner THERE!

"Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth."

"Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right-hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."—*Romans* viii. 33.

A DYING GOD,—THE ONLY TRUE GOSPEL,—JESUS CHRIST DIVINE.



"Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am."

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty."

"And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth."

"Philip saith unto Him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us."

"Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?"

"Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me?"

"Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God, and went to God."

(1) THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"I am the good shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine."

"As the Father knoweth Me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down My life for the sheep."

(2) JESUS DIES.

"Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted His raiment, and cast lots."

"And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

"And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink."

(3) CHRIST'S WAS A "FINISHED" WORK.

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished: and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost."

"And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, He said, Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit: and having said thus, He gave up the ghost."

"As the Father knoweth Me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down My life for the sheep."

(4) THE ONLY WAY TO GOD.

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

(5) NO ONE CAN ADD TO CHRIST'S WORK, OR TAKE AWAY FROM IT.

"For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book."

"And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book."

(6) THE MIRACULOUS, OR VIRGIN BIRTH.

"Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a Son, and they shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."

"And she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins."

"And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a Son, and shalt call His name Jesus."

"He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His Father David."

"And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

(7) JESUS WAS IN GLORY WITH GOD BEFORE THE WORLD WAS.

"The same was in the beginning with God."

"All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made."

"And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was."

"I and my Father are one."

(8) CHRIST THE CREATOR,—WITH GOD,—OF ALL THINGS.

"In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

"Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature."

"For by Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by Him, and for Him."

"And He is before all things, and by Him all things consist."

"And He is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

(9) THE ONCE CRUCIFIED SAVIOUR WILL ONE DAY RULE OVER ALL.

"For He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet."

"Far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come."

"And hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the head over all things to the church."

(10) EITHER IN MERCY OR IN JUDGMENT EVERY KNEE WILL ONE DAY BOW.

"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name."

"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth."

(11) THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission."

"For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins."

"Wherefore when He cometh into the world He saith, Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not, but a body hast Thou prepared Me."

"In burnt offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure."

"Then said I, I.O., I come (in the volume of the book it is written of Me), to do Thy will, O God."

(12) WE ARE "REDEEMED,"—OR "PASSED OVER,"—BY THE DESTROYER, SOLELY BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

"Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us."

"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things."

"But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot: the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

(13) HOW CHRIST SAVED HIS REDEEMED.

"For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

"Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes we were healed."

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

(14) JESUS CHRIST HAS THE KEYS OF HELL, AND DEATH.

"I am the first and the last."

"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

"I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

(15) THERE CAN BE NO "NEW" TEACHING.

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

(16) CHRIST, THE ONLY "WAY," HIS SHEEP FOLLOW HIM ALONE.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me."

"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow me."

"And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."

(17) PHILIP ASKS TO SEE GOD.

"Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?"

"Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me?"

"Your father Abraham rejoiced to see My day: and he saw it, and was glad."

"Then said the Jews unto Him, Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast Thou seen Abraham?"

"Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am."

"And he that seeth Me seeth Him that sent Me."

(18) CHRIST HAS ALL POWER.

"And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth."

"As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him."

"And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."

But, "at present, we see not all Things put under Him."

(19) BUT JESUS CHRIST WILL BE THE JUDGE OF ALL.

"For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son :

"That all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him."

(20) ARE WE CHRIST'S ? WE MUST EXAMINE OURSELVES.

"But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith ; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates ? "

"Now if any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

"And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin ; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness."

(21) CHRIST, HEIR OF ALL THINGS.

"Hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds."

(22) CHRIST REJECTED BY THE WORLD AS NEEDLESS, AND IS SO NOW.

"He was in the World, and the World was made by Him, and the World knows Him not."

"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

"But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us."

"If we say that we have no Sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

(23) ALL ARE INVITED TO COME TO CHRIST.

"I Jesus have sent Mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the off-spring of David, and the bright and morning star."

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

(24) NO SINCERE SEEKERS REJECTED.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."

"All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

(25) GOD WISHES ALL TO ACCEPT HIS PLAN OF SALVATION.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved."

"He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."

(26) BUT MANY OBSTINATELY REFUSE TO COME.

"And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

(27) MANY THUS "DEPART FROM THE LIVING GOD,"—AND ARE LOST.

"So I swear in My wrath, They shall not enter into My rest."

"Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God."

"But I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you."

"Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me."

"And ye will not come to Me that ye might have life."

(28) MANY REJECTORS OF CHRIST'S GOSPEL DIE IN THEIR SINS.

"Then said Jesus unto them, I go My way, and ye shall seek Me, and shall die in your sins: whither I go, ye cannot come."

"And ye have not His word abiding in you: for whom He hath sent, Him ye believe not."

"I said therefore unto you, that ye shall die in your sins: for if ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins."

(29) REJECTION OF CHRIST, A FEARFUL THING.

"For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins."

"Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith He was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?"

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

(30) THERE CAN BE NOTHING "PROGRESSIVE,"—CHRIST'S WORDS ARE FINAL, COMPLETE.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away : but My words shall not pass away."

"And if any man hear My words, and believe not, I judge him not : for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world."

"He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words, hath One that judgeth him : the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge Him in the last day."

"For I have not spoken of Myself, but the Father which sent Me, He gave Me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak."

"Jesus cried and said, He that believeth on Me, believeth not on Me, but on Him that sent Me."

"And He that seeth Me seeth Him that sent Me."

(31) WE MUST CONSTANTLY ASK FOR DIVINE GRACE TO "COME" TO CHRIST, AND FOR THAT PRECIOUS "DRAWING" OF GOD, THE HOLY GHOST.

"No man can come to Me except the Father which hath sent Me draw him : and I will raise him up at the last day."

"And He said, Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto Me, except it were given unto him of My Father."

"No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him."

"For by grace are ye saved through faith : and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God."

(32) GOD WISHES ALL TO BELIEVE IN, AND TRUST TO, CHRIST.

"And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life : and I will raise him up at the last day."

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life : and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life ; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

(33) THERE MUST BE A LIFE OF PRAYER.

"And He spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

"Be careful for nothing ; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

(34) CHRIST, WHO MADE THIS WORLD, WILL BE WITH THE REDEEMED TO THE END.

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you : and, lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the World."

(35) JESUS CHRIST CAME FROM HEAVEN.

"I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world : again, I leave the world, and go to the Father."

"For the Father Himself loveth you, because ye have loved Me, and have believed that I came out from God."

(36) THE GOSPEL FOOLISHNESS TO MANY. SUCH REJECT CHRIST.

"But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost."

"In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."

"For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness ; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."

"And ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life."

"But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God : for they are foolishness unto him : neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

(37) MANY WILL NOT "BELIEVE."

"For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness ; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."

"But I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you."

"And ye have not His word abiding in you : for whom He hath sent Him ye believe not."

(38) THEY CHOOSE THE WORLD AND THEIR SINS.

"Because the carnal mind is enmity against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

(39) THE LAST JUDGMENT DAY.

"And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever."

"And I saw a great white Throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away : and there was found no place for them."

"And I saw the Dead, small and great, stand before God : and the books were opened : and another book was opened, which is the book of life : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it ; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them : and they were judged every man according to their works."

"And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death."

"And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

(40) WHERE WILL THOSE STAND WHO ARE CHRISTLESS ?

"And if the Righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the Sinner appear ?"

(41) THE REDEEMED. CHRIST'S SHEEP.

"Then shall the Righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to ear, let him hear."

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

The Resurrection of our Lord is the all-important proof of our Saviour's Divine—as well as Human—Nature,—it settles forever the Virgin, or Miraculous Birth of Christ. No merely Human Being ever rose from the Dead by his own Power and Will.

"And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

"And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus."

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing Him to be the gardener, saith unto Him, Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away."

"Jesus saith unto her, 'Mary'! She turned herself, and saith unto Him, 'Rabboni'; which is to say, Master."

(42) MARY TELLS THE DISCIPLES.

"Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that He had spoken these things unto her."

"Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."

"And when He had so said, He shewed unto them His hands and His side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord."

(43) THE TWO DISCIPLES RETURN FROM EMMAUS. JESUS APPEARS TO HIS DISCIPLES.

"And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them."

"Saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon."

"And they told what things were done in the way, and how He was known of them in breaking of bread."

"And as they thus spake, Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."

"But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit."

"And He said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?"

"Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see: for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have."

"And when He had thus spoken, He shewed them His hands and His feet."

"And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, He said unto them, Have ye here any meat?"

"And they gave Him a piece of broiled fish, and of an honeycomb."

"And He took it, and did eat before them."

"And He said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning Me."

"Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures."

"And He said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day :

"And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all Nations, beginning at Jerusalem."

"And ye are witnesses of these things."

That Jesus really returned from the dead is proved by His eating before them all.

(44) YET AMAZING TO NOTICE, "SOME OF THEM DOUBTED," DOUBTED STILL !

"And when they saw Him, they worshipped Him, but some doubted."

"And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth."

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you : and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

(45) JESUS HAD TO "UPBRAID" THESE WHO WOULD NOT BELIEVE.

"And they, when they had heard that He was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not."

"After that, He appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country."

"And they went and told it unto the residue : neither believed they them."

"Afterward He appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen Him after He was risen."

"And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

We see the extreme difficulty the disciples had to "believe" in their Lord, and His Resurrection.

(46) JESUS APPEARS TO HIS DISCIPLES WHILE THEY WERE FISHING.

"After these things, Jesus shewed Himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias ; and on this wise shewed He Himself."

"There were together Simon Peter, and Thomas called Didymus, and Nathanael of Cana in Galilee, and the sons of Zebedee, and two other of His disciples."

"Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto Him, We also go with Thee. They went forth, and entered into a ship immediately ; and that night they caught nothing."

"But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore : but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus."

"Then Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat ? They answered Him, No."

"And He said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast, therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes."

"Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord. Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him (for he was naked), and did cast himself into the sea."

Thomas will not believe it.

"But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came."

"The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe."

"And after eight days again His disciples were within, and Thomas with them : then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you."

"Then saith He to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands ; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side : and be not faithless, but believing."

"And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God."

"Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed : blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

"And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this book."

"But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name."

(47) WE SHOULD NOTICE JESUS' WORDS TO US AFTER NIGH 2,000 YEARS HAVE PASSED,—AND ASK FOR THIS FAITH AND
"BELIEF."

"Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed : blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

(48) PAUL TELLS US THAT 500 SAW OUR LORD AFTER THE RESURRECTION.

"Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand."

"By which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain."

"For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures."

"And that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures."

"And that He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve."

"After that, He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once ; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep."

"After that He was seen of James ; then of all the apostles."

"Now if Christ be preached that He rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead ?"

"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."
 "And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

"Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that He raised up Christ; whom He raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not."

"For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised."

"And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins."

"Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished."

(49) BELIEVERS,—EARNEST SEEKERS,—ARE SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST BY CHRIST.

"But God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ,

"Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."

"Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

"And He said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto Him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."

(50) FALSE TEACHERS OF RELIGION.

"For I know this that after My departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock."

"Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them."

"But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

"As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed."

IN THE ABOVE 50 EXTRACTS WE HAVE THE TRUE GOSPEL.

To the Believer in Christ's Divinity, this very long chapter is a chapter of supererogation,—needless;—he knows, "in Whom he has Believed." He accepts Christ's Teaching and only true Gospel,—as given in the above extracts, from the New Testament, as Final.

But he will admit that,—in our day of "Unrest in the Churches," that a vast number of intelligent,—thoughtful,—Young Men,—in our day,—hear Doubts expressed by Ministers who ought to be their Spiritual Leaders,—and, too often, listen to false teachers instead of deciding upon a Christian Course for themselves.

"Avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called :

"Which some professing have erred concerning the faith."

"That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

"Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men ; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

"But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God : for they are foolishness unto him : neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

"Because the carnal mind is enmity against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

"Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever."

"Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines."

"And this is life eternal that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."

" THE FALL."

The "Fall" of Man was not only real, but *complete*,—so *final*, indeed, that God does not attempt to patch up our utterly "fallen Nature." We have not a particle of true,—real saving,—"*grace*,"—"faith," or "*love of God*,"—in our old original human nature. Not a particle ! "*A New Heart* will I give you ; a *New Spirit* will I put within you, and I will take away the *stony heart*, and give you a Heart of *Flesh*."

"Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

"Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again."

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature : old things are passed away ; behold, all things are become new."

Nothing can alter the old "fallen" nature. We must have the "*New Heart*,"—the "*New Birth*,"—the "*New Creature*,"—"Conversion."

The Extracts from the New Testament above given are,—in a condensed Form,—the

LAST WORDS OF GOD TO HIS FALLEN CREATURE MAN.

The object of this Chapter,—in a day of Feeble, Indecisive, Preaching,—not to say, of Unbelief,—is to ask the Reader to compare the True Gospel Teaching,—the only Way of Salvation which will be ever offered to Mankind,—with the delusive Preaching now known as "*Progressive Religious Thought*,"—"New Divinity,"—or "*New Theology*." The latter is delusive, simply because "*progressive thought*,"—

in regard to our Lord's very plain Teaching,—is an impossibility. It is impossible because Christ's words are the last words of God to His fallen creature Man,—and because Christ's Work was an absolutely finished work. Our Saviour's work for the Salvation of Believers was effected once for all,—complete,—all availing! Nothing can ever add to it. Nothing can ever take away from it. There can be no "New Theology" otherwise than fatal Delusion,—because Christ's Redemption of true Believers was "**Finished**,"—as our Lord said it was,—on the Cross.

FINISHED.

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is FINISHED: and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost."

"For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book:

"And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book."

"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

"I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star."

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

There are ominous signs of Unrest in the Churches, signs of the Simple Gospel being distorted by thinly-disguised Unbelief, and Unitarian Man,—in this day of verbose "eloquence," conceit, and vague, unsettling, Preaching. There is the old, desperate efforts to deny the universal "Fall" of Man,—the old denial of the Miraculous, or Virgin, Birth of our Lord,—and more fatal still, the desire to ignore the vicarious nature of the Atonement of our Lord, and Saviour,—the "Good Shepherd," Who gave His Life,—not for Unbelievers,—but, for "His Sheep," "the Just for the Unjust." "By Whose stripes we are Healed." In fact, a False Gospel is being preached in our day,—with a studied ambiguity of phrases,—couched, indeed, in the disguise of orthodox words and phraseology,—so as not to alarm. An attempt to exalt our utterly perverse, "fallen" human Nature, into a "oneness" of the Sinful Creature with the awfully Holy God. It attempts stealthily to do away thus with the Propitiation of the Precious Blood of Christ,—throws doubt upon His Virgin, Miraculous, Birth, as a Sinless Being,—also upon the truth of the Resurrection,—and the Last Judgment Day,—with the Eternal Loss of the impenitent Wicked. It claims that the Atonement is an

unfinished work,—not Finished once for all by our Lord Jesus Christ, but one still going on,—in which the fallen sinful Insect, Man, must needs have a hand,—indeed, take a “potential” part! Lastly, that all will eventually be saved,—Saints and Sinners alike,—in absolute defiance, and opposition to our Lord’s express Teaching, and repeated,—solemn, warnings to Mankind throughout His Ministry.

WE MAY ACCEPT CHRIST’S GOSPEL, OR REJECT IT.

We,—Gentiles,—as the Jewish Nation had,—have the True Gospel placed before us,—and,—as our Lord said to the Jews,—desperate men, and obstinate in their day,—“He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.” Reader, you will either accept it humbly,—with lifelong Prayers for that “Grace,”—or “drawing” of God,—unquestionably needed to grasp it,—or you will reject it finally as the Jews did. But accept, or reject,—we shall have nothing more!

“I am the door : by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.”

“No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him, and I will raise him up at the last day.”

“And ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life.”

All “New” Divinity, or Teaching, is Delusion. Salvation depends on placing our entire Trust,—for Time and for Eternity,—upon the Finished,—all-availing,—Sacrifice of Christ,—that Precious Divine Blood shed for His Redeemed. But the solemn truth remains,—whether we accept, or reject,—God’s only Plan for our Salvation there remains nothing more!

THE TRUE GOSPEL UNALTERABLE.

The Gospel will never change,—never “progress,”—never alter!

“Heaven and earth shall pass away : but My words shall not pass away.”

It has come to us in the “words,”—solemn Teaching,—Person,—Life,—and Death of our Lord,—“from above.”

“And He said unto them, Ye are from beneath ; I am from above : ye are of this world ; I am not of this world.”

“I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world : again, I leave the world, and go to the Father.”

The most Precious “good gift” of all, and there remains nothing else!

“Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.”

God will never change,—nor will there be a "shadow of changing." The fact being that all Mankind had disappointed their Maker,—all had sinned, and come short of His Will and Love,—but there was One in glory with Him before the World was.

"And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was."

The "altogether lovely." Here, then, was one willing to take our Human Form, but as a perfect, sinless, Man.

"Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of Me,) to do Thy will, O God."

"Wherefore when He cometh into the world, He saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not, but a body hast thou prepared Me :

"In burnt offerings and sacrifices for sin Thou hast had no pleasure."

"For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins."

Here, then, was obedience, at last, by a Perfect Life,—as our Representative,—every Law of God fulfilled.

IS IT JUST FOR AN INNOCENT CHRIST TO DIE FOR THE UNJUST ?

But was it "Just,"—or "Right,"—for the Just to be sacrificed to die "for the Unjust to bring us to God" ? The Innocent to die for the Guilty ? It was better than "Righteous" ! There are deeds too Noble,—live in a HIGHER SPHERE than merely "Right" ! They are something even greater, higher than our ideas of "duty," more Heavenly ! Our Saviour died,—it is true,—the innocent for the guilty,—He suffered agony for us in the Garden,—and on His Cross,—it is true, for thus only could "Sin" be conquered,—and forgiven.

"And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly : and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

Divine Justice accepted the Perfect Life,—the perfect obedience, the Holy Death. He,—who alone could have accomplished it,—our Divine Lord,—bore the Sins of all who chose to come as sincere Seekers to Him,—and, in Him find Redemption, Reconciliation with God,—and a "Treasury filled with Stores of Boundless Grace,"—

"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect ? It is God that justifieth."

God could feel no pleasure in the Death, and Agony, of the innocent,—much less in that of His dear Son,—but it was Joy,—such as God alone could feel,—to see thus,—at last, the perfect obedience,—the all-conquering Love,—and Goodness,—in which all Mankind had failed,—at last accomplished !

The Debt was paid in Regal coin ! The Sins of our Fallen Race were contracted on **Earth**,—upon a fallen World,—our Lord paid for them in the **Currency of Heaven** !

"But this man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God."

"Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin."

"Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."

The Reader will, it is claimed, see the **absurdity** of "Progressive Religious Thought," when all has been already **accomplished**, for our Salvation that ever will be done, and accomplished by Divinity Itself.

The New Teaching asserts, "Man is good,—good in Nature, good in design, good in possibility,—good in his true End. He never chooses Evil for itself."

The True Christian Believer absolutely denies the assertion that Man is good,—good in Nature. He calls all human History,—and present day experience,—to prove the exact contrary. Man *does constantly* "choose Evil" in preference to Good. Even when forced to admit its being evil, he apologises for it,—in his own case,—attributing it to weakness,—or to Fate. Without conviction of his sinfulness no human being as yet became a true Christian, or ever will do.

THE LAST WORDS OF GOD TO FALLEN CREATURE MAN.

CHRIST'S WORDS ARE GOD'S WORDS.

"Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me ? The words *I speak unto you*, I speak *not of Myself*, but the Father that dwelleth in Me." "As my Father *hath taught Me* I speak of these things." "I speak to the World those things I *have heard of Him*." "If any man hear My words and believe them not, I judge him not, for I came not to judge the World, but to save the World. He that receiveth not My words hath One that judgeth him ; the words that I have spoken the same shall judge him in the last day. For I have not spoken of myself ; but the Father which sent Me gave Me commandment *what I should say*, and *what I should speak* ; whatsoever I speak, therefore, even as the Father said unto Me, so I speak."—*John xii., 47-50.*

THE SILENCES OF GOD.

Doubtless God foresaw that the God-like maxims and commandments of Christ would gradually spread over the World, that the past ages of frightful War and Bloodshed would

gradually give way to a safety of life and property,—to an ease and luxury the World has never before seen,—and that “Unbelief,”—“Intellectual Sins,”—Covetousness,—Pursuit of Money, Luxury, and Pleasure,—would be the *Sins of our days*. In those distant past Times,—God’s chosen People owing to *the sins of their day*, were left much to themselves,—and “there was no open vision.” Still, those “Silences of God” were broken at intervals by the words of His Prophets, whose inspired messages were undeniably the words of the Supreme to Mankind. They must have been Revelations from God for *700 years before the event*, God’s Word came through Isaiah,—“He was wounded for our transgressions,—He was bruised for our iniquities, and by His stripes we are healed.”

There was a long “Silence of God” after the last of the Prophets,—Malachi,—had spoken. It lasted 400 years!—Instructed by God, Malachi warned the Jews that their weariness of Him and their iniquities had caused God to cast them off,—and to choose a more willing People,—the Gentiles,—and that “from the rising of the Sun to the going down of the same, My Name shall be great among the Gentiles; but ye have profaned it.” Now (1907) is not this literally and actually fulfilled? In Australia, America, Europe, indeed, the World over, the Worship of the Blessed God is carried on ceaselessly. Malachi said,—“Behold I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me; and the Lord, Whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the Covenant.”

CHRIST’S WORDS ARE GOD’S LAST WORDS TO MANKIND.

The long silence of 400 years was broken by the Advent of our Lord. Just when things were at the worst,—under the Roman Empire,—and Heathen World,—the “Son of Righteousness,”—as Malachi says,—“rose, with healing in His wings,”—rose upon a corrupt and dying World! Since then has occurred the longest of the “Silences of God,”—on record. A silence,—for ought we know,—which will be unbroken by the Almighty till the Great Judgment Day! For nearly nineteen centuries we have had Christ’s words alone for our guide.

This gives to Jesus’ words their *infinite importance*,—as,—the last words, and warnings, from the Supreme,—Mankind are *ever destined to hear!* “This is My beloved Son, *hear ye Him!*” Surely then,—with the experience of the past,—it is madness to explain Christ’s words as merely “figurative!”

"We are not come to Mount Sinai,"—where God once spoke to Mankind,—“to the Mount that burned with fire and tempest,—and the voice of words which voice they that heard *entreated* that the words should not be spoken to them *any more*.”—(“Else we die”). “But we are come unto Mount Zion,—and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant.”
“See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh!”

THE LAST WORDS OF GOD TO MAN IGNORED.

THE INCREDIBLE FOLLY OF FALLEN MANKIND; ANYTHING, HOWEVER MONSTROUS, EAGERLY PREFERRED TO CHRIST'S GOSPEL OF SALVATION.

One would have thought that a Blessed Hope,—a Gospel of Peace,—which,—during nigh 2,000 years has already changed the Face of this fallen World, and proved Salvation from Sin and Evil Habits,—the Joy,—and Happiness of “Christian Believers,”—which has led countless Millions back to their God,—Saviour,—and their Heavenly Home,—would, surely, be good enough for us in 1907.

“UNREST IN THE CHURCH.”

But no! Something “new,”—a “New” Divinity,—a “New” Theology is the cry. Give us anything rather than the True Gospel, which has led Millions,—and the Only Gospel which will lead us,—to a Reconciled God, and His Salvation.

Any Teaching,—however Grotesque,—which tends to flatter “human nature,”—denies his “Fall,”—makes him think much of himself,—lulls him to sleep in a Fool's Paradise,—hides from him his true Position as a responsible being, created for God's Glory,—associated, if obedient,—with Man's Eternal Happiness,—is now accepted with eager joy. Indeed,—multitudes in this day,—would hail with joy the discovery that there was no Unseen God,—no Supreme Ruler,—over them at all!

And this obtains in our day of Light,—Education,—Religion,—Liberty,—an open Bible circulated in Myriads of copies over this fallen Earth.

Yet to Multitudes of intelligent beings all seem to prove in vain! As obstinate “Unbelievers” as ever the Jews were,—with infinitely greater Light than ever the Jews had,—multitudes prefer any false, delusive, Teaching,—follow any Imposter, or False Religion, rather than the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Heart is deceitful above all things,—and desperately wicked, who can know it.

In Renan's account of his apostasy in 1848, he says :

"Adieu ! then, God of my youth ; perhaps Thou wilt appear again at my death-bed."

After 40 years,—Renan died a frivolous atheist,—he seemed chiefly occupied with his early "loves" and "indiscretions," like Rousseau. Again, in C. Bradlaugh's paper, shortly before his death (when its publication ceased) occurs an "address" of the Unbeliever to the Deity—

"Why do you stand so persistently *behind* the veil,—*behind* the fleeting show of things,—*behind* Phenomena and Matter?"

Note.—The "Christian" could have given Bradlaugh the Reason, only he would never have listened to it.

"Your supporters claim that you often came to the front of the veil in ancient days when *credulity* was *plentiful*. Why do you persistently hide yourself from trustworthy and impartial Witnesses now that Scepticism is so prevalent amongst educated men, and a manifestation of your presence is more needed than ever?"

"Your only answer is unbroken Silence."

Note.—*Certainly*, a *dead, unbroken*, Silence towards the atheist. *Why?* Because he refuses to approach his God in the only way God can be approached, namely, by humble Prayer !

"You are a creature like 'Echo,'—who, in simpler times men sought for as a real being, but whom a larger experience has shown to be but a repetition of what emanates from ourselves ! I fail to see why you require me to believe in you except so far as you choose to convince my reason by providing adequate influences and evidences."

Note.—The Christian claims that those "evidences," and "influences" have all been obstinately, and wilfully *rejected* instead of being *sought*, and prayed for, by the Sceptic.

"Freed from its bias, and instructed in facts, (?) the human intellect must dismiss you as unproven ! And so, in one of the many words and ways, in which the doctrine of souls and spirits has faded,—as it is fading (?) from the whole sphere of Modern Thought,—I BID YOU 'ADIEU'—once more,—as I BADE YOU 'ADIEU' long years ago, when you faded from my life, as a mere figment of human imagination,—the sublimest product of superstition,—and the greatest hindrance to Mental freedom and material Progress."

Note.—The above Extract is from the late Bradlaugh's Paper, which he started in Sheffield, "long years ago" (1859, to October, 1890)—shortly before his death. It was the Leading Paper on Infidelity for thirty "long years." The last article,—and last printed words of his,—are instructive.

Under the title "My Heresy now, and thirty-six years since," he writes to his Paper :—

"From the beginning of 1855 till 1868 all my Lectures and Writings were done under the name of 'Iconoclast' ('Image Breaker'). For Thirty-six years my position has been Atheistic, and I am totally unaware of any foundation for the rumours,—recently very industriously circulated,—alleging modifications by me of these views. From 1854 to the present time there has been, so far as I am conscious, no material change in the propositions advocated. My position has always been that the word 'God' is either undefined, or, that the attempted definitions are self-contradictory, or incoherent. To me existence is sufficient for all Phenomena! I can understand the habit of using the words 'God,' 'Spirit,' 'Soul,' etc., by those whose training has excluded them from submitting those words to close examination and analysis!" (Fancy, Reader, a Prayerless Apostate, and God-forsaken Atheist, subjecting God, and the Holy Spirit, to "close examination and analysis!" What untold Conceit there is in us, poor, deluded, Insects.) "At present the closest re-examination of my Atheistic position does not enable me to detect one weak link in the chain, etc., etc. (Signed) C. Bradlaugh."

This appeared a few weeks before his death.

The very *last article* he sent to his paper (continued in two weekly numbers), the *last* effort he ever made,—appeared on January 11, 1891,—headed, "Doubts, in Dialogue, on Jesus, by Charles Bradlaugh." Really one wonders at an intelligent man taking the trouble to write an absurd *supposed* dialogue, *he* doing all the work himself. His opponent is *supposed* to be an "orthodox Christian," whom Bradlaugh makes to ask questions,—or to attempt to reply to the Sceptic. But as Bradlaugh writes *the whole himself*,—pretending to answer in a way a "Christian" certainly *would not* do,—what such "ex-parte,"—"hocus-pocus,"—childish tricks of Essay writing could be supposed to effect is unintelligible! How a Lawyer, like Bradlaugh, could descend to such absurdity seems amazing! It is merely given as the last Public Teaching,—or expression of his Atheistic views he ever wrote.

"It would be needless," wrote the Relative who attended his last illness, "to say that he died, as he had lived, a consistent, and conscientious Atheist,—were it not that the infamous word 'recantation' has already reached my ears. Knowing as I well do by bitter experience, that there are certain Christians who are utterly unscrupulous about what they say about an Atheist, I have taken the precaution to procure signed testimony from independent, impartial, witnesses, that during the last few weeks, he was never heard to utter one word, either directly or indirectly, bearing upon religion, or any religious subject."

Died, in fact, without Hope,—all religious feeling and belief extinct,—God bid adieu "long years ago!" *All* lost, and for *what* in exchange? Eternity only will disclose, and the evil which this man's *example* did during those "long years" 1855-90. Employing the Talents, God gave him, going Lecturing about this Country, encouraging others to

scoff, wilfully distorting God's Word, *emboldening* younger men to *blaspheme*,—and forming those horrible Societies of Atheists, Sceptics, and Infidels, in our English Towns, which are alike the curse,—danger,—and disgrace, of every Christian Country, and Nation! Now, in the never-ending,—never failing,—Epochs of a lost Eternity that wretched soul, (and all like him) will have,—have already had,—the “Veil” torn from his unbelief, and that “Unbroken Silence” he once *complained* of—while the “long-suffering” of an indulgent God waited those “forty years,”—exchanged for the Unknown, Unimaginable Terror,—that “Wrath of God and of the Lamb,”—which, like His Peace,—“passeth all understanding!”

The “Christian” having been made by Bradlaugh to suggest that it was *safer* to Believe in Christ,—the “Atheist” replies,

“It is not a question of safety,—it is a question of *possibility*. The alleged life of Jesus is, to me, *impossible*. I simply cannot believe it!”

These were Bradlaugh's *last words* as a *Teacher*! *He never spoke truer words in his life*! After such a life it *was* impossible! He had put his own Soul to death long years before! The faculty of Believing had been lost! Faith had been wilfully murdered! How many unstable and wilful souls he had helped to murder, *besides his own*, in 35 years, Eternity will disclose! No doubt *God had gone* years, and years, before! Saving Grace, Saving Faith, in such cases, are, no doubt, “simply impossible!” This book has never faltered in the assertion that, “He limiteth a time.”—“To-day—while it is called to-day,—harden not your hearts.”—That time *once* passed, Salvation, and Belief, becomes impossible.

“He shutteth, and no man openeth.”—Rev. iii., 7.

These were Bradlaugh's last words *as a Teacher*! The next week's number announces, “A severe attack of the heart, and lungs, compels me, with great reluctance, to abandon my Tyneside Lectures!”

The last short paragraph he ever sent to his Paper appeared the following week (25th January, 1891);—the day it appeared in print, he sank into Coma, and became unconscious. It describes the attack, thus:—

“This time it came with terrific suddenness, the heart being the weak point, so that about Midnight, on Tuesday, it nearly finished my chequered career.”

Alas! It reminds the “Christian” of the solemn words of our Lord,

"At Midnight there was a *cry made*, 'Behold! The Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him!'"

God grant that when that "Midnight Cry" comes, dear Reader, to *you* and *me*,—(as come it most certainly *will*),—it may not find us "Atheists,"—to whom to believe in Jesus Christ is "simply impossible!"

APOSTASY.

This calm, deliberate, rejection of God, and Christ,—might be truly termed the *last Stage* of Religious declension!

For experience shows that there is little change to be afterwards looked for. It is that outward, death-like calm and *total indifference*, which tells,—too plainly,—of that solemn departure of God the Blessed Holy Spirit,—which tells of a Conscience dead to Christ,—of a Religious Life and Faith extinct; in a word,—*God gone!*

Then often there comes a calm, a life of total indifference.

So does the strange,—deadly,—calm, usher in the Tempest! So does Pain *cease*, when once the *fatal* mortification has set in! It is like the lethargic sleep which denotes the approach of Apoplexy and Death!

If such Persons are in Places where the Gospel is preached,—or, for a time compelled to come in contact with Christian Believers, their minds instantly rise in opposition to God's Authority, or to Christ's claim to be Divine!

It is a condition which admits of no Remedy, because the Apostate Soul can never now be persuaded that his case is a *desperate* one. That instead of an increase of knowledge, and "Mental Freedom," he has, in reality, in losing his Faith, *lost all*. That what he takes to be a "great increase of understanding" is really the ceasing of anxiety, and all Religious feelings, because the fatal mortification of the Soul has set in! Once God the Holy Spirit has left, you can never alarm that man again! Soothed from all anxiety by the opiates of Satan, Unbelief, and intense Pride, and suffocating Self-conceit, these *self-idolaters* harden themselves by long years of prayerlessness, and the *habit of rejecting Christ*, and put their own souls to death! Such a one will listen to everything with a calm smile of indifference.

This constitutes the "Deadly Sin,"—the "Sin unto Death!"

"There is a sin unto death: I do not say that ye shall pray for it."—*I. John v. 16.*

It is not the mere "natural" sins to which all are liable at times to be enticed into, sins not "unto death."

"All unrighteousness is sin: and there is a sin not unto death."—*I. John v. 17.*

But it is the calm, habitual, presumptuous sins, proceeding from the deliberate, life-long *choice* of a *perverse* Will, continued *too long* against the enlightened mind; committed with deliberation, with design,—resolution,—and eagerness, against all the checks of God, and the convictions, and exhortations of God the Holy Spirit. The lives of such wretched men as the late Bradlaugh, and his fellow Atheists, are examples of this Sin against the Holy Ghost, continued as in his case, and others, for thirty, or forty, years. They will ponder upon those forty years of wilful Infidelity throughout the ages of Eternity!

Such go *too far*!

Our Blessed Lord says clearly:—

“All manner of Sin and Blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men, neither in this World,—neither in the World to come.”—*Matt. xii., 31-32.*

May God save the Reader, if he has taken some steps towards Infidelity, from its Awful Termination, for Christ’s sake!

THE ABILITY AND GIFTS OF NATURE, NEEDED TO PRODUCE A REALLY WICKED MAN.

Take, therefore, the Talent from him.—*Matt. xxv., 28.*

The Public,—and the Press,—instead of recognising the Fatal Character of “Unbelief,” persist in lauding the real (or supposed) great powers of mind of noted Infidels. They refuse to recognise the fact that it is in the desecration and prostitution of *such gifts*, employed in injuring Mankind,—which constitutes the guilt of the Wicked! Force of character, and great Natural Gifts, are “talents” bestowed by God, to be employed for His Glory, and service. *Desecrating* these Talents to the Service of Satan, and rejecting the God Who bestowed them, constitutes the terrible guilt of a thoroughly depraved and wicked person! For *without* these gifts,—thus prostituted,—they could not have become so dangerous, and so desperately evil! The Public do not consider this! You cannot, Reader, do what you will,—produce from a naturally silly, feeble, indolent, stupid person, a *very* dangerous, or an *alarmingly* wicked man! Such a one has not the natural ability,—though he often has every disposition to do as much mischief as he *can*,—to do much harm! He lacks naturally,—(*small praise to him*),—the capacity, intellect, power, and resolution to become a thoroughly dangerous character! His guilt is as great who does all the evil he can!

Give him time,—no doubt, in Eternity, he will become as evil as any of them! Thus, for the Public, the Press, and Reviewers, to attempt to “whitewash” the wicked by expatiating on the great natural gifts God bestowed upon them, and which they desecrated,—throughout a long life of Apostasy,—is as reasonable as attempting to admire the ceaseless activity and powers of the Devils themselves! We may rely upon it that there is no lack of perverted intellect, talent, and capacity for untold Wickedness,—if God permitted them to employ it,—amongst *them*!

TALENTS TAKEN AWAY. NOTHING GOOD IS LOST.

There is a very deep meaning in our Lord’s words:—

“Take from him” (the unprofitable servant) “the talent, and give it unto him that hath ten talents.”—*Matt.* xxv., 28.

It would appear that, in the Future Life,—these “talents,”—good qualities, etc.,—which we admire, are taken from the Impenitent Wicked,—having been misused by them,—so that no really *good* things are “lost.”

“From him that hath not, shall be taken even that which he hath,” or (in one place) “seemeth to have!”

Unbelievers do not reflect upon Christ’s solemn words here, and are continually asserting how monstrous it is to imagine that great minds,—great Men,—who were not, however, Believers,—can ever be amongst the lost! What if God takes away from such those qualities, misused and desecrated by them, and leaves them *entirely evil*, and *worthless*? What becomes of your “great” men then?

Freethinkers run over a list of noted men,—Unbelievers in and rejectors of Christ,—and then triumphantly turn to Christians, daring them to say that such great men could be rejected in turn by God,—and be among the “lost!”

The Christian merely turns to our Lord’s teachings,—takes his stand upon them,—and *refers* the Freethinker to *Christ’s words*. The “Unprofitable” servant who had rejected his Lord as a “hard man,” an “austere man,”—and had never employed the gifts,—those “talents”—God had given him to use for His glory,—is addressed as,

“Thou wicked and slothful servant!” “Take therefore the Talent from him; for from him that hath not”

(Neglected God, misused his natural gifts, never served, or loved, his Maker.)

“From him shall be *taken away even that which he hath*! And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth!”—*Matt.* xxv., 26-30; *Mark* iv., 25; *Luke* viii., 18; *Luke* xix., 26; *Matt.* xiii., 12.

If our Lord's words,—repeated in the above *five separate places*,—mean *anything*, they mean that, before the Judgment, those misused,—desecrated,—gifts of God, “talents” which they had misapplied,—should be *taken away* from the Christless, selfish, unprofitable Servant! These Gifts of God made these men seem “great” in our eyes,—but

“God seeth not as man seeth,—For the Lord *looketh* at the heart!”
—I. Sam. xv., 7.

Doubtless we do well to admire those Gifts and Talents in *themselves*, for they are of God.

“Every good Gift, and every perfect Gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father.”—James i., 17.

But God knows that all those “talents” were, after all, *His own*, His gifts, to these men,—bestowed upon them to be employed in His service, and for His glory! If He finds them misapplied,—misused,—if He finds Himself, and Christ, and His Salvation, rejected, may He not justly take away, or resume,—before the final judgment,—those Gifts? Certainly He may, and assuredly He will, unless Christ is Untruthful!

The Freethinkers are very fond of hurling at the Christian a long list of Franklins, Jefferies, Voltaires, Paines, Schillers, Humbolts, Burns, Emersons, Tyndalls, Humes, Dickens, Morleys, Holyoakes, etc.,—“Great Men,” according to him, whom he claims,—rightly or wrongly,—to have belonged to his Fraternity,—and defies the “Believer” to assert that such men can possibly be “lost!”

The Christian merely refers him to Christ's repeated, habitual, —and,—solemn Teaching.

If every “Gift,”—every “Talent,”—God once entrusted to these “Great” Men,—were desecrated, and misused, by them,—are finally taken away from the “Unprofitable Servant,” and only unmixed Evil,—and Rage, and Hatred of God left them,—what there will be “great” or “good” remaining in the “Lost,”—now “Demons,” themselves—is totally unintelligible to the Christian Believer.

Let us have one more example of what Modern Atheism leads to,—this time from America, the Land of Mormon Smith,—Prophet Dowrie,—Eddy,—and a host of Religious Frauds, or Delusions,—examples of frantic Credulity,—“Believing” *too much*,—in contrast to Believing *nothing at all*.

In an “Oration,” entitled, “The Dying Creed,”—(Christianity)—before an audience of 3,000,—in America, by Colonel Ingersoll (the equally noted lecturer on Infidelity in U.S.A., as Bradlaugh in England),—we read,

"Orthodox religion is dying out of the civilised world. It is a 'sick man.' (Laughter.) It is a religion which no longer satisfies the intelligence of this country."

Note.—*Ten Million* students are reported attending the Sunday Schools in America alone. It has "satisfied,"—and does so still,—Millions of the Noblest, Wisest, and Best of Mankind.

"It is a Religion that warps the coffin in darkness, and fills the future of Mankind with flame and fear."

Note.—Perhaps it does,—or will do so,—in the case of the Sceptic,—but, on the contrary, it fills the "Believer" with Peace, Joy, and Happiness on Earth, and the Promise of a Future of Endless Bliss. It takes away the fear of Death, and reconciles the "Redeemed" to a loving Creator. "God is Love!"

"It is a religion, that I am going to do what I can,—while I live,—to destroy!"

Note.—(He died (65) 29th July, 1899). Every Aggressive Sceptic,—swollen with Conceit, is going, "while he lives," to "destroy" the Religion of Jesus Christ, until they drop one after another into Eternity, when God thinks to remove them. Christ tells us, "I have the Keys of Death and of Hell."

"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

One turn of that key, and these Boasters pass from our view! Instead of the "Dying Creed,"—the title of the Lecture should have been, "The Dying Atheist."

"I would rather that every Planet, in its orbit, should wheel a barren star,—rather than that the Christian Religion should prove true." (Applause.)

Note.—No doubt! The Enemies of Christ would destroy Him, and His Religion, now, just as they did in the year 33.

"Compare the beauty and intellectual grace of Greece with the Mythology of Judea. The one covering the earth with beauty, the other filling heaven with hatred and injustice!" (Applause.)

Note.—Why, our very School Boys are disgusted with the absurd indecencies in their "Classical Dictionary," detailing the abominations of the "Mythology of Greece," depicting "gods," and "goddesses,"—as childish, and foul, as the heathen themselves, who pretended to worship them! One Law,—one Sentence,—of our Blessed Lord, has done more for Mankind,—and Humanity,—than all the Heathen Fiction of Centuries! Men were worshipping their own Vices (!)

Leaving "Fallen Man" to his Atheism and Unbelief, let us contemplate

THE STUPENDOUS POWER OF GOD.

Let us attempt,—for a moment,—to conceive the Stupendous Nature of that Awful, and Wondrous, Power, Almighty God, against Whom Unbelievers,—Apostate Insects,—shake their little fists, and shriek,—for a brief moment,—their,—(Well ! The Christian is almost tempted to say *ludicrous*)—blasphemies.

"Let the Potsherd strive with the potsherd of the Earth."—*Isaiah* xlv., 9.

"He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh ; the Lord shall hold them in derision."—*Psalms* ii., 4.

"Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker."—*Isaiah* xlv., 9.

"Until I went into the Sanctuary of the Lord,—then understood I their end ! How they are brought into desolation, as in a moment ? They are utterly consumed with terrors."—*Psalms* lxxiii., 17-20.

"O Lord, when Thou awakest,"—(when the long-suffering of God ends, and the "Day of Salvation" is passed)—"Thou shalt despise their image."

"I will laugh when their fear cometh."

The Christian Believer looks upon the "Aggressive" Unbelieving Lecturer, or Writer, as upon a Maniac or Mad-man ! Even the Devils themselves must shriek with laughter at their *unutterable* folly !

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—OUR EARTH A SPECK OF DUST.

You know that poor, conceited, self-sufficient, Mankind,—the inhabitants of this small speck of dust, in God's *Stupendous*,—and *perhaps* Infinite Creation,—wrapped up in their *own little concerns* (as Millions are, at this moment, in 1907),—allowed themselves to imagine (Heaven save the mark !) that *our* little speck of dust which we call our "Earth," was *immoveable* (!)—the fixed centre of the Universe (!), and that (probably to afford us Amusement (?)) the myriads of other Stars (Suns and "Systems") submissively *revolved* round us (!)

Really the idea seems now, almost *too* ludicrous ! But we must remember that, even *now*, Mankind cling desperately to their own fancied *immense importance* !

Science,—ever the truest and best friend of Religion, when the *significance* of her discoveries is understood by thoughtful "Believers," and the *false deductions* of our "Scientific" *Atheists*, are respectfully, but *firmly*, *declined*,—*once*, and *for ever*, dispelled this absurd idea !

God has willed that every starlight night,—before the very eyes of "Unbelievers," and "Believers," alike, this Stupendous, and Awful, Power should be displayed. "Seeing,

—they shall *see*,—and not understand!” *True*, but *see*, they certainly *must*! *There they are*,—myriads of immense Suns,—before which *our* Sun is a mere nothing,—each, we may rely upon it, with Worlds (Planets) totally and for ever invisible to *us*, just as our small Earth, and *our* Planets, have ever been,—and ever will be,—totally invisible to them. *Planets* of any other system but our own are, and ever will be,—too small and too minute specks of dust, to be seen at such immense and awful distances. The “Suns” only can be seen!

“*It moves*, though,”—muttered the true Philosopher, Galileo,—when forced to recant (!) and do penance (!) for alleging that our Earth humbly revolved round our Sun,—exploding the childish conceit and importance of self-sufficient Mankind. Galileo died, persecuted, exiled, a broken-hearted old Man, always in terror of the Inquisition, but his words remain! “*Move*,” it certainly *does*! Obeying submissively, as all His Creation does,—(except His *wilful, obstinate, fallen*, creature Man,)—the Laws of God, Who first, “in the beginning created the Heavens, and the Earth,” when the “morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy!”

EVEN THE “SYSTEMS” MOVE!

Yes, Reader, *move* our Earth certainly does, and in another manner unknown to Galileo. Not only does our Earth and the other Planets of our “System,”—revolve round our Sun,—but our entire System is undoubtedly moving,—and has been for Ages,—on an inconceivably immense orbit, and at vast speed, towards one of those stupendous clusters, or “Galaxies” of Gigantic “Suns,” or “Fixed Stars,”—we call “Constellations,”—far in the depths of Space (“Hercules”).

Note.—A German Astronomer,—Herr Jäger,—has arrived at the conclusion, based upon observations made on the movement of forty-nine Stars in the visual region that our Solar System, with reference to the relative positions of the visible Stars, is moving with a velocity of twenty miles per second through Space! The mean speed of the so-called Fixed Stars (other “Systems”) being about twenty-nine miles per second.

Fancy, dear Reader, the Velocity with which the Planets in our system are ever whirling round our Sun,—and then in addition, the fact, that our Sun itself,—drawing all our Planets with it,—is flying through space, towards one of the Great Constellations,—where Gigantic Suns seem to be massed as it were together,—at twenty miles a second!

The Reader will now see how the word "ludicrous" comes in, applied to the Atheist, who, "While he lives," is going to "destroy" the "Religion" of Jesus Christ!

In an "Oration,"—"The Dying Creed," by the late Colonel Ingersoll,—afterwards printed,—he said, "This is the Religion, I am going, while I live, to do my best to destroy."

First, let him begin by attempting "to destroy" God's *lower* Creation,—*infinitely* less *precious*, in God's sight, than the Spiritual Kingdom of His dear Son. How is the Atheist going to begin? And when our System is "destroyed," is he going to start on a journey of 34 Million years "to destroy" the very next system to ours? That mind must be blinded, maddened, by conceit, which does not recognise that we are all very minute little Insects whirled through space; permitted, like them, to flit for our little hour of Life in the Sunshine, then to pass on, in the solemn March of all things to Eternity! Passing on for weal, or for woe,—as we may elect by the lives we lead upon this Earth,—to the Realities of the Future Spiritual Life! Destroy "the Religion" of Jesus Christ? Why, dear Reader, this World belongs to Christ! None but Jesus can say,

"All Power is given unto Me in Heaven, and on Earth!"

THIS WORLD IS CHRIST'S.

The Religion of Jesus Christ is the only one found to be indigenous to all Times and Climes alike. For Christianity has proved itself to be cosmopolitan, for Christ is the Man without a Country, simply because the whole World is His!

"I have other Sheep, which are not of this Fold!"

He has indeed! Christ belongs to all kinds and conditions of men. The Bible is the only Book ever published which bears Translation into all Languages, and adapts itself to every idiom. Our Blessed Lord said,

"Go ye into all the World!"

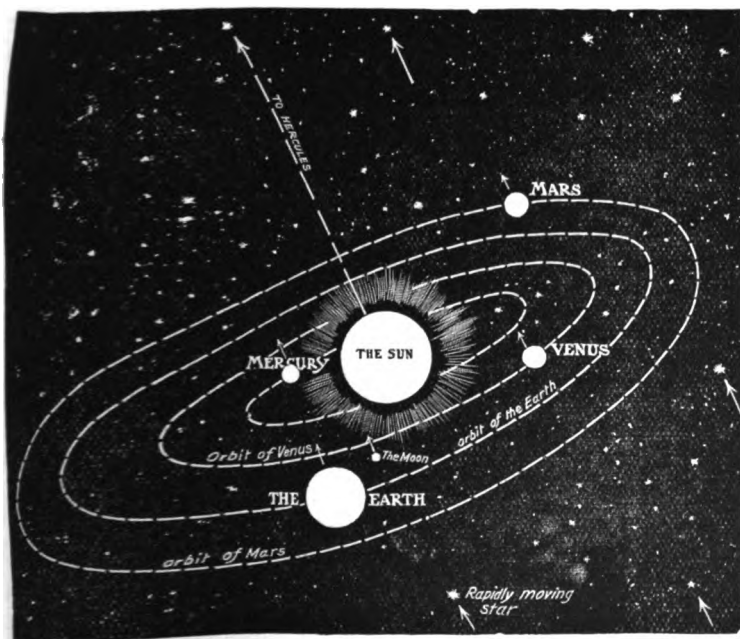
"The then 'World,' the Roman one, was, say, a World of 200 Millions. Now, the entire World with its 1,400 Millions is more open and accessible to the Gospel than the Mediterranean was then. A Missionary can now travel round the Earth more easily than an Apostle could journey from Jerusalem to Spain. Now the entire Bible is printed correctly, at the rate of ten per minute, unceasingly throughout the year, in 400 different Languages. Formerly, a copy of it was slowly produced, in two Languages, by infinite labour, and, then, a Copy could only be procured by the very

rich. Instead of the long, weary, journey of Timothy, to the Churches, a Mission Message from America to Asia is sent in one hour.

Instead of the slender Collection of the early Saints at Philippi, and Corinth,—twenty persons in America alone contributed, in one year, about £1,000,000 sterling for the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

And thus,—like the mysterious Movements of the “Systems,”—this World rolls on along the enlarging Curves of its great Spiritual Ascent, or Destiny! All things,—Science, Trade, Wealth, Art, Politics, are being used as a motive Power for the Progress of Christ’s Kingdom. For this World belongs to Christ,—it was, indeed, created for Him,—redeemed by Him,—and now lies in the scarred Hand of the Great Redeemer of Mankind! For Christ “must Reign until He has put all Enemies under His feet,”—His Glory shall fill the Earth! It is Omnipotence Who hath sworn it! Well for them who now take sides with Him in His glorious Work of Rescue and Restoration,—woe to them who would madly oppose it!

The movement of the “Systems” *themselves*, towards *another* centre infinitely remote, had long been suspected, from certain changes which had been observed in the relative



positions of the Stars to what obtained when the oldest charts were laid down. The North Star *does not occupy the position* it did 3,000 or 4,000 years ago! Astronomers point to certain specialities in the construction of the Great Pyramid of Egypt,—unquestionably built upon certain astronomical lines known to the Ancient Egyptians,—as additional confirmation of this fact! *When that Pyramid was constructed*, the North Star *occupied a different position* in the Heavens from what it *now does!*

Our Entire System has been moving for ages towards the "Constellation" of "Hercules,"—in a remote region of space, a German astronomer,—from observations of 49 stars,—concludes at about 20 miles per second.

Consider, for a moment, what this discovery involves! This *speck of dust*,—forsooth! which we call our "Earth," the fixed Centre of the Universe? Ridiculous! Reader, not only are we, Planets, submissively, revolving, like clock-work, round our Sun,—unable to deviate a fraction beyond the limits assigned to them by the Creator, but our Sun and entire "System,"—together with Myriads of other Suns with their "Systems," are all revolving on amazing, speechless, inconceivable, orbits round *some other* "Centre," in the Infinite Depths of Space!

The Human Mind being—(in spite of its irrepressible conceit),—finite, positively *gives way* before the Stupendous Power and Amazing Schemes of God's visible Universe.

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For, as the Heavens are higher than the Earth, so are My ways higher than your ways,—and My thoughts than your thoughts."—*Isaiah* lv., 8-9.

They are indeed! Instead of the Myriad Systems in Space, all revolving round our speck of dust,—the Earth,—if God had thought proper,—as He might well have done,—instead of sending His Son to redeem those of our Race who are willing humbly to accept His salvation,—to have allowed our corrupt and fallen World to have disappeared from amongst His Myriads of other Worlds altogether, the rest of the Universe *would never have known* that we had *ever existed!* We could *never have been missed*, because they have never yet seen us! They have *only* seen our huge *Sun*, as a small twinkling Star! Well, indeed, may we say,

"When I consider Thy Heavens, *What is Man* that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that Thou visitest him?"—*Psalms* viii., 3-4.

In the picture, we have a feeble representation of the Chief Planets of our "System," with an attempt to show their

relative proportions. The Reader must kindly note that our Earth is, however, proportionably too large, and the Sun must be imagined more than four times the size represented. Let the Sun—(diameter 865,000 miles)—be taken as an "Association" Football, then our Earth—(diameter 7,918 miles),—will be the size of a small shot, used for bird guns,—the proportion given by Professor Ball, Astronomer-Royal, Dublin Observatory.

The distant constellations resolve themselves into distinct Stars, whenever instruments of sufficient power can be constructed. Thus the "Milky Way," which, to the naked eye, presents merely the appearance of streaks of light clouds, drawn across the sky, is resolved by very powerful Telescopes into a mass of "Suns," or "Fixed Stars," at distances from us inconceivably remote! And what shall we say to those "Galaxies" of immense Suns clustered together in the astounding Nebulæ of Orion and Andromeda? Stupendous "Constellations," to the glories of which our sparsely-filled portion of the sky offers no comparison. There are, indeed, literally millions of clusters of Stars,—("Suns,"—"Fixed Stars,")—else we could never see them, scattered through space. Of these,—says Sir R. S. Ball, "A homely illustration" may be given by "taking a Pepper castor, and shaking out the pepper on to a sheet of white paper," until the centre is a mass, with grains scattered loosely around it!

Taking a certain portion of the sky where you can count, say ten stars with the naked eye, apply an opera glass to the same spot, you will find 200! A small hand Telescope of three-inch object-glass has given 320,000 Stars in the Northern half of the sky alone. A more powerful fixed Instrument will give 4,000,000, and our modern observatory telescopes give some 50,000,000!

PHOTOGRAPHY. AN HOUR'S EXPOSURE.

But this is not all. Photography can, if *long exposure* is given (one to two hours), on a plate so sensitive that a *fraction of one second* would be sufficient for an ordinary negative,—penetrate into depths of Space, into which no Telescope can follow it! In one ten-thousandth part of the Sky,—alone,—Mr. Roberts, by one hour's exposure, took 16,000 Stars! We have every reason to believe,—says Professor Ball,—that, with prolonged exposure,—more sensitive plates,—and perhaps, some day, more powerful Instruments,—*fresh Myriads* of Suns will be brought to view! Dear Reader! What a Universe! And,—remember,—this is merely God's

CHRIST MADE THE WORLDS.

CHRIST "MADE THE WORLDS."

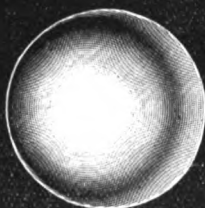
God hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed Heir of all things, by Whom also He made the Worlds.

The same was in the beginning with God.

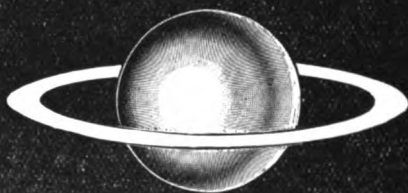
All things were made by Him; and without Him was not any thing made that was made.

And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with Thine Own Self with the glory which I had with Thee before the World was.

$\frac{1}{4}$ THE SIZE OF THE SUN



JUPITER



SATURN



URANUS



OUR EARTH



VENUS



MARS



MERCURY



PALLAS



JUNO



CERES

outward, visible, material Creation,—totally apart from that infinitely higher Spiritual World, to which we are all,—Believers and Unbelievers alike,—fast hastening !

“ MY THOUGHTS ARE NOT AS YOUR THOUGHTS.”

To illustrate this solemn statement, let us attempt to grasp the speechless distances it has pleased the Supreme to place these “ Fixed Stars,”—or Suns,—asunder. To endeavour to grasp intellectually the distance, say, of our own System and Sun, to the *very next* nearest Sun or “ System ” to our own. The next nearest Fixed Star, Sun, or “ System,” to ours is “ Alpha Centauri.” Its distance from our Sun is 20 Billions of Miles ! A distance stated in a moment, but impossible,—at once,—to grasp ! One Billion is a Million times a Million. Let us follow Professor Ball’s excellent 5/- Book called “ Star Land,”—(Cassell & Co.) especially written for the Young Student,—well worth your perusal,—and attempt thus to grapple, intellectually, with 20 Billions of Miles ! (A “ Million Million.”) It takes a week to count one Million aloud (10 hours a day).

AWFUL JOURNEY TO “ ALPHA CENTAURI,” THE NEAREST
“ SUN ” TO OURS.

Force yourself to *imagine* a Railway mysteriously constructed to the *very nearest* “ Fixed Star ” to our Sun, also a train mysteriously enabled to proceed along it for Ages, ceaselessly,—day and night,—at a uniform fifty Miles an hour. Imagine the fare to be one penny every hundred miles ; that is, one penny between Birmingham and London, instead of the present nine shillings (Third-class fare). How many sovereigns, think you, dear Reader, would you have to pay for a Single Journey Ticket to “ Alpha Centauri,” the next “ System ” to our own ? You need not ask for a “ Return,” you would only *live long enough* just to *start* upon this awful journey ! For if you travelled thus for ninety-six years,—that is, if you got into the train at four years of age, and *lived to be* 103, like good Sir Moses Montefiore, or the late Monsieur Chevreul, of Paris,—you would only have gone 56 Millions out of the 20 Millions of Millions of Miles ! In 192,000 years you would only have gone a *Tenth* of one of the “ Billion Miles,” with the 20 Billions hardly yet broken into ! At length, after about 34 *Million Years* (!) at 50 Miles an hour, you would reach the nearest Sun to ours,—“ Alpha Centauri ! ” And now the Fare ! One Penny per Hundred Miles.

• 5,000 CARTS FULL OF SOVEREIGNS.

Taking our "National Debt" at 700 Million Pounds,—(we pay some £60,000 *per day* Interest upon it,)—*all* would be required! Converting it into gold,—you would take it down in 5,000 carts, laden with sovereigns, to the Ticket Office. But after the Clerk *had counted it*, he would say, "Very sorry, Sir! But I need 107 Million Pounds more for a ticket to 'Alpha Centauri'; it's an awful journey!"

If this is the *nearest* "Fixed Star,"—"System,"—or "Sun,"—to ours,—conceive the *speechless* distances of those Stars which no known Telescope *can ever reach*, and which it takes *an hour's exposure* for Photography to indicate.

THE VISIBLE UNIVERSE BELONGS MERELY TO SENSE AND TIME.

And let us ever remember that these Myriads of Suns, with their Billions of Planets revolving round them, belong, after all, merely to the outward things of Sense and Time. They are, after all, merely the *material* Universe of our God. They are *perishable* objects, like our own Earth,—they are quite apart from, and infinitely inferior to, God's *Spiritual* World to which our souls are all hastening!

These visible material Worlds, and "Heavenly Bodies," *all had a beginning*, and they will, after nameless Epochs, speechless Time, undoubtedly *have an End*! We are distinctly *told so*!

"And the Stars of Heaven shall fall, even as a Fig Tree doth cast her untimely Figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind!"—*Rev. vi., 13.*

"They shall perish, but thou remainest! They shall all wax old as doth a Garment, and as a Vesture Thou shalt fold them up, and they shall be changed. But Thou, God, art the same! Thy years fail not."—*Heb. i., 10-12.*

WHAT THEN WILL BE THE COMING SPIRITUAL WORLD?

If then, Reader, this amazing,—glorious,—apparently infinite,—but in reality,—Tangible,—Visible,—Lower,—Perishing,—Creation of our God, which we see around us every Starlight night, is after all a mere passing show,—a thing, after all,—merely of Sense and Time,—what must be that Spiritual Life,—that Heaven,—that World to come, which our Blessed Lord assures us that He has "gone to prepare" for the Redeemed,—for us Believers,—for His Followers and People?

"I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."—*John* xiv., 2-3.

"For the Father Himself loveth you because you have loved Me and believed that I came from God."—*John* xvi., 27.

What must be the untold Glories of that "Heaven" where God and Christ are,—infinitely,—speechlessly,—higher, and above the passing Things of mere Sense and Time, that Future Spiritual Existence,—and Eternal Life,—to which for Weal or for Woe,—we are all,—"Believers" and "Infidels" alike,—fast hastening?

What miserably feeble ideas of the Infinite Resources of Almighty God do our small minds form of the "World to come." Desperately attached to, too often entirely fixed upon, this little speck of dust we call our Earth,—too often deeply set upon a mere Material existence,—the very notions and conceptions of that Life to come are poor, unworthy, worldly, and feeble! Is it conceivable to the enlightened conscience of any "Child of God,"—that the Billions of happy Redeemed Souls who have been gathered in God's mercy, through Christ's Death,—Atonement,—and Reconciling Sacrifice,—for Ages, from this fallen World, are all to *come back* to a *Material* existence upon this *little* speck of decaying dust in God's lower, visible creation? Can our highest ideas of that "Heaven" where God and Christ dwell go no further than this poor, miserable, little earth? What! The countless Myriads of the Blessed *come back here*? No, indeed, Reader! Our little World has served the Divine Purpose as a Nursery for the Human Race, a Trial Scene, or Testing Ground, to produce the Myriads of the Redeemed;—but when their happy Spirits are raised, and "this Corruptible has put on Incorruption," this World's mission has been accomplished!

"The Day of the Lord will come, * * * * in the which the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise,—and the Elements shall melt with fervent heat,—the Earth also, and all the works that are therein shall be burned up."—II. *Peter* iii., 8-12.

"I will make all things new." "The former things have passed away."

"And I saw a Great White Throne, and Him that sat upon it, *from whom the Earth and the Heaven fled away*,"—(The Spiritual can have nothing to do with a Material World)—"and *there was no place found for them*."—*Rev.* xx., 2.

"And I saw a *new Heaven* and a *new Earth*,"—(a Spiritual one)—"for the first Heaven, and the first Earth," (the present Material ones) "were passed away."—*Rev.* xxi., 1.

This World, and Billions of others, shall pass away! Christians,—the Redeemed,—will have indeed somewhat more to learn of our God,—the Speechless Glories of God,

and Christ ! Our poor, vague, worldly, ideas of what the term "Heaven" really means will be lost in those Glories which,

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man *to conceive*, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—I. Cor. ii., 9.

And, on the other hand, we may tremblingly,—add,—what *He hath prepared* for them *that hate Him*. All their misused "Talents," as False Religious Teachers,—"*every good and perfect gift*,"—which *came from* God, and was bestowed upon them to use for His Glory,—abused by them,—taken from them,—God resuming *those good things* which all came from Him and *are His own*,—leaving the "Lost,"—now "Devils" themselves,—only their own unmixed evil, vicious, loathsome, and abandoned souls with which to face Eternity !

WILL GOD EVER CHANGE HIS DECREES ?

Will then Almighty God alter His Stupendous Schemes for Eternity, for *one*,—ten,—a thousand,—or for *Billions*, of Impenitent, Rebellious, Apostate Insects ?

It is *absurd*,—*monstrous*,—to imagine that He will, or *ever intended to do so* ! Certainly He will not ! Let no one think it ! Supposing Myriads of presumptuous, self-willed, creatures, puffed up with their so-called,—extremely doubtful—"*Scientific*" knowledge,—attempt to dethrone God,—and dare to reject His proffered Salvation,—through Jesus Christ,—offered now to us all alike, *what then* ? Having offered this Salvation to all, and used it upon us from childhood to the Grave, will God alter His Schemes for Eternity because Millions choose to neglect it ? Let no one think it ! Certainly He will not ! There will be *other* developments in Eternity,—the "*Day of Salvation*" will then have passed ! The Gospel is offered to all Mankind *once*, but *once only* ! For us it is now, or never !

"*Now is the accepted time. Now is the Day of Salvation.*"—II. Cor. vi., 2.

Of course the uninstructed Heathen,—both before and after our Lord came,—are not spoken of here ; doubtless they are judged by a different rule altogether to the enlightened, intelligent, Christian Nations.

"The times" of their "ignorance," we are expressly told, "God winked at," and undoubtedly does so still. But, dear Reader, what have you and I to do with them and their fate ? We are called upon to attend to *our own position* in God's sight ! *We* are not unenlightened, uninstructed Heathen,—

we are all, undoubtedly, *responsible* beings before our Creator, whether we will *obey, love, and serve* Him or not! He "strives" with all for many years, but He says,

"My Spirit shall not *always* strive with man."

The Blessed God,—our Blessed Saviour,—and God the Blessed Holy Spirit,—has "striven," successfully,—with countless Millions of our Race who have been awakened and led to Christ, been redeemed and have passed away,—happy, and reconciled to their God,—to Endless Bliss!

He has "striven," dear Reader (thank God), with you and me! Let us imitate the blessed lives, and pious examples of the Redeemed, and follow them to the same Heavenly Home!

Let us leave these "Sceptics,"—"Secularists,"—"Atheists,"—"Unbelievers,"—"Freethinkers,"—and Scientific (?) "Infidels"—to answer Almighty God for their Rebellion, Contempt, and Blasphemies!

Not being on the Platform of Infinitude ourselves, it is no use their looking to us to answer their endless cavils and unbelief. It does not appear to be any great business of ours,—if they refuse to believe God,—Christ,—and the Bible,—we cannot help it,—nor can we expect them,—if they will not believe *God's Word*,—to believe *ours*. Let us simply avoid them. Our time is far better spent with the Young,—the Christian Believer has something else to do! The day will come when they shall certainly have their answer,—from God Himself!

WHOM WILL IT AFFECT BUT THEMSELVES?

They will find in the end,—that their Eternal loss will,—after all,—affect *no one but themselves*! How is it possible that it can? Sin, Sorrow, the Wicked, Crime, Unhappiness, Temptation, Satan, all will have passed for ever from the future Developments of our God,—in His love, and goodness towards the Redeemed: they will see, and hear, of such things *no more* for ever. These dreadful consequences of wilful disobedience, obstinacy, and sin, will undoubtedly be *left* to Unbelievers. Let them see to it!

No doubt the Almighty,—after long patience, and long suffering,—passes Myriads of obstinate Sinners by! *What!* This wretched creature, whom I brought into existence for purposes of My own Glory, and My Service,—associated,—had he so chosen,—and I intended it should be,—with his own Eternal Happiness,—bid me adieu?" (See Renan's description of his apostasy in last chapter.) A wretched Insect who owes every breath he draws, or ever will draw, to Me;—

who,—in My Providence I fed and nourished for Thirty, or Forty, or Seventy years,—whom—during his years of Infancy, and Helplessness, I brought safely through the dangers of Childhood, and spared, when others around him fell victims to disease, bids Me adieu. A wretched apostate to whom I gave Christian Parents,—a Christian Education,—a Christian Country,—on whom I bestowed Intelligence, ample Time, Means of Culture,—placed the Bible in his hands from Childhood, gave him Christian Relatives, and friends, nay, even the persuasions, and convictions, of God the Holy Spirit,—and yet gave all these precious, costly things to that worthless, long-provoking, creature,—*in vain!* “Bid Me adieu?” Then I will take him *at his word*. I have *done!* I will “strive” with that soul *no more!* I have *passed him by* for others! Let that person live! I will simply leave him to *himself*. Millions around him, during his lengthened lifetime, shall be redeemed; but never again, to all Eternity, will I send saving Grace to that wicked person! For years he “*crucified the Son of God* afresh, and put Him to open shame!” For years he screamed, and printed, his Blasphemies,—danced like a Devil,—upon the wounds of My Dear Son,—scoffed at and spat upon My proffered Salvation!

Yes! He spoke the truth! I do not say when that day occurred,—it was a day like other days,—it had its morning, its evening, and its night,—but there came a day in that man’s life when he *went too far*, and exhausted My long-suffering. He has spoken the truth! As a God of Love,—“slow, ‘*very slow*’ to anger, and plenteous in mercy,”—that wicked man has, indeed, “bid Me adieu!” There is nothing now in him of which an Angel could ever be made!

It is easy, dear Reader, for such persons, surrounded, and encouraged by others, as sinful as themselves, to give way to the delusion that they can exist without their God; but, in the speechless, never-failing, Epochs of Eternity, those wretched creatures will know somewhat more of God, and how utterly dependent every living soul is upon Him, and *will be*, for ever more!

“All Thy works shall praise Thee,—oh, Lord! and Thy Saints shall bless Thee!”—*Psalms* cxlv., 10.

It does not say that all God’s works shall *bless* Him,—they certainly will *not*; but they all *might have!* They shall *praise* Him,—His Justice,—His Goodness,—His Power,—either in Mercy, or in Judgment, as they may elect to do!

“At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow,”—(Not in *this* World but in *next*)—“and every tongue”—(In Mercy or in Judgment)—confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the Glory of God the Father.”—*Philippians* i., 10-11.

"The Ox,"—(the *useful*, but somewhat *stupid* and *obstinate* Ox,)—"knoweth his Owner,—and the Ass his Master's crib, but, I have *nourished* and *brought up* children, and they have *rebelled against* Me,—a People laden with Iniquity,—children *that are Corrupters*; they have *forsaken the Lord*,—they have provoked the Holy One of the Lord,—they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger."—*Isaiah* i., 2-4.

"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the Godly out of temptation, and to reserve the Unjust until the Day of Judgment, to be punished."—II. *Peter* ii., 9.

"They that walk after the Flesh, and *despise Government*, *presumptuous* are they, self-willed, they are *not afraid to speak evil* of dignities. But these as natural brute beasts, *speak evil* of the things *that they understand not*, and shall *utterly perish* in their own corruption."—II. *Peter* ii., 10-12.

"Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days *Scoffers*,—walking after their own lusts,—and saying, 'Where is the promise of His coming? For since the Fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the Creation.' But beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. But that day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night! In which the *Heavens shall pass away* with a great noise, and the Elements *shall melt with fervent heat*, the Earth also, and all the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that *all these things shall be dissolved*,—what manner of Persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness? Looking for,—and hasting unto the Coming of the Day of God,—when the *Heavens being on fire shall be dissolved*,—and the Elements shall melt with fervent heat."—II. *Peter* iii., 8-12.

"PROGRESSIVE" OR "NEW THEOLOGICAL" TEACHING.

THE BATTLE OF THE AGES PAST IN RELIGION HAS BEEN EVER ABOUT OUR LORD.—IT IS THE BATTLE OF TO-DAY,—IT WILL BE THE GREAT BATTLE OF TO-MORROW! IT IS "CHRIST,"—THE DIVINE,—"OR NOTHING."

Why? Because though all other "Religions" can dispense with their founders—we cannot! The Mohammedan can go on, without the dead, and gone, Mohamed. The Buddhist can continue his weary, weary, belief without Gautama Buddha. But, without Christ, we can do nothing. The fact is, this is Christ's World,—He has always been in this Fallen World,—"before Abraham was, I am." The Unbeliever very truly claims that the Teachings of other Great Religions, Teachers ages before THE MASTER appeared upon Earth,—"Emmanuel" (God with us), were in many points very similar to those of our Lord. Certainly they were! It would have been extraordinary

if they were not, for all the good in former Prophets and Teachers,—came from Christ,—through His Holy Spirit. Buddha, Socrates,—all the truly great Religious Teachers,—in all ages,—were taught by Jesus Christ.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

But the followers of Buddha, Confucius, Plato, Socrates, Mohamed, etc., never alleged that their Prophet ever rose from the dead,—or ever said, "I and My Father are one,"—"Before Abraham was, I am,"—"I am the Resurrection and the Life," etc.

Thus true "Christianity" cannot exist a moment without Jesus Christ,—the Divine,—the Personal Saviour.

Find one Flaw in our Lord,—or His Teaching,—and our Christian Religion falls to pieces!

"Without Me ye can do nothing."

"Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me."

"I am the Vine, ye are the branches: without Me ye can do nothing."

"If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned."

Once put aside the essential, historical, facts of our Christian belief as "dogma"—the favourite term unbelief invariably applies to them—then the life, assertions, and teaching of the Saviour of Mankind in regard to Himself become absolutely unintelligible. In plain English, one thing is certain—either Christ was (as He claimed to be) the long promised "Messiah" Emmanuel (God with us), the Saviour of Mankind, "God the Son," our future Judge, Alpha and Omega, or else He was the greatest religious impostor this world has ever, or ever will see, and Christianity the greatest deception ever perpetrated upon mankind. It is really Christ or nothing!

This Fact all Sceptics have recognised clearly. Christ stops the way to Perdition, they must get rid of Him,—must push past Him and His Cross! Consequently you will, sooner or later, find all Unbelievers inevitably have to come to the subject of Christ! They are always at it! Renan writes the "Life of Christ,"—Paine, gives his views;—the last writing of Bradlaugh ever sent to the Press was upon Christ. So it is with the "New Theology,"—Christ's Divinity must be questioned,—His Miracles,—His Miraculous Birth,—His Resurrection,—His Sinlessness,—the necessity of His Atonement,—all must be belittled.

Not in the old, open,—“above-board”—attacks of Voltaire,

Renan, Ingersoll, etc., but in verbose,—ambiguous, “half orthodox” Phrases,—so as not to too greatly alarm. Thus we read :

Was Christ Perfection ?

“The world has come to feel that there has been only one man who was able to live it, and that was Jesus Christ, although it is impossible to prove that Jesus lived a perfect life in such a way as to satisfy the modern canons of evidence.

“No one can demonstrate from the Gospel that Jesus was a perfect being. On the contrary, many Scholars who call themselves Christians say that, judging from the Gospel, Jesus was not a perfect being.

“The case depends in a great measure on what we mean by it. We cannot prove that Jesus lived such a life, but judging from the effect of His life on the world it seems that He did.”

Dealing with the sinlessness of Christ the Preacher said he wondered why people so described it. It were better to call it a life of love lived by a human being. Love was in our language not easy to analyse, because we used it to describe so many things. What we wanted was a word to describe spiritual love, a love which resulted from a clear understanding of the essential unity and sacredness of human life, and a desire to do everything in one's power to realise it. This might mean a willing acceptance of suffering for the common good, and the man who could really love mankind with a life that retained no suggestion of self-interest had a love which produced in its possessor an unearthly joy.

READER, “But these paper reports of sermons, or addresses, are very unreliable. They may not, very often, convey the true meaning of a Speaker.” True ! Let us then, in conclusion, allow the “New Theology” to speak from its own Book for itself.

That many Ministers are inclined to favour it, is seen from the writing of a Church of England clergyman. “The ordinary man cannot, now, believe the outworn theories still taught by so many of the clergy—a New Movement is dawning. The ordinary man wants the God of the New Theology,—the all-prevailing principle of the Universe.”

What the “all-prevailing Principle of the Universe” is must be left to the Reader's decision.

What possible “New Theology” is to come, what it has to tell us, or why the “ordinary man” in our day should desire, or need one, seems obscure. The Faith which has proved sufficient to lead millions of Christian believers to God, Christ, and Heaven, must surely be good enough for us.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NEW THEOLOGY BOOK.

(NOTE.—The “Headings” are added.)

Jesus Not God.

“Catholic or Protestant, orthodox or unorthodox, Unitarian or Trinitarian, we all accept in practice the identity of the divine and

human in Jesus, and potentially in ourselves. But you make Him only a man! No, reader, I do not. I make Him the only man—and there is a difference" (page —77).

"We have only seen perfect Manhood once, and that was the Manhood of Jesus. The rest of us have to get there" (page—77).

"If by the deity of Jesus is meant that He possessed the all-controlling consciousness of the universe, then assuredly He was not the Deity, for He did not possess that consciousness. He prayed to His Father, sometimes with agony and dread; He wondered, suffered, wept, and grew weary. He confessed His ignorance of some things, and declared Himself to have no concern with others; it is even doubtful how far He was prepared to receive the homage of those about Him. If there be one thing which becomes indisputable from the reading of the Gospel narratives, it is that Jesus possessed a true human consciousness, limited like our own, and, like our own, subject to the ordinary ills of life" (pages 77-78).

A Sagacious "Agnostic," to whom we owe the following thoughtful criticisms, remarks here:—

"Further quotations seem unnecessary. I think I shall be right in saying that the 'New Theology' does not believe that Jesus was God in the orthodox sense of the words; but believes Him to have been a man, as human as ourselves, and no more Divine than ourselves, except that He was more perfect than any one of us."

Christ did not Rise from the Dead.

"It follows from this that the true resurrection is spiritual, not material, and this is the sense in which the word is most frequently employed in the New Testament" (page 217).

The Birth of Jesus not a Miraculous one.

"Popular theology has it that Jesus, the only begotten eternal Son of God, took human flesh and a human nature, was conceived by the Holy Ghost in the womb of a virgin, and was born into the world in a wholly miraculous way—a way which stamps Him as different from all that were ever born of woman before or since. It seems strange that belief in the virgin birth of Jesus should ever have been held to be a cardinal article of the Christian faith, but it is so, even to-day. (!) There is not much need to combat it, for most reputable theologians have now given it up, but it is still a stumbling block to many minds" (!) (page 97).

"The nativity stories belong to the Poetry of religion, not to History. To regard them as narrations of actual fact is to misunderstand them" (!) (page 103).

"The simple and natural conclusion is that Jesus was the child of Joseph and Mary, and had an uneventful childhood" (!) (page 105).

The Fall.

"This doctrine has played a mischievous part in Christian thought, more especially, perhaps, since the Reformation" (page 53).

"If it were not for the theological atmosphere which surrounds the question, we should see at once that it was ridiculous" (!) (page 59).

"Sufficient has been said to demonstrate the fact that the doctrine

of the "Fall" is an absurdity from the point of view both of ethical consistency and common sense." (!)

"After this it is almost superfluous to point out that modern science knows nothing of it, and can find no trace of such a cataclysm in human history" (page 60).

No Eternal Loss of the Soul.

"Perhaps it would help to clear up the subject if I were to say frankly before going any further that there is no such thing as punishment, no far-off Judgment Day, no great white throne, and no Judge external to ourselves. (!) I say there is no punishment of sin in the sense in which the word 'punishment' is usually employed" (!) (page 213).

When the *entire* Bible is full of God's Judgments, from the punishment of Adam and Eve, down to Revelations.

"It is difficult to speak with patience of the solemn non-committal way in which present-day theological writers discuss everlasting punishment. Many of them have an "open mind" on the subject, whatever that may be, and warn the rest of us not to dogmatise on the great mystery. It does not seem to occur to them that the Christian fundamental of the love of God renders the dogma of everlasting punishment impossible, for it implies that God will do the most for the being that needs the most, and surely that must be the most unhappy sinner" (!) (page 207).

The Atonement.

"The doctrine, as popularly held, is not only not true, but it ought not to be true; it is a serious hindrance to spiritual religion. Why in the world should God require such a sacrifice before feeling Himself free to forgive His erring children? And why should it be regarded as in any real sense a substitute for what is due from us, or any equivalent for what we should otherwise have to bear?" (page 117).

The "New Theology's" Idea of the Supreme.

"The word 'God' stands for many things, but to present-day thought it must stand for the uncaused Cause of all existence, the unitary principle implied in all multiplicity.

"Here the most devout Christian is just as much an agnostic as Professor Huxley (!); we can predicate nothing with confidence concerning the all-comprehending unity wherein we live and move and have our being, save and except as we see it manifested in that part of our universe which lies open to us" (page 18).

"One would think that this were so obvious as to need no demonstration (!). But how do ordinary Church-going Christians talk about God? They talk as though He were (practically) a finite being, stationed somewhere above and beyond the universe, watching and worrying over other and lesser finite beings—to wit, ourselves" (page 18).

"The God of the ordinary Church-goer, and of the man who is supposed to teach him from study and pulpit, is an antiquated theologian who made His universe so badly that it went wrong, in spite of Him, and has remained wrong ever since. Why He should ever have created it is not clear. Why He should be the injured party in all the miseries that have ensued is still less clear (!) The poor crippled child who has

been maimed by a falling rock, and the white-faced match-box maker who works eighteen hours out of the twenty-four to keep body and soul together, have surely some sort of a claim upon God, apart from being miserable sinners who must account themselves fortunate to be forgiven for Christ's sake. Faugh! It is all so unreal and stupid. This kind of a God is no God at all. The theologian may call Him infinite, but in practice He is finite. He may call Him a God of love, but in practice He is spiteful and silly" (!) (pages 19-20).

"Perhaps it would help to clear up the subject if I were to say frankly, before going any farther, that there is no such thing as Punishment,—no far off Judgment Day,—no Great White Throne,—and no Judge external to ourselves" (!) (New Theology, page 213).

NOTE.—One would venture to ask the dogmatizing "I" as frankly,—“before going any further,”—*where* he got that piece of information from? *Who* told him? What authorises the “there is no such thing,”—coming from one who knows absolutely nothing more about it than a Baby in a Perambulator except what has been revealed to us?

"It is quite a false idea to think of Jesus,—and no one else,—as the Son of God,—Incarnate" (!) (New Theology, page 108).

"We are justified in holding that,—whatever else He may be,—God is essentially Man" (!) (page 89).

"With what God have we to do except the God who is eternally Man?" (!)

[The traditional view]. "He" [Christ] "assumed human Nature but He was Eternally Divine before He did so,—and we are not." "I need not refute this argument, the trend of Modern Thought is doing so already most effectually—it is a gratuitous (!) assumption, without a shred of evidence to support it" (!) (New Theology, page 80).

Fancy the colossal impudence of the “trend of Modern Thought.” For what is *this*?

"I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go to the Father."

"And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was."

"For the Father himself loveth you because ye have loved me, and believed that I came out from God."

NOTE.—It is thought all will agree—with the sagacious Agnostic—that “further Extracts are needless.”

Such teaching in a day of admitted shallow Talk,—Verbiage,—Conceit,—and Impudence,—is not the amazing and ominous feature. The worst symptom is the tacit consent,—the very feeble opposition offered by (so-called) “Ministers of Christ” to such effusions,—from the pulpit.

We have really to depend upon, and thank, a very sagacious “Agnostic,” for the following well-reasoned challenge. His claim being that,—having *thus begun*,—the “New

Theology,"—*will have to go on* " and become like himself, a "logical" Sceptic.

The late C. Bradlaugh always asserted,—with no doubt equal truth,—the same. He always assured his Followers that he had tried to retain belief in a Supreme Being,—a Creator,—while rejecting altogether the Divinity of Christ,—but he not only found it,—as a reasoning being,—impossible to do so, himself, but that they,—if logical,—would find it to be so, also. No doubt, as an Atheist,—he expressed a profound Truth. No question, logically,—and Theologically,—it is "Christ" or "Nothing"!

The following acutely-reasoned criticism should be instructive also to our Unitarian friends, who profess to look up to our Lord as their Greatest Teacher. How they can *esteem*, and *revere* a Teacher, Who, if not Divine,—as He constantly asserted Himself to be,—our Future Judge,—"Alpha and Omega,"—"Before Abraham was,"—was the greatest Impostor the World has ever seen,—has always been *unintelligible* to the Christian Believer.

THE SAGACIOUS AGNOSTIC CRITICISES THE NEW THEOLOGY.

"And now we come to the question I want to ask the New Theologists, and that question is 'Why do they worship Christ?'

"If Christ were God, the worship would be what we should expect. But if Christ is a man, it seems to me that worship is extravagance.

"As I understand their position, they believe Christ to be a man: born as we were, in sin,—the most perfect man, but still a man.

"That being so, why address him as though he were God?

"What puzzles me is the failure of the New Theologists to perceive that with the Divinity, and the doctrine of 'the Fall' and the 'Atonement' this Worship vanishes, and prayer to,—or belief in,—Christ, becomes an absurdity!

"If Jesus was a man, he is dead, and cannot help us: he cannot hear our prayers.

"If Jesus was a man, he is not our 'Lord,' nor 'our God,' and to worship him is mere idolatry. Jesus was a Carpenter, and a Jew. He was a young man, unmarried, with little experience of men or of affairs. He preached a gospel which, if we divest it of apparent corruptions, was nearly as good as the religion of Buddha (!) If, again, we exclude apparent interpellations from the text of the New Testament, he lived a life of gentleness and mercy: and the priests murdered him for his pains.

"Are we to worship him because he was wise? There have been thousands of wise men. Are we to worship him because he was good? There have been millions of good men. Are we to worship him because he was a martyr? The earth has been drenched with the blood of the martyrs. And we do not worship any of the others, because they were men.

"And, again, if we abandon the old theory of the 'Fall' and the 'Atonement,' what sense is there in continuing to talk about Jesus as 'Our Blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ'? If there was no

'Fall,' there was no need of an 'Atonement.' If there was no sentence of Eternal Damnation, how is Jesus our 'Saviour,' and from *what* has he 'saved' us?

"So long as a man holds fast to the Old Theology, he may continue to pray, and to worship, without any charge of inconsistency. But directly he allows his reason to lift its head the whole fabric of his Christianity is doomed.

"The 'New Theologians' have begun to 'reason,' and they will have to go on. I do not believe they can help themselves. They have a just claim to call themselves Christians whilst they continue to worship Jesus; but they cannot long reconcile their reason to the worship of a dead man.

"As I said before, this idolatry of Jesus is the only difference that remains between their Christianity and my 'Agnosticism.' And I claim that my position is logical, and that their position is not.

"Their Congregations, I understand, accept the 'New Theology.' I have never been to one of their Services; but I feel sure that if I did go, and if I were to analyse the hymns and the prayers used in those Services the Members of the Congregation would be astonished to find how far they have already travelled towards my position as a Sceptic. They would be angry, very likely, and would resent my criticism; but they could not refute the logic of my case.

"The New Theology book enters the domain of reason, and renounces the dogmas of superstition. I claim that they cannot reconcile the one remaining fragment of their Christianity with reason. This is what I meant by saying that they are no more Christians than I am.

"How can any New Theologian pretend that Jesus is 'Our Saviour'? Or that it is a reasonable act to Worship a Man? Or that the whole fabric of the Christian religion, which rests upon him, is not illogical and obsolete? Or that there is any real and material difference between a 'Christian' of the New Theology and I, an 'Agnostic'?"

We read the following in the Papers (1907)—

CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

"Tents for the holding of Christian services have been set up in the very centre of the grounds of the International Exhibition now being held at Tokio, Japan. With singular impartiality the authorities have also permitted the erection of a very large statue of Buddha in the immediate vicinity of these tents. The Japanese and the crowds of other Orientals, including 3,000 Chinese students, now in Tokio are showing an extraordinary interest in Christian literature at the present time. The Japan Book and Tract Society sent an urgent appeal to the Religious Tract Society of London for the means of distributing books and tracts at the Exhibition. A reply was immediately sent by cable, and the next morning the people were blocking the roads in the Exhibition grounds in their eagerness to secure this literature."

READER. Is it not ominous to observe the Heathen World thus desiring "Christianity,"—and "Christian" Literature,—while,—after Centuries of our advantages,—an open Bible,—Christian Churches,—Christian Laws,—vast masses of "Christian" Books,—Christian Parents,—Christian Schools, and Education,—our Preachers, at home, are suffering

the Dry-rot of "Unbelief" ? Again, we read in the words of a learned Buddhist :—

THE HEATHEN UPON HEATHEN CHRISTIANITY.

"Christianity may make great progress in the Country parts of Japan, and may be in China," said one of the most enlightened and educated Buddhists of our day,—years ago,—"*for many are weary,—weary,—weary,—and it is a Religion easy to comprehend.* But not so with the well-educated in the large Towns. Here the most powerful Influence at work is your new English Philosophy, taught by Mill, Herbert Spencer,—and others. The Works of Huxley, Darwin, etc., are taught, and the young men read them with zest. Besides there are here *many English and Scotch Teachers who openly assail Christianity in their lectures, and teach an undisguised Materialism.* Your new Philosophy threatens Buddhism and Christianity alike. The Ancient Philosophy of Confucius is being replaced by it; it appears to be *threatening your own belief at home, and your Priests appear to be adapting their teaching to it, and probably their Creeds.* Buddhism and Christianity both teach purity, and *purity is the road to rest.* As men grow more wicked they despise the doctrine of purity. Do men keep Christ's precepts in England?"

The Educated Buddhist wrote this about the year 1882,—it seems almost Prophetic of 1907 ! This makes us thankful to remember the number of our noble Brothers, and Sisters,—Missionaries,—who,—leaving Home,—and all that would seem to afford happiness in this World,—are carrying the True Gospel of Jesus Christ to China and Japan. Not "Scientific Atheism."

"And this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the World for a witness unto all Nations ; and then shall the end come."

The cruel part of this sort of Teaching is that if it came from the Press,—or Platform of open, advertised, "above-board" Infidelity,—it would not pay to Print it. It is the fact that it comes from the (alleged) Pulpits of Christ that the novelty attracts Crowds of silly hearers upon whom it has the following deplorable effect they relate to us.

If such Teaching only extended to a solitary Sect,—or isolated "crank,"—so common now in U.S.A.,—no notice need be taken. But when Ministers in both Church, and Dissenting Chapels, publicly approve,—and,—it is understood,—are willing to unite with a "Society for the Encouragement of Progressive Religious Thought,"—it is well clearly to understand what these Ministers intend, in future, to preach from their Pulpits. For, once they join the "New Movement," they will, naturally, feel it incumbent upon them—(if they can do it without losing their Pulpits and Stipends),—to

enforce their "New Beliefs" or, rather, "Disbeliefs,"—upon their respective Congregations.

A Leading London Paper stated, "We are informed that Fifty Ministers (!) are willing to subscribe their definite adherence to the New Theology League, while many others, though in sympathy, prefer to maintain their independence." (!) (Then follow eighteen names.) "The remaining thirty ministers we are not, at present, at liberty to give."

THE RESULTS OF THE "NEW" PREACHING.

The following "impressions" already made upon the Hearers of such Teaching,—were sent to the Daily Papers. They should indeed awaken the Promoters of the New Movement to a sense of their Solemn Responsibility.

No. 1.—"Permit me to record the impression made upon my Mind—and I think I went with an 'open' one,—after attending the Modern Theology preaching. I believe it had the same effect upon many present in that crowd. It appeared to shatter all certain Belief either in the Divinity,—the Miraculous (or Virgin) Birth, or the Resurrection of our Lord,—and to convey to, and leave the impression on the vast Audience that Christ,—being thus born of a human father (consequently,—like us born in Sin,)—was in reality merely a human being like other great Leaders in Religion of Past Ages."

No. 2.—Another writes :—"The New Divinity Movement will have many followers ; for there is a vast number of Persons in this Country,—as in France,—on the edge of the same land of doubt these preachers boldly teach,—and doubts, too,—upon very vital points touching the Christian Religion. It will bring Misery to thousands of Minds."

Will it ? Then why on earth do "vast audiences" go,—not only to listen,—but to cheer, enthusiastically, such Preaching ? Why swallow the delusive,—verbose, so-called "eloquence" of our day of chatter and shallow thought,—when they could stay at home, and read in a penny "New Testament" every single thing about the "Christian" Religion any living Mortal can tell,—or ever will,—tell them ? Whose fault is the "misery"—alleged to be caused—but *their own* ? Who is going to tell them *one word*,—one syllable *more* than Christ has already told us ? No "Fall" of Man ? Can any clearer Proof be wanted of the "Fall" then in these eager,—cheering,—crowds,—only too desirous of hearing the true, solemn, Gospel of Jesus Christ frittered away ? Multitudes would be only too glad to hear that there was no Personal God,—no Hereafter,—no Future Judgment,—no Eternity!

A DAY OF APOSTASY.

"For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed ; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them."

"For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine ; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears ;

"And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."

"Preach the word : be instant in season, out of season ; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine."

No. 3.—A third attender writes :—"Upon that large Class of intelligent Young Men in our Cities, whose faith is already tried by the Example of their fellows, and their surroundings, the new teaching,—presented with verbose eloquence, comes as a master-stroke to sever the Sacred Influences of pious Homes,—and to shake their Belief in that Holy Book their faithful parents love and taught their children to reverence. Thus depriving them of the safeguard of Religion against the many fearful Temptations of City Life."

Finally comes,—this time from an evident admirer, and supporter, of the New Theology,—

No. 4.—"If this Movement is never able to do more than convince men that their Eternal Hopes lie in the Divine Fatherhood,—and not in the Substitution and Punishment of an innocent Christ,—it will have accomplished a work which will live and will have brightened the lives of thousands of despondent souls."

If the English language has any meaning, this is to say,—that, if the New Teaching can but dispose of the Atoning Sacrifice,—the only Redemption, and Reconciliation of fallen Man, with his awfully Holy God, through the all-availing precious Blood of Christ, shed, "the just for the unjust to lead us to God,"—and He can be put aside as a thing of naught,—a Mistake,—uncalled for, an atonement not needed,—that all this will "bring brightness to thousands of despondent souls"! READER! Did you ever encounter more astounding nonsense? The Christian Believer is the last person in this World to be "despondent."

Well may the Promoters of the Movement say to this admirer, "Preserve us from our Friends!"

The fact being that unless Jesus our Saviour had told us, of "Our Father Who art in Heaven,"—speaking, let it be remembered to His "believing" Disciples alone, not to Unitarians,—we should never have known about the "Divine Fatherhood" the writer alludes to at all. It was this fact,—the utter apparent indifference of Nature to the most awful catastrophes, which maddened the Heathen World. The Sun shone pleasantly on to the most awful scenes in human history, utterly regardless of the most terrible events. So far from being "despondent" the Believer in the "Atonement" looks upon the Unitarian rejecter of it as a Madman! It is *he* who will,—one day,—be "despondent" indeed!

This delusive, unscriptural preaching has no effect upon the true Christian, except as one more decisive proof of the "Fall" and man's perverted intellect. It is only upon those who neglect the prayerful study of God's Word, who are a prey to these dangerous Heresies. We "Believers" "know not the Voice of Strangers."

"And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers."

"But ye believe not, because ye are not of My sheep, as I said unto you."

"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me:

"And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."

"But ye believe not,"—here is the true cause given by Him Who "spake as no Man spake." READER! there is something *worse* than childish, incredible, credulity in intelligent, reasoning audiences allowing themselves to be duped by modern Heresies! What means this readiness,—almost at a moment's notice,—to Apostasy from our Holy Religion? Nothing more clearly proves the "Fall"—the very feeble hold the masses have upon our Christian Faith. It shows the existence everywhere in our day,—in spite of an open Bible,—Light,—Education,—to "An *evil heart* of Unbelief in *departing* from the Living God."—*Heb. iii. 12.*

"It is Christ or Nothing," expresses a profound Truth! Mankind *cannot go back!* "The Light,"—Jesus Christ,—the "Son of God,"—Divine,—has come into this Sinful, Fallen, Lost, World,—never again to go out of it till the Great Judgment Day! The World,—the New Theology,—may not like it,—may resist that Light,—but that Light has come,—whether the Unbeliever likes it or not,—and what is more, it is **going to stay.**

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

Unless Jesus was Divine, how could He be "with us always, even unto the End of the World"?

His "Light" may be resisted,—His Atonement cavilled at,—but you do it at your Peril.

"If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost."

"In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the Image of God, should shine unto them."—*I. Cor. iv., 3-4.*

This "Blinding of the Minds of them that believe not,"—cannot well be better illustrated than in the following teaching of another "New Theologian" leader.

"How is it possible to suppose Christ's alone,—of all the World's

Religious Leaders.—was a Virgin Birth? As an Historic Fact it is impossible. The Legendary Story of the Life of Jesus has twined itself about that noble, Central figure of the historical Founder of Christianity. Harnack, Pfeiderer, and a host of other theological authorities have come to the inevitable conclusion that the Story of the Virgin Birth is without historical foundation."

Reader. What,—on Earth,—do Haeckel,—Harnack, and Pfeiderer know, after 1907 years have now passed, more than we do? What are their "conclusions" worth? One Contemporary Writer of the "Early Church," Paul, whose letters or "Epistles" are allowed to be as authentic as those of Pliny or Cicero,—is worth "hosts" of modern (so-called) "authorities,"—who pretend to instruct others while utterly dependent,—as we are,—upon the New Testament for all they know, or ever will *know of what* took place 1907 years ago.

In the Next Chapters, the delusive Teaching that there has been no "Fall" of Man,—and that Man's (fallen) Nature is "Intrinsically and fundamentally" the same as that of God and Christ,—is contradicted by the *irresistable* Logic of *Facts*.

GOING AFTER "STRANGE GODS."

"Now the man Moses was very Meek,—above all the men which were upon the earth."
—*Numbers* xii., 3,
But "fallen" human nature was *too much* for *even* Moses! (Small blame to him either!)



THE GOLDEN CALF

And they said.—"These be thy Gods, oh! Israel" (!) (A Golden Calf.)
And when Moses came nigh unto the Camp, that he saw the Calf, and the dancing: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the Tables (of stone, with the Commandments graven on them) to pieces.—(See *Exodus* xxxii., 19.)

There are "Strange Gods" in 1907. The "Golden Calf" was *never* more worshipped.

CHAPTER LII.

NOTE.—The Reader,—especially the “Christian,”—will, at once, recognise the object,—and vital importance,—of this long struggle as to the real character of fallen “Human Nature.” One is compelled,—reluctantly,—to keep referring to one Work alone,—on “Modern Divinity,”—from the fact that,—notwithstanding its dogmatism,—loose assertion,—and careless writing,—it appears to be the only book at present extant which places the delusions of the “New Theology” before us in Print.

Two Great Questions are,—of course,—involved, viz. :

- (1) No “Fall,”—and no “Sin,”—then No “Redeemer,”—no “Saviour,” no “New Birth,” needful.
 - (2) No Eternal Loss of the Soul,—then, No “Cross,”—no “Divine Sacrifice,” no “Atonement” required.
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To ask the Reader,—once for all,—to decide these vital questions for himself,—a long chapter or two is needed.

A SAGACIOUS WRITER’S GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF “HUMAN NATURE,”—“AN EVIL THING,—OR BEAST,—OF OBSCURE ORIGIN, AND UNNAMED SPECIES.”—FALLEN HUMAN NATURE TOTALLY DIFFERENT AND UTTERLY OPPOSED TO THAT OF GOD AND CHRIST.—“THE TIGER,”—EVEN IN THE MOST CIVILISED, OR “RELIGIOUS” PERIODS OF MAN’S HISTORY — “WILL OUT.”

The following errors in the present widely spreading modern “Progressive Religious Thought,”—Craze,—are taken from the Printed Reports of the views held by its prominent Exponents.

Error No. 1.—Man is not a “fallen” Creature. Man’s nature is essentially the same as that of God, and Christ (!) There is an essential—intrinsic,—fundamental,—“Oneness,” common alike to human nature with the Divine (!)

If Christ was Divine,—so, in our measure, are we (!) Man is, in fact, a potential “Christ” himself, inasmuch as he who by toil, and pain, draws others upward, is helping to fill up that which is lacking in the sufferings of Christ (!)

Error No. 2.—“The ‘Fall’ of Mankind is a Myth.”

NOTE.—Then it is the most awful “Myth” upon Record !

It is a Romance of an Early Age,—intended for our Ethical instruction ! The crude,—early,—doctrine that Christ bore all human Sin is wrong. The true interpretation of the Atonement is that the Sacrifice of Christ is repeated in our human hearts, and this is the only power to lift Mankind (!)

It would seem difficult,—in an equal number of words,—to convey a greater number of absolutely erroneous statements,—so entirely contradicted by the irresistible logic of Facts,—by what we see on every hand, around us,—and by the entire experience of Mankind.

1. The Christian Believer utterly denies that there is anything whatever “lacking” in the “Sufferings of Christ.” That they were absolutely complete,—all-availing,—perfect,—and “Finished” upon the Cross. Our Lord said so.

“When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished : and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.”—*John* xix., 30.

2. The Modern Nonsense called “Christian” (?) Science,—teaching, that there is no such thing as actual—fatal,—“Sin” is contradicted by the Evidence of our Senses. and our Newspapers, every day we live. Also, that Man is “fundamentally” the same in nature as the Awfully Pure Holy, and Just, God,—in the light of common sense, and what is going on all over the entire World,—is an absolutely *grotesque* delusion.

THE LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH,—OUR FUTURE JUDGE,— KNEW WHAT WAS IN MAN.”

“But Jesus did not commit Himself unto them, because He knew all men.”

“And needed not that any should testify of man : for He KNEW WHAT WAS IN MAN.”—*John* ii., 25.

and gives us, indeed, a *very* different view of our “fallen” state.

“For, from within, out of the Heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, blasphemy, pride, foolishness.”—*Mark* vii., 21.

All these things come from within, and defile the man.

“Because the carnal mind is ENMITY against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.”—*Rom.* viii., 7.

Are we, sinful creatures, to ascribe these terrible attributes in *our* Hearts *also* to the Holy God? The Teaching which asserts there is an essential oneness in sinful man’s nature and that of the Divine’s approaches downright Blasphemy !

“But printed ‘Reports’ of mere Speeches, etc., are not very trustworthy,—they fail, often, to express the meaning intended to be conveyed.” True ! Let us keep to “Printed” Books !

Error No. 3.—“Perhaps it would help to clear up the subject if I were to say frankly,—before going any further,—that there is no such

thing as Punishment,—no far-off Judgment Day,—no White Throne,—and no Judge external to ourselves " (!)—" New Theology," page 213.

Then what is this ?

"And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment."

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ ; that every one may receive the things done in His body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

"For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all Judgment unto the Son."

"For the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice."

"And shall come forth ; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life ; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away ; and there was found no place for them."

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened : and another book was opened, which is the book of life : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

No such thing as Punishment ?

Surely the Tears,—the Groans,—the Deaths,—of countless Millions of human beings, for thousands of years,—have proved to Mankind that God's warnings are something more than 'Instructive Parables !' 'Thou shalt not eat of it,—for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die !'—*Gen. ii. 17.* And we all die !

"Punishment" enough ! Who wants "to die" ? While as to God's Judgments in the punishment of Sin and Sinners, the entire Bible is full of it,—from Genesis to Revelation !

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BOOKS TO SUPERSEDE THE BIBLE.

Error No. 4.—"The Young People in our Sunday Schools and various Christian Societies,—all over the World,—need well written,"

(NOTE.—Written by Unitarians, and New Theologians, one may suppose.)

"Popular Manuals, presenting in succinct form the best Results of Modern Biblical Criticism."

"The way the Bible is taught to Young People at present is most regrettable" (!) At present it is interpreted (!) by many people in a way harmful to the Moral Sense (!) Will anyone seriously maintain that the trickeries of Jacob, etc., are healthy reading for children,—or a mark of Divine Inspiration ? " (Page 262.)

Emphatically ! The honest way in which the Bible gives us the failings,—and terrible "falls" of its Saints and Heroes is the best proof of its Inspiration. Had it not chosen to give

them,—we should never have heard a word of the “Fall” of David, of Peter, or of Solomon,—or the trickeries of the *then unchanged* Jacob!

THOUGHTLESS BIBLICAL READERS. THE “TRICKERIES” OF JACOB.

Reader, will you turn for a moment to page 461 of this book, on the trickery of Jacob,—as a Bible Study,—also the History of Boy David,—page 359,—and the Boy Joseph,—page 371? More instructive Reading for the Young than the study of these beautiful stories of the Old Testament cannot be conceived!

Let us read these beautiful old Bible Stories, with common sense explanations, as in this Book,—upon all occasions, and at the same time offer up the humble Prayer, “From Modern Biblical Criticism,—and New Theology ‘Manuals’—Good Heaven preserve them!”

CHRIST’S WORK WAS “FINISHED.”

Error No. 5. The New Theology Teaching strikes at the very root of the Gospel Belief. Christ’s work was complete,—His Precepts,—His Example Perfect,—it is Man who refuses to obey! This false Modern Teaching claims that our Saviour’s “Redemption” was not,—after all,—a Finished Work,—all availing,—complete,—“finished,”—when He said,—upon the Cross,—upon which alone all true Christians for nigh 2,000 years have happily, joyfully, placed their entire trust for “a sure and certain hope of a joyful Resurrection.” It asks us to believe that our Lord’s Redemption was, after all,—incomplete,—and that a continual Sacrifice is still needed, and is still going on, in which we,—not Christ alone,—have an important,—nay, “potential” part to take. Thus, it is the old, old tale! Christ is to be belittled, “fallen” Mankind to be exalted. Man becoming in his measure a miniature but “potential” Christ to himself.

NO CONVICTION OF SIN.

The secret of all this delusive Teaching is lack of Conviction of Sin. There never existed a true Christian,—nor ever will,—who has not first felt “Conviction” of his utter sinfulness by Nature. Without this very first step to seeking, and “finding” Christ,—Salvation is impossible! Why? Because no human being, in his Senses, ever earnestly seeks a “Good Physician,”

—while absolutely convinced that he is in perfect health, and has no need of any Physician at all. The first step to Salvation is "Conviction of Sin," and the modern teaching lacks it altogether,—with evidently a resolve not to admit or feel the awful Thing Sin really is. The delusion of the "Rev. Mrs. Eddy" The following, is a graphic description of our fallen human Nature,—in its hopeless (apart from Divine aid) life's Struggle with Sin :—

SIN GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED BY AN OBSERVANT WRITER.

NOTE.—By whom,—and where,—the following appeared is not known. It is as substantially accurate as an imperfect MSS. permits.

"FALLEN" HUMAN NATURE, AND ITS LIFE'S CONFLICT.

"Human Dignity,"—claims this observant Writer,—"*appears to consist in fighting habitually against certain characteristics we human beings appear to possess in common with the Brute Creation we see around us. Indeed, we human beings appear capable of a fathomless state of degradation more repulsive, and far more fatal, than anything the lowest type of the Brute Creation can possibly sink into.*"

NOTE.—What a *contrast*, this truthful description to the delusions of the New Divinity !

"Nature having placed certain limits to their evil propensities by implanting overpowering Instincts,—such as care of their Young, etc. But with us,—until Death intervenes,—and the Criminal passes from our view,—so long as the power for Evil obtains there would appear to be absolutely no limit in human beings,—to the depths of degradation,—ferocity,—hatred,—cruelty,—vice,—crime, etc., and the capacity, and desire to effect Evil, after a certain fatal Stage has been reached. Till Death intervenes, we see no pause in the frightful descent. And if, as some claim,—there exists a future State of Existence, in another,—what "Christians" call a "Spiritual,—World," *we have no guarantee that this frightful state of things may not be continued indefinitely ! Why should it not ? What is to prevent it ?*"

NOTE.—*Precisely* the result, the "Christian" holds will take place with the wicked when God,—Who alone can "prevent" it,—and Christ, cast such off for ever, and *leave them*, as they desired, during their lives,—to their "fallen" nature, and to its Awful End.

"AN EVIL THING OF UNNAMED SPECIES AND OF OBSCURE ORIGIN."

"This Strange Conflict,"—this observant Writer continues,—"*which every self-respecting human being has to sustain, is rendered imperative from the Mysterious Fact that there appears to exist in Creation an Unseen, Evil Thing,—Beast,—or Power,—or Presence,—of obscure origin,—and unnamed Species,—but apparently intelligent and active. This Obscure Thing appears to be perpetually striving,—unless habitually and strongly opposed,—to obtain the Mastery of,—and to degrade the Intellect,—and Moral Faculties of Mankind,—ever sug-*

gesting to the human mind,—low, selfish, unworthy,—unprincipled,—Motives for Conduct. Never scrupling to advise and to urge Vice, Dishonesty, Hatred, Pride, and personal gratification, totally regardless of the cost,—however fatal it may,—and often does,—prove to others,—even though it ends in Crime, and Death, itself. A result,—and termination,—which this Evil Beast, or Thing, is, apparently, by no means averse, should prove the climax. Even suggesting Suicide. In fact,—if not actively and strenuously opposed,—and allowed to usurp control, this Evil Thing appears, at length, to become intimately associated with the Human Heart,—dominating the Mind,—Intellect,—Thought,—and Actions. A fatal degeneration is observed to, then, set in. Worthy aspirations,—the sense of duty,—love,—and all the amiable and lovable traits of Character, seem to die gradually away. Instead of a self-respecting Life it becomes low, and repulsive. A silent, Moral,—and frequently Physical,—decay, a rottenness, seems to set in, comparable to the corruption we observe in dead, decaying matter in the outward World. The mind in this Stage appears to feel no pleasure except when feeding upon Garbage, such as Vice, Avarice, Drunkenness, etc. All else seems to become insipid, and unable to satisfy the fallen Mind. Indeed,—in extreme cases,—notorious Criminals complain, and assert, that they actually *felt something*, to use their own expressive words, “*tugging at them*,”—to commit a great Crime, and giving them no rest until the Murder, or other fatal deed was accomplished. But, in most cases,—surprising to observe,—a certain blinding conceit, or Pride, appears actually to hide from the victim his fatal loss, and real condition. What others see clearly enough he either cannot,—or will not,—recognise for a moment; and all attempts to warn, or deter, is usually challenged, and resented.

“There appears, however, at times, in some cases, intervals when his true condition is realised; producing a kind of frantic Rage, or Despair, not unfrequently ending in Self-destruction; a fatal termination the obscure, restless, Evil Thing contemplates by no means with sorrow, even if it be not suggested by it. Much the same result occurs in cases of Intellectual Persons giving way to Avarice, Pride, Bigotry, and absurd Delusions held in ‘Religion,’ etc.

AN OPPOSING POWER.

“It is, however, important to recognise that, in this Mysterious Conflict, there exists also a Powerful opposing Force. It is needful to observe that, throughout this life-long conflict, the obscure, Evil Thing has, itself, to be continually struggling,—in apparently a life and death grapple,—with **Another Power**, beneficent and good in itself,—but, to it, hateful, and desperately opposed,—which we call the ‘**Moral Conscience**’ of human beings. This equally obscure, and unseen, Influence, or Presence, enters into a desperate life-long conflict with the other. There is **no quarter** asked, or given! One or the other conquers! But, once let the beneficent, well-meaning, and kindly, Power be ignored, or despised,—and the Evil Chosen,—then we see the terrible, Evil Thing,—or, Beast,—looking out of *still human eyes*, usually suppressed,—frivolous,—and contemptuous,—but in others bursting out into fierce Rage and Despair; greedy,—foul,—monstrous! At times grinning, and grotesque,—but always dangerous,—sinister,—and repulsive!”

Reader, did you ever meet with a more graphic or true description of that, Sin,—in its many Forms,—“which doth

so easily beset us" ? Before this Writer, the " Fool's Paradise " taught by Mrs. Eddy, of U.S.A., and Modern apologists of Sin,—or denial that such a thing exists,—looks very silly indeed ! We cannot have our Common Sense abused ! Our Convict Prisons, the Gallows, our Asylums, our Hospitals, our Slums, and ruined Homes, witness that Sin is an Awful, Final,—absolutely Fatal Thing in its results.

And,—although the sagacious Writer deals with the visible, open, gross type of Sin, with its unfathomable degradation, till Death hides its awful future from our eyes,—he might, with equal truth, have added the Sin of Unbelief to his description as equally deadly, although unseen, for it kills the soul in Secret and by Stealth.

THE SAGACIOUS WRITER'S DESCRIPTION CONFIRMED BY SCRIPTURE.

" Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey ; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness ? "

" For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh : and these are contrary the one to the other : so that ye cannot do the things that ye would."

" Be not deceived ; God is not mocked : for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

" For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption ; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—*Galatians* vi., 7.

" And Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."—*James* i., 15.

FALLEN HUMAN NATURE IS ABSOLUTELY AND DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSED TO THE DIVINE NATURE.

So far from being essentially the same as the Divine, our fallen nature,—(apart from " change " of heart,—called " Conversion "),—is,—ever has been,—and ever will be, absolutely opposed in every conceivable way to every Precept and Command of God and Christ !

We cannot keep the very first Commandment,—we can no more " love God with all our Hearts," than we can Fly ! There is not a Precept or Command of our Lord's which does not go utterly against the grain of our human nature. " Love your Enemies." What Nation, Heathen, or Civilised, ever even pretends, or desires, to attempt such a thing ? " Lay not up Treasure upon Earth,"—where exists the Nation, or People, who are not busily engaged in doing so ?

"For the Wisdom of this World is foolishness with God."

"For the preaching of the Cross to them that perish foolishness."

"But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God ; for they are foolishness unto him."

"Neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Yet, with amazing assurance,—ignoring the entire Experience of Mankind, and the Teaching of Christ,—we are asked to believe that,

Error No. 6.—"The divergence between the 'New Theology' and the 'old' goes deep,—but does not touch the Foundation of Truth."

On the contrary, every true Christian will claim that the "divergence" of such teaching,—not only "touches" but attempts to abuse our common sense,—ignore the Bible,—and thus destroy "the Foundation of Truth," upon which our Christian Belief has rested, on a Rock. for nigh 2,000 years, and will rest—in spite of delusive modern heresies,—for ages to come.

There is not a Nation, or Country, in 1907, where "Fallen" Mankind is not saved from the old Scenes of Outrage, Ruin, Anarchy, and Crime,—simply by "Christian" Laws,—the "Laws of Christ,"—enforced by the ever needful presence of Law,—the Laws of Christianity backed by the power of Police, and the Military in the background !

Human Nature is not altered,—"The Tiger" in the fallen Masses only needs to be aroused !

A NEWGATE CALENDAR.

So far from being an "intrinsic oneness" between our fallen nature and Divinity, the Entire Record of the Human Race, from the earliest Dawn of History,—has been one long "Newgate Calendar" of Bloodshed,—Tyranny,—and Wrong ! It is one long History of Outrage,—through the ages,—of the stronger,—the white,—Races enslaving the weaker,—a dismal record of Oppression,—Injustice,—Savage Cruelty,—callous Massacres, and Crimes !

From the Earliest Records of every Country, and Nation, from the far distant Past to 1907,—down to Modern Russia in our day,—come down to us the same terrible History of Sin and Outrage ! The stronger conquering,—or murdering,—the weaker,—or coloured races, amid Scenes of Massacre and torrents of human blood ! There is Blood and Death everywhere ! Every page in the History of Mankind is wet with Human Blood ! And,—after 1900 years of "Christianity"

it is so still ! In 16 years,—between 1854-70,—1,761,491 beings were killed in War ! Dr. Engel, the noted statistician, makes it more ! Then we had the Taiping Revolution,—in which by the Asiatic System of War, for vast areas, thousands of square Miles, every living Creature,—not only Men, Women, and Children, but all living animals, were exterminated,—till that great man Gordon ended the Massacres. Then came the unprintable horrors of the Bulgarian. and Armenian Atrocities,—countless lives, and entire Villages, cleared off the Earth,—still continued, in our day,—by atrocities in the Congo, upon defenceless Natives, enslaved, and mutilated. Finally, the awful doings in Russia the past two years. All proves what fallen human nature is capable of doing ; once the tiger is roused,—or his Selfish Interests are involved,—Man is far more dangerous than a wild animal ! Do you doubt it ? Then procure a second-hand copy of “ The Slave Trade,” by T. Fowell Buxton (Murray), 1840. The most frightful collection of outrage,—inhuman cruelty,—and crime,—ever got together from the Sworn Evidence,—official Documents, etc.,—presented to Parliament. We have here the Awful System which went on for Generations, from (1) The murderous armed Bands, surprising the defenceless villages of Africa. Christian Nations,—carrying off,—amidst fire and murder,—the likely Slaves,—torn for ever from their Families and Country to hard labour for Life in America ; (2) The terrible March of Shackled Slaves to the Coast ; (3) Death, and Cruelties in the Pens, till the Slave Ships could take the *healthy* survivors off, leaving the rest to die of hunger and diseases ; (4) The awful accounts of the voyage across the Atlantic in the “ Slave Ships,” of that age of outrage and sin ! As late as 1859, 15,000 wretched shackled, Slaves in a deplorable state were landed in America. If one-half survived the horrors of the voyage *it paid* ! It was the Devil’s usual Bait, the Great Profits of the Cursed Traffic, like the Drink Trade, being, as usual, too much for fallen human nature ! The terrible Civil War ended the Traffic. While the South were fighting, the faithful Negroes, instead of rising, actually took care of their Estates and Families. Now their Reward appears to be being burnt to death with Petroleum, etc., without any proper Trial, and it frequently proves, the innocent victims. Still, the White Man is so superior a “ Christian ” that he will never sit at the same table as a coloured man !

The treatment of the Native Blacks by the powerful White Nations from the time the Spaniards landed in America, actually exterminating the Mexicans in their lust for Gold, chasing them with Bloodhounds, and making the wretched

Natives,—unused to toil,—work to death in the Mines, has ever been a disgrace to Humanity,—not to say, “Christianity.”

“But these were the deeds of desperate characters, making no pretensions to Religion; this is no proof of the Universal ‘Fallen’ Human Nature.” But Spain professed to be Christian.

THE “FALL” OF MAN FATAALLY SHOWN IN WHAT HE TOOK FOR “RELIGION.”

However, let us see “human nature”—when *at its best* when Civilisation and *Religion* (!) *came in*. Let the “Fall” be best illustrated by Mankind in the “Religious Period.” The “Tiger” *would out!* The true time to test human nature,—to judge of a Government,—or Church,—is when it had unlimited Power,—had all its own way,—when they could drown the Voice of the People by keeping them in gross ignorance,—and Superstition,—and commit their “*Political Crimes*” unopposed.

THE “FALL” ILLUSTRATED BY “POLITICAL” OR “STATE” CRIMES.

“God is Love.”



Edward Underhill,—One of the “Gospellers” (Protestant) burnt to death in the Tower of London, in Mary’s Reign, 1555.

Reader, do you see the slightest trace here in these horrors, in fallen Man's most Religious Period of "intrinsic and fundamental oneness" in his nature with God's, and Christ's?

In the very first year of this Wretch's Reign (1555),—after Christ's laws,—given below,—had been taught His Church for 1,500 years—71 innocent Englishmen were burnt to death in agonies. Guilty of no Civil Crime,—greatly beloved Pastors and Ministers, such as Bradford, Bishop Hooper, Bishop Ridley, Rogers, etc., loyal English Citizens,—excellent characters, leading Pious,—most useful,—Lives,—devoted to their Duties, their Flocks, and their Protestant Country; 89 more valuable lives were sacrificed the next year (1556); 88 more in 1557,—and 40 in 1558,—when all England thanked God that the Wretch died, and Protestantism, with its Law of Religious Liberty for Catholics, as well as all other Sects,—with God's blessing, to the English Empire, set in—only to be temporarily obscured by the miserable Reign of that despicable Tyrant, James II.

TOLERATION. CHRIST'S LAWS.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

"This is My commandment, that ye love one another."

"If ye love Me, keep My commandments."

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."

"By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

"Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

PIOUS,—DEVOUT,—CATHOLICS.

No one doubts that the devout, truly pious, Roman Catholics of that dark day, looked with equal abhorrence,—with their fellow citizens,—upon these "Political Crimes."

READER,—put your hand close to a lighted Candle for a moment only,—then fancy the agony of these poor creatures when the entire body was exposed to flame for, in some instances, many minutes before death!

And *what was it all for?* To stamp out Civil and Religious Liberty in England, as in France and Spain in 1555.

In 1907, we gave a scoundrel "three months hard labour" for putting a live Puppy on a fire! We all have a great respect for our good old English Roman Catholic Families. WHY? Because they have ever been loyal to their country, remembering that,—though Catholics,—they were still Englishmen. For let it never be forgotten that Protestants and Catholics

alike hold the very same "Belief" in what,—after all,—is the one essential Truth,—that "Salvation" depends upon acceptance of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—and upon our Share in His Wondrous, all-availing Sacrifice, or Atonement. They are, therefore,—alike "Christians," and, if so, must, as Christians, condemn ferocious Bigotry.

It is well known during the St. Bartholomew Massacre in Paris many of the Huguenôt Protestants were saved by being secreted, and helped out of Paris. Also, that in the general Massacre which ensued through France, the Governors of some towns absolutely refused to obey their instructions, or permit it, on the ground that they did not hold their position in order to murder their fellow citizens.

The true Roman Catholic Poet,—Alexander Pope,—in his Noble "Universal Prayer," expresses the feeling of English-speaking Christians,—whether Catholics or Protestant,

"Let not my weak,—unknowing hand,—presume Thy bolts to throw,
Or hurl Damnation o'er the Land,—on each I deem Thy foe.
If I am Right,—Thy grace impart,—still in the Right to stay,
If I am Wrong,—oh, teach my heart to seek the better way!"—*Pope*.

THE "AGNOSTIC" VERSUS "THE BIGOT."

Still,—having condemned at such length, "Unbelief,"—it is but fair to observe that, if History is asked, "Which of the two has proved the most cruel,—ferocious,—and dangerous,—to his Fellow Creatures (in spite of his so-called "Religion") (1) the "Agnostic," or (2) the Frantic,—Deluded,—Bigot? the entire past History of the last 500 years is compelled to reply, "The Bigot."



The Fig Tree.



The Vine.

To illustrate, by a figure, a time of public tranquillity, and profound peace, the expression is employed, *Micah* iv., 4,—“They shall sit, every man under his vine, and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid.”

“And Judah and Israel dwelt safely,—every man under his vine and fig tree,—from Dan even to Beersheba, all the days of Solomon.”—*I. Kings* iv., 25.

“Nathanael saith unto Him, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee.”

“Nathanael answered and saith unto Him, Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel.”—*John* i., 48.

THE “OLD WINE,”—THE EVIDENCE OF THE “EYE-WITNESSES,”—THE APOSTLES,—PAUL,—PETER,—JOHN,—BETTER THAN ALL THE HAECKELS,—HARNACKS,—PFLEIDERERS—AND OUR MODERN “BIBLICAL CRITICS” OF 1907.

THE VINE.

The Spies reporting that it was a “land flowing with milk and honey.”



“We came unto the Land,”—[The Promised Land],—“whither thou sentest us; and surely it floweth with Milk and Honey, and this is the Fruit of it.”—*Numbers* xiii., 27.

The Spies' return.

“Now the time was the time of the first ripe grapes, and they came unto the brook of Eschol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bore it, between two upon a staff; and they brought of the pomegranates, and of the figs.”—*Numbers* xiii., 23.

CHRIST,—THE VINE.

"I am the true Vine, and My Father is the Husbandman. Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit, He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the Vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without Me ye can do nothing."—*John xv.*, 1-5.

THE "NEW" THEOLOGY VERSUS THE "OLD" WINE.

Erròr No. 7.—"The Bible is not meant to fetter us, but to help us. It is not infallible,—being written by fallible men. Take, for instance, the Atonement,—we no longer agree with Paul in everything. (Cheers.) It is Paul's opinion,—not necessarily infallible" (New Theology).

"At present, Paul's opinion on the great subject of the Atonement, by many people, is supposed to be decisive. Paul says this,—and Paul says that,—and when Paul has spoken there is no more to be said. But why should it be so? Paul's opinion is not necessarily a complete and adequate statement of truth (!)" (New Theology, page 188).

We read in the papers: "Although the sitting accommodation provides for 7,500, the building was filled to its utmost capacity,—the utterances being frequently endorsed with emphatic bursts of applause." (!)

Surely a more "emphatic" proof of the "Fall" in human nature cannot be asked for, than in this eager rushing to hear and applaud such errors. What,—on earth,—were these silly crowds "*applauding*"? *Reject* the New Testament,—who is going to give them anything *else*? It ominously shows the eager joy with which crowds of "Fallen" Mankind would hail the news that there was no Hereafter,—no Future Life of Weal or Woe,—or even, no *God at all*!

PAUL'S OPINION.

It is instructive here to turn to the certainly "decisive" opinion of that amazing Servant of God,—that devoted Evangelist,—the Great Apostle Paul. This wondrous Teacher had reached the close of his glorious Career,—his painful journeys, his ceaseless Labours for his Master,—were now drawing to their close,—he was now looking forward to crown all, by following that Lord to a painful death.

PAUL'S FAREWELL.

"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

"And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more."

"And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all."

"And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him."

"Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

PAUL'S, PETER'S, AND JOHN'S "DECISIVE" OPINION.

"No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new : for he saith, The old is better."—*Luke* v., 39.

"But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you."—II. *Peter* ii., 1.

"Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."—II. *Tim.* iii., 7.

"For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine ; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears."

"And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."—II. *Tim.* iv., 3.

"But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

"As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed."—*Gal.* i., 8.

"For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, *that they* are the enemies of the cross of Christ."—*Phil.* iii., 18.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God : because many false prophets are gone out into the world."—I. *John* iv., 1.

There can hardly be a greater proof of the Divine Inspiration of the New Testament than the vitality of its Warnings. The above exhortations of the Apostles might have *well* been written for the year 1907 !

Paul was converted to Christ,—not long after the Crucifixion.

PAUL,—PETER,—JOHN,—CONTEMPORARY WITNESSES,—OR
THE "BIBLICAL CRITICS" OF 1907,—WHICH IS IT
TO BE ?

The First thing the modern "Biblical Critic" has to attempt is the old,—old, attack upon the Bible. It must ever be so ! Until that is done Unbelief has no standpoint ; it cannot exist.

THE OLD THEOLOGY,—DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.

As men of culture, like Paul, Luke, etc., joined the Early Church, can we imagine they would not employ the Scribes of that day, to produce copies of the accounts given by the Apostles—helped by the Holy Spirit—of their three years' experiences with their Master?

Undoubtedly these copies would be needed to be read constantly, and sent to distant churches as they were being formed all over the Roman Empire. Even Paul requires the parchments, 'The Cloak that I left at Troas, with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, but *especially the parchments.*'

Surely, when our choice lies between these inspired records of the New Testament and modern eccentricities, we may wisely follow the example of the judicious taster of the new wine—"No man also having drunk old wine straightway desireth new; for he saith, The old is *better!*"

Facts.

(1) We know that the early followers of our Lord, after His Ascension, lived all 'together,' in a Community, 'And all that believed were together, and had all things common.'

Peter, John, our Lord's Mother, in a word, all the Apostles were there, and Paul constantly with them.

(2.) Also, that to the Apostle John, our Lord consigned the care of His Mother, Mary,—'Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy Mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.'

(3). We also know that vast numbers of new Converts were 'added daily to the church.' Is it, then, conceivable that the Mother of our Lord—constantly with the Apostles—was not incessantly required—with them—to relate to the new Converts all that had taken place, their flight into Egypt,—the miraculous birth,—the warnings to Joseph and herself, of that coming event, etc.?

Our *Common Sense* tells us it *must* have been so. *What else* were the Apostles living for, but to spread knowledge of the Gospel events?

If the Crucifixion took place about the year 33,—Paul's conversion and reception by the Early Christians must have occurred shortly after,—at most three years after. Every detail was fresh in their memory. Paul must have had endless opportunities of learning all.

Peter, James, and John were there to Record our Lord's Life,—Teaching,—Miracles,—Death,—and Resurrection,—so were the other Eleven Apostles who were with Jesus "from the beginning."

"And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with Me from the beginning."

"But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of Me."

(4) Lastly—Before our Lord left His followers He distinctly promised that when the Holy Spirit came, "Whom the Father

will send in My Name, He shall teach you all things, and bring *all things* to your *remembrance* whatsoever I have said unto you." Whose record, then, would any *sane* person *prefer*? Those of the actual eye-witnesses,—from whom Matthew, Luke, etc., *distinctly* say they obtained *their's* from, or the teachings of persons in our day,—nearly nineteen centuries after,—who know absolutely not a *word*, not a *syllable*, more about what really took place than we do?

The Epistles of Paul are now allowed to be as authentic as those of Pliny,—Cicero,—or the Commentaries of Cæsar.

We have done with the ignorance of the old School of Atheists. Modern Criticism and Scholarship, for instance, no longer permit the Renan, or Strauss, School of Infidelity, to disallow the authenticity of the letters of the early Christian Writers; such as the Epistle of Clement, A.D. 97, the letters of Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, A.D. 110, or the Epistles of Paul to the Romans, Galatians, etc., written about A.D. 58, or, as some think, a little earlier.

The Believer claims that the "Epistles" or Letters of Paul, written, say, about A.D. 60,—had for their contemporaries, even at that early date, Manuscript accounts, or written Records, of the Gospel Events, established by Witnesses still then alive, and able to confirm them. Indeed, Paul more than once appeals to these witnesses for their confirmation. Also, that the Apostle John wrote at the close of his prolonged life, some 30 years after this. Thus completing the "New Testament." That the "Gospel," "New Covenant Gospel," "Narrative," or "New Testament," existed in the form of Manuscripts, at a very early Period, cannot be doubted.

Nor can our Common Sense decline to believe that the accounts of what had taken place, thus produced, were sent to,—and read, before the early distant Churches precisely as the Gospel has been read in our English Churches of a Sunday for Ages past.

In the Great Apostle Paul, we have an acute,—powerful,—most intellectual,—highly trained,—observer, *actually on the spot*. The Early Christians *lived all together*, there was Mary the Mother of our Lord,—taken care of by the Apostle John,—the beloved disciple to whom she had been entrusted by Jesus. There were His brothers,—some of them no longer "Unbelievers" in Him. They would relate all the early incidents of the Life of our Lord, His Childhood and Boyhood, to the new Converts constantly, now joining the Christian Early Church. And here was Paul *living with them*, with every opportunity of *hearing all* that the *twelve Apostles* had to relate of our Lord's Ministry,—Deeds,—and Teaching.

Paul was no child, no uneducated fisherman, but a Jewish Scribe,—evidently a highly-trained, leading, man amongst the Pharisees, the most cultured men of their day.

THE GOSPEL "INVESTIGATED" BY PAUL.

Here, then, we have a highly-trained, acute Pharisee,—a Man of evidently astonishing Intellectual Powers,—living at the time,—constantly in the company of the Apostles and Disciples. Can we have our common sense abused not to believe that he would subject the Witnesses who had been with our Lord throughout His ministry to the "highest criticism"; gathering from Mary, the Mother of our Lord, Peter, John, and numberless others, every detail he could obtain of the marvellous events of the past years?

PAUL'S CONCLUSIONS, AND "OPINION."

No European Scholar of repute now challenges the Letters or "Epistles" of "Saul" or "Paul" as fabrications. It is admitted that these Letters are as genuine as the Letters of Pliny, of Cicero, or the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar.

What was the result of Paul's investigation? We have it, in his wondrous "Letters,"—or "Epistles." No one would know better than Paul, a highly-trained Pharisee,—brought up amongst them, and the "Scribes,"—the value of *documentary Evidence*; the importance of having the details of our Lord's Birth, Ministry, Death, Resurrection, taken down from the mouths of the Disciples, etc., who had been eye-witnesses, and "with Jesus," from the beginning.

Numbers of Converts to Christianity were now joining the Early Church,—new churches were being formed at a distance. The Converts had to hear what had actually taken place. Who doubts that Paul and the Apostles employed the "parchments" and Scribes of that day to duplicate Authentic Records of the "Gospel"? These duplicates would be sent to all the new Churches to be read, and taught, daily, just as we read the New Testament in our Churches, Chapels, or Families, in 1907.

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.

"The Cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring *with thee*, and the books, *but especially the parchments.*"

Who can doubt that these were the "Parchments" or copies Paul "especially" reminds Timothy to bring with him?

PAUL'S LETTERS (" EPISTLES ") AND OUR " TESTAMENT."

Every authority of importance in Europe,—and Scholar of Repute,—now recognises the authenticity of these Witnesses. The Believer claims that Paul had constant access to Manuscripts,—Accounts,—or Records,—of the Gospel Events, established by Witnesses then alive, and able to *confirm* them *personally*. Indeed, everything points to the "four Gospels" having some early, common, Source from which those details were carefully taken. Paul more than once appeals to these living Witnesses. Though some, he says, "have fallen asleep."

The Apostle John's Writings are placed about the year 90, at the close of his long life. But Paul being converted to Christianity about the year 36,—only two or three years after the Crucifixion,—his letters had probably a range of some twenty years. Paul must have known everything that was to be known.

Thus, the "New Testament" was completed. Before such contemporary Witnesses of our Lord's Birth, Boyhood, Ministry, Death, and Resurrection,—how colossal the impudence of our 1907,—modern "Biblical Critics!" Pretending, after nigh 2,000 years have passed, to know more than the Apostle Paul, and others *on the spot*!

Yet, with barefaced effrontery, up comes some "Pfleider," with something "New" to tell us, when we all are aware that such "Critics" know no more than we do ourselves!

When the terrible persecution of the Early Christians began, no doubt their Enemies, the adverse Jews,—and Heathens,—made every *effort* to *destroy* the Writings, Books, etc., of the Followers of the New Religion. Still, for years before these awful Persecutions began, we read

"Then had the Churches rest throughout all Judea and Galilee and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied."

During these years of Peace, numberless copies of the early Records by the Apostles were doubtless produced, and were taken to every part of the Roman Empire as the Gospel spread all over the known World. In fact, the amazing success Christianity met with, and its Establishment,—without the "Sword of Mahomet,"—without Military assistance, and in direct opposition to a Heathen Government, and World, is the greatest Miracle in the History of Mankind! The Iron Hand of Rome had, in God's Providence,—by conquering the then

known World, with its various Tribes,—rendered intercourse and Travel practicable to the most distant Races.

So far from the early Converts to Christianity having anything to *gain* by their joining the Early Church, they had, at first, *everything* to *lose*. Yet their numbers increased by Tertullian's time, as he relates, to such an extent, that, by 305 A.D., vast numbers of the soldiers in the Roman Legions were Christians, and the Pagan powers in the State were waning. "Our origin is but recent,"—says Tertullian, to the Magistrates, in his noble exposition of the Christian's Life and "Belief," of that day,—“yet we already fill all the places your power possesses,—your Cities,—Fortresses,—Islands, Provinces, Assemblies of the People, even the Palace, Senate, the Public Places, and above all the Armies. With what ease might we not rise and arm ourselves did not our Christian Religion restrain us.” (Tertullian).

Would that the Early Christians had continued to obey this the Law of our Lord,—and *never* taken up *arms at all*!

CHRIST FORBIDS THE SWORD.

“Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world : if My kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight.”

“And one of them smote the servant of the high priest, and cut off his right ear.”

“And Jesus answered and said, Suffer ye thus far. And He touched his ear, and healed him.”

“Then said Jesus unto Him, Put up again thy sword into his place : for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.”

The Christians were becoming potential,—in God's Providence,—and with the Divine aid, without an Army, or Mahomet's "Religion of the Sword." It was an Evil day to the pure, true, early Spiritual Church of Christ when Persecution ceased, and the Worldly, Politic Roman Emperor, Constantine,—a Pagan at heart,—decided to place the New Religion in possession of Imperial Power,—effecting that woeful association of "Church and State,"—Pagan "Ritual," Robes, Mitres, Wax Tapers, Bells, Processions, Incense, Images, etc.,—all borrowed from the Roman Heathen Temples of Constantine's time,—gradually adopted, and copied by the once simple, spiritual, early Christians.

Here,—once more.—we see how soon the pure, spiritual, Religion of Jesus Christ is corrupted by "fallen" human nature, soon falling away from the purity of its early days, to long ages of corruption and childish Superstition. Those terrible,—

"Dark," or "Middle Age,"—Superstitions,—when Civilisation seemed to make an "awful Pause."

"SCYLLA" AND "CHARYBDIS."

There are,—indeed,—two Rocks in Religion,—equally fatal to true Christianity, producing (1) The Cruel, Dangerous, "Bigot"; (2) The "Agnostic."

The Rock "Scylla" ("Superstition,"—believing too much) and the Rock "Charybdis" (*believing* nothing at all). Thus fallen Human Nature vibrates between these two fatal Rocks. Anything rather than the pure, simple, personal, Piety urged by that Servant of God, Dr. Doddridge, in pages 433-442 of this Book.

The Priest and Priestcraft must come in. Else the Priests say, "They will learn to do *without us altogether!*"

1907. MILLINERY IN THE PULPIT.

"Mr. — refers to the Evidence given in the Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline concerning the Church, and encloses to the Lord Mayor a full description of a Service that the curate-in-charge, is alleged to have conducted there on March 7th. He was, it is stated, 'fully vested for Mass, wearing in addition to an alb, amice, and girdle, a chasuble, maniple, and stole of purple and gold, and a biretta. The server was garbed in a black cassock and short surplice. The Service began with the Confiteor—a semi-audible colloquy between the celebrant and server, in which were observable the ritual actions prescribed in the Roman missal for the Confiteor, such as beatings of the breast, bowings, and signings of the cross. At the close of the Confiteor the celebrant stepped up to the altar and kissed it.' (!).—*Daily Paper*.

When Protestant, and Roman Catholic, Historians alike agree that two Rival Popes,—alleged to be equally "infallible" with Pius IX. in 1870,—for more than Forty Years were *Cursing*,—and *Anathematising* each other as Impostors,—(while both were, nevertheless, drawing "the needful" from the Nations),—and that no one *to this day* knows which really was the Impostor,—or whether both were,—it does seem ludicrous to talk about the "Apostolic Succession." *Where* does it come in?

Yet it is to his Apostolic Succession which this "Curate" would urge as his excuse for these antics,—and man-millinery, absurd, dresses in the Pulpit.

His object,—of course,—like all "Priests,"—was to make himself,—and his "carryings on,"—essential to the Congregation silly enough to attend such Performances.

We need "Pastors," intelligent, faithful Preachers of Christ's true Gospel, not Priests. To Nonconformists it does seem deplorable that our English Protestant Church can thus *estrangle* its well-wishers by such *absurdities*! To those of us who have crossed the Channel 62 times,—they appear to us *a very poor imitation of "Rome."*

It, however, affords one more Proof of the contention that "fallen,"—perverse,—human nature "will out," even in its "Religion."

TOLERATION, OUR LORD'S EXAMPLE AND PRECEPT.

"Ye know not what manner of Spirit ye are of,—the Son of Man is not come to *destroy* men's Lives,—but to *save them*."—*Luke ix. 52.*

The Disciples,—with our "fallen" human nature still in them,—ask our Lord if He would call down Fire upon a certain Village!

"And it came to pass, when the time was come that he should be received up, he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem."

"And sent messengers before his face; and they went, and entered into a village of the Samaritans, to make ready for him."

"And they did not receive him, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem."

"And when his disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?"

"But he turned, and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."

"For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. And they went to another village."

The Samaritans,—with some reason, too,—held that their's was the Place,—“where Men ought to Worship,”—and not in Jerusalem. Bitter “Religious Differences” existed even in those Early times,—“human nature,”—once more, Reader! Much as in 1907, different Sects refuse to attend each other's Places of Worship. Indeed the Roman Catholic is taught that to enter a Protestant Church or Chapel,—“would be a Sin”! It does seem absurd, when we know that all true “Believers” and Followers of Jesus Christ will *have* eventually to meet!

Thus fallen human nature shows itself even in Religion. Mankind habitually disobeying every Precept of Christ's.

CHRIST'S PRECEPTS.

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

"These things I command you, that ye love one another."

"If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in His love."

"This is My commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you."

After this Command of Christ, is there a Catholic or Protestant in the World in 1907, who really believes that our Lord ever authorised Christians,—His Followers,—to Burn each other to death in agonies in His Name? It is Blasphemy to assert it! Much rather they would have been addressed by our Lord.

"Why do ye not understand my speech? even because ye cannot hear my Word."

"Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a Murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the Truth, because there is no truth in him."

TOLERATION. THERE IS NO "ONE ONLY TRUE" CHURCH OF CHRIST.

There never has been,—nor ever will exist "only one" outward,—universal,—"Church of Christ," to the exclusion of all others. Our Lord found Followers at once amongst the Samaritans.

CHRIST'S IS A SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

"Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship."

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father."

"God is a spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

"The woman saith unto Him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ: when he is come, he will tell us all things."

"Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am he."

"So when the Samaritans were come unto him, they besought Him that he would tarry with them: and he abode there two days."

"And many more believed because of his own word."

"And said unto the woman, Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

God,—for Ages past,—has been calling,—and will for all ages to come, call Christ's true Believers,—*"The Redeemed,"*—the only true Church,—out of a Corrupt,—Fallen,—Careless,—Godless,—Wicked,—World. Christ's true, sincere, earnest, loving Children are in all "Churches" alike.

TOLERATION.

The Writer,—the World over,—has attended the Churches, or places of Worship. of Catholics,—Protestants,—Greek Church,—Church of England,—Scotch Church,—Free Church,—Wesleyans,—Congregationalists,—Methodists,—Baptists,—Presbyterians,—“Friends,”—(Quakers),—Plymouth Brethren,—Salvation Army,—etc., etc., and conversed with intelligent Heathen Priests in India, etc.

That Mind must be blinded,—a “Bigot,”—beyond the reach of argument,—or Reason,—or the ordinary experience of Mankind,—who denies that in all these “Churches” there are Christ’s Beloved Followers. The absurd refusal of “the Church” to allow a “Dissenter” to be buried in “Consecrated” Ground,—the old Superstition of Priestcraft, that “Priests” are to be everywhere, and do all things,—Baptizing,—Burying,—etc., is at last dying away. The only “Consecration,”—or “Laying on of hands,”—a Young Christian Believer needs, to become,—if suited to the office, a “Minister,” or “Pastor,”—is the laying on of hands by God, the Blessed Holy Spirit,—or Holy Ghost,—the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. All else is external,—without this all else is delusion, and outward sham !

PETER TAUGHT TOLERATION.

“Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons.”

“But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.”

“For by one spirit we are baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether *we be bond or free* ; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit.”

Whether we be “Bond” or “Free,”—Certainly ! The Writer has sat with Coloured, or Negro. Worshippers in their Meeting Houses. Why not ! What true follower of Christ denies that amongst the despised, illused, Coloured People,—whom the “Whites” will not permit to approach them at the same table, etc.,—Christ has many sincere followers ? Out of their penury they have built their little Meeting Houses,—you never meet an Atheist amongst the Coloured People.

The Fact is, Colour,—Country,—Nation,—Position,—Sect,—Wealth, Poverty,—etc., are absolutely nothing in the sight of Almighty God, and Jesus Christ,—nothing whatever !

“For the Lord seeth not as Man seeth : for Man looketh at the outward appearance,—but the Lord looketh on the heart.”—I. Sam. xvi. 7.

Every true Believer,—accepted and Redeemed by Christ,—enters our Lord's Spiritual,—Invisible,—only true,—“Church.”

“And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of Heaven.”

Believers in the same Lord,—Redeemed by the same Precious Sacrifice,—accepted, and beloved by the same God,—all true Christians belong to one Great Family and must,—in the very constitution of things,—meet at length in the same Home.

“Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me.”

“In My Father's house are many mansions : if *it were not so*, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.”

“And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, *there* ye may be also.”

How, then, Reader, can it matter whether you belong to “Church” or “Nonconformity” ? Take the much respected “Friends” or “Quakers,” the past three Centuries. “Friends” indeed to the oppressed, the Slaves,—the Prisoners,—the World over. The “Friends” of Peace,—of pure,—loving,—Family Life. The opponents of Drink,—Gambling,—Races,—Theatres,—Dances,—honest in Business,—training their children to Lives of Philanthropy.

Their quaint, distinctive dress seems to have died out. The curious Bonnet was once the fashion a Century ago, as may be seen in the old works on Dress. “Friends” considered constant changes in dress wasteful of “Time and Money.” Thus their costume was left behind with changing fashion.

But who can deny that a Christ-like spirit may exist beneath any garb, and that true spiritual Worship may exist without the outward aid of organs,—painted Windows,—Priests,—Incense,—Bells,—Vestments,—Altars,—Candlesticks,—Sacraments,—Bishops,—etc., etc., or “Ritual” of any kind or sort ?

Note.—“Friends” are merely quoted as the extreme “No Ritual” example. Their Marriages, and Burials, are solemnly conducted by themselves, and “Divorce” is absolutely unknown ! They have proved true followers of Jesus Christ,—obeying His commands,—without Baptisms, Bishops, Altars, Sacraments, or Ritual. The Writer holds no brief for any special “Sect.” Christ is in the “Church,” as He is in the “Chapel.” So with the excellent Baptists, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, &c. There are also devoted Clergy in the Church ever ready to join Nonconformists in promoting Christ's cause.

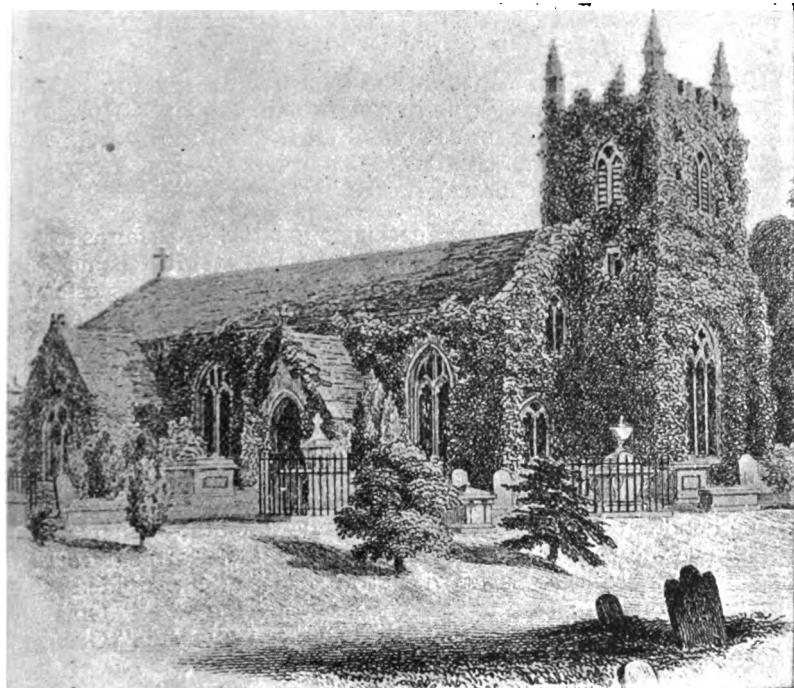
"God is a Spirit, and they that Worship Him, must Worship Him in Spirit and in Truth, for God seeketh such to Worship Him."

THE "MEETING HOUSE."



Howbeit the most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands : as saith the Prophet. Heaven is my throne, and Earth is my footstool : what house will ye build me ? saith the Lord : or what is the place of my rest ?—*Acts*, vii., 48.
For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.—*Matt.*, xviii., 20.

THE "CHURCH."



CHAPTER LIII.

“ DRINK.”

NOTE.—The Reader is asked to turn to **Page 211** of this Volume for hints as to Healthy, Daily, Good Habits,—Food, Exercise, Temperance and Amusements. Also to the Suggestions, **Page 429**.

Once acquired, these habits all tend to enable a Young Man to avoid those three Curses of Mankind,—that “Trinity of Evil,”—human nature is prone to,—the World over,—namely :

THE TRINITY OF EVIL.

- 1.—**Drunkenness.**
- 2.—**Immorality.**
- 3.—**Gambling.**

Having dealt already with the Sin of “Unbelief,”—at a length, in previous Chapters,—very trying, it is to be feared, to the Reader’s Patience,—let us take the above Three Universal Sins in order.

I.—The Sin of Drunkenness.

SAFEGUARDS.—THE PLEDGE.—ATHLETES CONDEMN THE DRINK.—IMMENSE GAINS OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.—RUINED FAMILIES.—WRETCHED HOMES AND CHILDREN.—WORKMAN’S CHARACTER, HEALTH, SELF-RESPECT,—ALL LOST.—“GOING OUT TOO FAR.”—LOCAL OPTION.

THE “New” Theological Teaching of our day,—as far as it is understood,—rests upon the claim that Man is not a Fallen Creature,—also that human “nature” is essentially akin to,—and possesses a fundamental “oneness” with that of God, and Christ. (!)

Is there in the following Pictures (not very dissimilar to the Scenes in the Slums of our great Cities,—in 1907),—the *slightest* trace of this “oneness” with the Divine Nature ?

Gin was introduced into England about 1740,—Hogarth’s Period. There had been Drinking,—Brutality,—Crime,—Misery,—enough before this, Heaven knows,—but the Scenes in London and other Cities of that day of Sin,—as related by eye-witnesses,—which took place in public,—appear to us simply incredible. Sheds with straw had to be provided for the Victims to sleep off their Excesses,—like the “Opium Dens” of the East (soon, it is to be hoped, the “Opium Scandal” of “Christian” England of the past).



"Gin Lane," 1720-1760.

True the Reign of Law, in 1907,—our Modern Police,—Supervision,—Inspection,—Education,—insists upon outward Decency being maintained in Public. But "human nature" remains the same! Vice is merely left in the background. You deny it? Only give it a chance! When some Puncheons of Liquor were washed up, recently, upon one of our English Coasts,—it was "Gin Lane" of 1740 very quickly reproduced in 1906 throughout the District. Withdraw outward checks, and the terrible Old Times would soon be back again. "The Fall,"—and "Human Nature" will out!

IMMENSE WEALTH OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The Capital of our Distillers, Brewers, etc., obtained out of the Drinking Habits of the English,—aided by their "Licenced" Man Traps, "Gin Palaces," etc., spreading Poverty and Depravity throughout Great Britain,—is estimated in 1907—at £215,000,000! This wealth gives the vile Traffic enormous Power!

SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG MEN.

Set up a Competition to these Vices,—Manly Sports,—“Hobbies,”—Good Habits,—“The Pledge.”

The only true Safeguard to most Young Men in 1907 is to sign the Temperance Pledge, and be known to be a “Teetotaler.” It will save you endless trouble through life, in all parts of the World. Your comrades will say,—“Oh! he’s a totler,—No use asking him!” Say, “I’m a ‘Temperance’ man; I’ve ‘signed the pledge,’—and am better for it in Health, Pocket, and Cheerfulness!” “Break it”? NOT I!” “*Pas si bête!*” as the French say,—“Not such a Fool!” Our good KING EDWARD,—the “Peace Maker,”—and a thorough English Sportsman,—has notified to the Army and Navy, that the King’s Health may be quite as “loyally” Drunk in any Liquid as in Alcohol. Common Sense tells us the action and good feeling is equally well shown. Why destroy your Health and Prospects in Life by daily drinking the Rubbish now sold as Beer, etc.,—in our day,—to make the huge Fortunes of the Brewers? Let their “Chemists” slowly poison others,—stick to good, wholesome Tea, Cocoa, Coffee. Ask a “Sporting Publican,”—they are usually “Sportsmen,” or favourable to Sport,—to say, candidly,—if he would put HIS money upon any Athlete,—Sculler,—Runner,—Boxer,—Jockey, etc.,—who was allowed the Drink, while training, or at work? NOT HE! WHY? Because he knows,—as a Sportsman,—it would absolutely be FATAL to the chance of Winning!

Then what is good for a healthy, vigorous, powerful Athlete is good for a healthy, vigorous Workman, Clerk, Commercial Traveller, etc. That Wonderful Tight-rope Performer, Blondin, never would touch Wine, etc., and the Writer saw him in his old age as steady as at “Niagara,” and the Crystal Palace,—without any net,—still taking the Frenchman,—across the Rope,—high up above us, in the now departed “Westminster Aquarium.” If children were brought up in Homes where there is good, generous Diet,—but no Alcohol ever seen,—they would not ask for, or desire it.

But how about Women drinking in 1907? We hear of the London Liquor Shops and “Publics” crowded with women, many with Babes, to whom they actually give the vile Drink instead of Milk! How can their offspring become healthy, useful Citizens, their constitutions ruined thus, even as Infants? Such so-called “Mothers” are a curse to every Nation!

100 years after Hogarth.



A "Gin Palace" in "the Fifties."

Even in the most destitute, the poorest, quarters of our Cities, the quantity of Money which comes in to these vile Liquor Shops is a source of amazement even to the Proprietors! It comes from the life-blood and ruin of wretched Families,—miserable Children,—ruined Souls!

No sensible person who reads this Book can maintain that "it is necessary" for the inhabitants of Great Britain to spend,—*squander* is the word,—One Hundred and Sixty precious Million pounds every year in Drink! 20,400 of the £5,000 bags,—a fortune in each bag—on Page 632.

Without a Table to assist the eye and imagination,—but little idea can be formed what these immense sums,—30 Millions a year for War,—and 160 Millions a year for Drink,—*really mean!* The annexed Tables may,—therefore,—assist the imagination, by presenting,—in one view,—the comparatively small sum of Six Million pounds neatly tied up in 1,200 canvas bags (as used in our Banks)—each Bag being supposed to contain 5,000 sovereigns each. The *spaces* occupied by the *large bag* and the "Six Millions" must be imagined to be *entirely filled* with sacks. Each bag will be about nine inches each way to contain 5,000 sovereigns. The Reader is reminded that several of the American Millionaires have succeeded in "annexing" fortunes of 12 to 20 Millions. The elder Vanderbilt left 10 Million pounds, English. He left most of it to one son,—“Because he was the most likely to *keep it together.*” This son—in ten years—before his death,—had made it into 20 Millions! Reader! Look at the

Table of Sacks, and fancy *one Family* "bottling up,"—and "*keeping together*" *Four times* the sacks shown on the Table! Such Immense Wealth is a source of danger to the rest of Mankind! Lamentable that the money,—like the precious rain,—should be thus "bottled up" *by the few*, instead of being distributed for the *good of the many*!

To the left of the Table are rather crude suggestions as to what this six Millions could do, if applied for certain objects for the general welfare of the Nation. It is not, however, claimed that the items given would be at all the wisest way of spending it. We should have more benevolent places built, than persons to put into them. If the Drinking *ceased*, it is very doubtful if many of these benevolent efforts would *any longer be required*. Anyway, the entire country would soon be embarrassed with the quantity of Schools, Alms-Houses, Hospitals, Museums, and Libraries!

Thus the suggestions how to spend the money are merely given to prove the "spending power" of these Millions.

As this Table only represents the sum of Six Millions,—we must repeat these 1,200 Sacks.

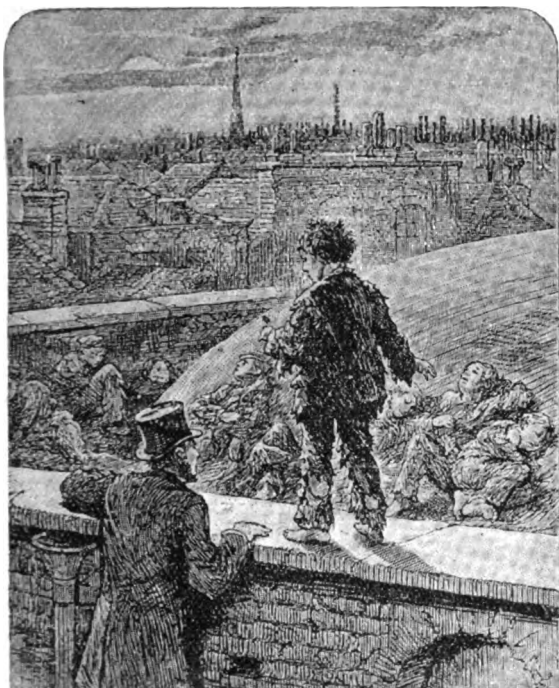
About *Twenty-seven* similar Tables are needed to depict the Millions spent every year in Drink! Then,—to carry out our idea,—we must,—once more,—see what we could do every year with these vast sums,—also what they *would* have done for our Nation in the memory of many living,—since the year 1800.

DR. BARNARDO. PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

We,—the Public,—have to spend Thousands a year to save the Children of this Empire from the Ruinous Trade.

Reader, look at the Picture on the next page, when one Wintry Night about Midnight, Barnardo,—then a young Medical Student,—first saw Poor Children sleeping out, homeless,—on roofs to avoid the Police,—a common thing in London 40 years ago (1866). Dr. Barnardo from that hour resolved to devote his Life to the Rescue Work instead of going to China as Medical Missionary. The noble Earl of Shaftesbury took the cause up. The Public rose to the appeal, and Barnardo's Splendid Homes,—and "Ever Open Door,"—has resulted.

1866. Dr. Barnardo's first sight of neglected children of Drunken Parents sleeping on Roofs.



Reader, Fancy your own Children,—in Rags,—utterly neglected,—just when they need Food. Care, Education,—cast off by Drunken Parents, sleeping, half naked, on Iron Roofs, &c.,—in Winter, Rain, Snow, and Frost! Who had the Money of those who brought these poor children into being? The *Brewer*,—the *Liquor Man*, rolling in wealth, draining the life blood from wretched Families! The first contribution Dr. Barnardo received was a parcel of 27 Farthings handed him by a poor Servant Girl at a Missionary Meeting,—saved up by her for Foreign Missions. What a lesson to Rich Christians! By 1868, the income was £214. By 1905,—£196,286 11s. od. Total up to 1905,—£3,315,982 18s. 5d.

Office for Subscriptions,—greatly needed,—18, Stepney Causeway, London, opened 1867. Dr. Barnardo entered *his* (Eternal) 'Home' 1905.





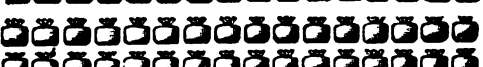
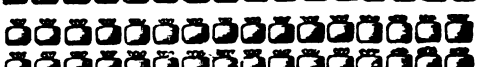
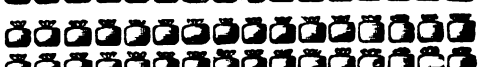
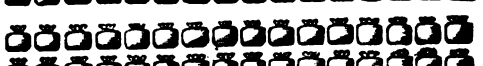
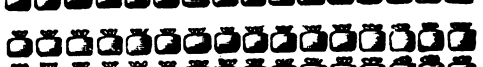
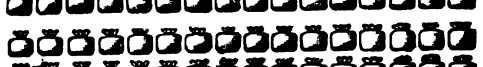
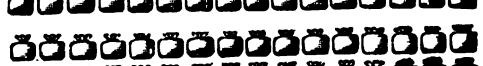
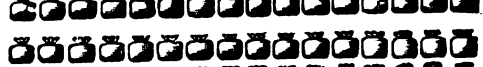
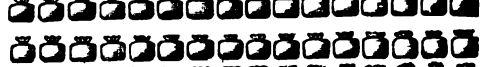



"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—*Matt.* xxv., 40.

"Suffer the Children unto Me to come,
Forbid them not,"—was once the Voice of Christ,
And to his mind,—whose lips to-day are dumb,
The Master's words sufficed.

"Naked,"—he clothed them,—"*Hungry*," gave them food,
"*Homeless*," and "*Sick*,"—a Hearth and healing Care.
Led them from haunts where Drink, and Misery, brood,
To Gardens clean, and fair.

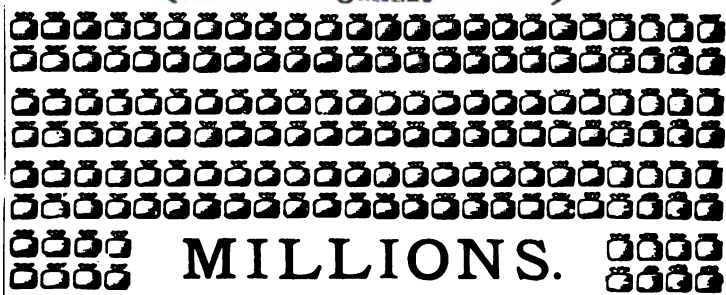
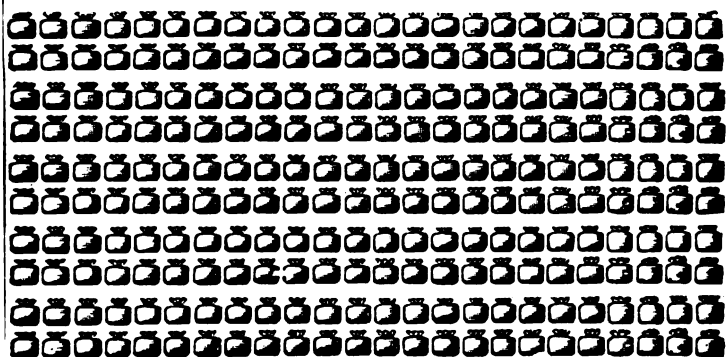
Thus he who had their love for his Reward,
In the Blest "*Home*," to which his Soul has gone,
Now hears,—at last,—the Greeting of his Lord.
"*Servant of Mine,—Well done!*"

What it could do—

80 Churches at £5,000 each	} 
80 Chapels at £5,000 each	} 
160 Schools at £2 500 each	} 
80 Colleges at £5,000 each	} 
80 Baths, &c., at £5,000 each	} 
40 Hospitals at £10,000 each	} 
80 Homes for Destitute Children	} 
40 Blind Asylums ...	} 
400 Life Boats, &c....	} 
80 Public Parks	} 
40 Free Libraries ...	} 
40 Museums at £10,000	} 
Better Houses for the Poor £400,000.....	} 
Town Missions £400,000	} 
1,000 Almshouses for Aged Poor	}  SIX 

The above 1,200 Sacks,—each containing £5,000,—filling the above Tables,—give Six Millions. Five times Six Millions is annually spent in War.

TWENTY-SEVEN of these Bags,—TWENTY-SEVEN TIMES Six Millions,—is annually squandered in Drink in the United Kingdom.



MILLIONS.

In 1905 the Drink Bill was £164,167,941! £3 16s. per head ; or £17 per Family in the United Kingdom !

Then deduct the Millions of Children and Teetotalers, who drink no intoxicants,—what *must* the rest drink ? Many of the Working Class *must* be drinking 10/- a week ! *Half their Income!*

WAR.

Prepared for War, which many claim to be needful for every Country.

30 MILLIONS SPENT EVERY YEAR.	2,700 MILLIONS SPENT IN NINETY YEARS, SINCE 1800
<i>What it would do every year !</i>	<i>What it would have done since 1800 !</i>
Build 400 Churches at ...£5,000 each	Built 36,000 Churches.
„ 400 Chapels at£5,000 „	„ 36,000 Chapels.
„ 1,200 Schools free } £2,500	108,000 Free Schools.
„ 400 Colleges at ...£5,000 „	„ 36,000 Colleges.
„ 400 Baths at£5,000 „	„ 36,000 Baths and Wash-houses.
„ 200 Hospitals, } £10,000 „	„ 18,000 Convalescent
„ Convalescent } Homes at „	Homes and Hospitals.
„ 200 Blind or Crip- } £10,000	18,000 Blind or Incurable
„ ple Asylums at } „	Asylums.
„ 200 Life Boats at £1,000 „	„ 18,000 Life Boats.
„ 3,000 Almshouses } £400 „	„ 2,700,000 Almshouses for
„ for Aged Poor } each..... „	Aged Poor.
„ 200 Homes for } £5,000 „	„ 18,000 Homes for Desti-
„ Destitute Child- } ren at „	tute Children.
„ 400 Public Parks at £5,000 „	„ 36,000 Public Parks.
„ 100 Public Mu- } £10,000 „	„ 9,000 Free Museums.
„ seums at..... } „	18,000 Free Libraries .
„ 200 FreeLibraries } £10,000 „	„
„ at..... } „	„ BetterHouses for the Poor
Better Houses for the Poor, Four Millions.	360 Million Pounds.
Town Missionary Work, etc., Two Millions.	For Town Missionary Work, 180 Million Pounds.
Total—30 Millions a Year.	Total—2,700 Millions since 1800.

DRINK.

Four times the above, nearly, spent in Drink ! Consequently you must multiply the above by 4. What are its Results ? Shortened, degraded Lives !

While our “ Bags ” containing Six Million Pounds are before the Reader, the following may interest. Look at the Bags once more !

THE RICHEST MEN IN THE WORLD.

Mr. Roosevelt's speech recalls the fact that there are a great many more millionaires in America than in Great Britain or in any other country. There are others, but some of the rich Americans are alleged to possess—

John D. Rockefeller	£110,000,000 ?
Andrew Carnegie	50,000,000
W. K. Vanderbilt	25,000,000
J. J. Astor	20,000,000
William Rockefeller	20,000,000
G. J. Gould	20,000,000
W. A. Clark	20,000,000
D. O. Mills	15,000,000
H. C. Frick	12,000,000
Mrs. Hetty Green	11,000,000
George Westinghouse	10,000,000
J. Pierpont Morgan	10,000,000
Ryan	20,000,000
Weyerhaeuser ("Forest King")	20,000,000
Wm. Vanderbilt	20,000,000
Fifteen Americans	<u>£383,000,000 (!)</u>

Fancy one family "bottling up" 4 times the Sacks of Gold on pages 632 and 633! This money ought to be spread instead—like the rain—over the World.

Among the richest British subjects are—

Alfred Beit	£100,000,000
J. B. Robinson	80,000,000
W. W. Astor	40,000,000
Lord Strathcona	25,000,000
Duke of Westminster	16,000,000
Lord Mountstephen	15,000,000
Lord Rothschild	15,000,000
Lord Iveagh	14,000,000
Duke of Devonshire	10,000,000

Multi-millionaires, other than British and American, include—

Duke of Bedford	10,000,000
General Terrazas (Mexico)	£58,000,000
Prince Demidoff (Russia)	40,000,000
Senora Cousino (Chili)	14,000,000
(Congo) King Leopold	£29,000,000
Emperor Austria	37,000,000
Shah of Persia	20,000,000

What immense benefits to Mankind might these enormously Rich Men bestow instead of "*hoarding*" these monstrous Fortunes!

The 39 Millions of our Population in the United Kingdom are believed to possess about 11,500 *Million Pounds*,—some make it up to 15,000 *Millions*,—but 5,000,000 *persons* possess 10,900 *Millions of it*. That the Income Tax Returns are falsified, no one doubts.

Only nineteen persons in Great Britain had incomes over £50,000, according to the income-tax return for 1904, and these averaged only £100,000 each. Only 113 *firms* and 794 *companies* exceeded the same limit.

In Ireland there was no private or firm's *income* over £50,000, and only twenty-eight public companies.

This,—as submitted to the income-tax man,—may be further shown by the following summation of gross amounts of income assessed. *Profits of individuals* come under a different schedule from *salaries* :—

ASSESSED.	
Persons in Great Britain	£123,592,622
Persons in Ireland	4,697,645
Salaries in Great Britain	82,486,051
Salaries in Ireland	3,593,188
Firms in Great Britain	87,225,616
Firms in Ireland	1,350,620
Companies in Great Britain	238,984,107
Companies in Ireland	6,499,849

The distribution of the wealth of Great Britain can be seen from the following list of the grades of profit, the number of persons in each grade, and the total amount assessed :—

A Year	INCOME. Persons.	Total.
£160-£200	140,154	£26,241,466
£200-£300	96,659	24,942,447
£300-£400	34,281	12,440,874
£400-£500	17,302	8,113,413
£500-£600	8,562	4,866,537
£600-£700	4,788	3,200,131
£700-£800	4,019	3,076,361
£800-£900	2,045	1,762,776
£900-£1,000	2,600	2,546,750
£1,000-£2,000	6,044	8,571,640
£2,000-£3,000	1,401	3,491,572
£3,000-£4,000	551	1,944,989
£4,000-£5,000	290	1,342,856
£5,000-£10,000	433	3,028,822
£10,000-£50,000	219	4,122,532
£50,000	19	1,968,442
Total	319,367	£111,661,608

The corresponding table for Salaries in Great Britain in addition :—

Grade.	Persons.	Total.
£160-200	68,717	£12,631,518
£200-£300	77,248	19,242,840
£300-£400	29,635	10,522,725
£400-£500	16,589	7,698,192
£500-£600	7,857	4,428,659
£600-£700	4,498	2,985,740
£700-£800	3,610	2,754,682
£800-£900	1,644	1,419,020
£900-£1,000	3,139	3,077,495
£1,000-£2,000	4,216	5,790,862
£2,000-£3,000	537	1,351,468
£3,000-£4,000	179	635,887
£4,000-£5,000	113	540,730
£5,000	90	963,737
Total	218,072	£74,043,555

As to "Working Class" Wages,—32 millions out of the 39 Million Population of the United Kingdom earn about 32 Million pounds.

A FEW DEATH DUTIES IN 1906.

Testator.	Amount of estate	Approx. duty paid.
Mr. John Goddard, of Crawley, provision merchant	£982,626	£100,000
Earl of Ilchester (in addition to property whose value is not entered in the calendars) ...	782,980	100,000 (probably more).
George Edward Foster, of Cambridge, banker	642,842	75,000
William Richmond Brown, of Kettering	712,965	70,000
Samuel Loveridge, of Wolverhampton	615,892	60,000
William Alexander Matheson, of Liverpool ...	550,152	50,000
Thomas Hoade Woods, of Christie, Manson, and Woods, auctioneers	530,718	45,000
Rev. Sir Richard Fitzherbert	530,548	50,000

Counting in the late Mr. Beit's estate and those of Mr. Steinkopff and Sir Charles Tennant, Mr. Asquith thus receives in the early months of the financial year some £2,000,000 in death duties.

This is satisfactory. But how much better a Graduated Taxation of Rich Men while living? They would never *feel* it,—would never know the Money was gone,—and it would enable them to feel that they were useful Citizens.

Thus, a Man with Twenty Million Pounds, even if he only gets 2½ per cent. for his investment, draws £500,000 a year;—has rather over £1,000 a day, or £42 every hour he lives, coming in (!)

If, then, at an Income Tax of 1s. in the £ a man with £500 a year pays £25 to the Nation,—a Twenty Million Millionaire ought to pay £25,000 a year, and then would, at £1,000 a day, get it all back in a Month, and never know it was gone!

His *graduated* proportion *should* be a payment of £100,000 a year, leaving him still £400,000 per annum to live on (!)

RICH MEN USUALLY LIVE LONG.

The average age of persons leaving estates in England valued for probate at more than £150,000 each has usually been from seventy-one to seventy-three years, and the number of those exceeding eighty years has been remarkable. On the other hand, striking instances of the uncertain tenure of quickly-acquired wealth are those of *Mr. Barney Barnato, who died in 1897, leaving £960,000. at the age of forty-six*; his nephew, *Mr. Woolf Joel*, who died in the following year, at thirty-four, and whose estate was *valued at £1,226,000*; *Mr. Herbert Ernest Matthew Davies*, a director of mining companies, who died in 1899, aged forty-three, and left £734,000; and Colonel John Thomas North, in the nitrate trade, who died aged *fifty-four*, leaving £453,000. His friend and former partner, Mr. Thomas Rudd, whose estate was valued at only £227,000, was seventy-one years of age when he died.

GERMAN RETURNS SEEM FEEBLE.

Death duties in Germany in 1905 were paid on £6,176,136, the amount realised being £532,507.

WHAT THE SOBER SAVE IN GREAT BRITAIN, £402,000,000 £96,000,000 in TEN YEARS.

The remarkable extent to which the organisation of thrift has grown in this country is shown in the annual report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, issued yesterday for 1906.

Roughly speaking, there are 50,000 institutions over which the chief registrar exercises statutory functions, and these have a total membership of 30,000,000 individuals and accumulated funds amounting to over £402,000,000. an increase since the year 1897 of 6,750,000 members and £96,000,000.

Making allowances for probable duplication, the chief registrar estimates that each individual of the 30,000,000 has an interest in one or other of the institutions worth £15.

Briefly summarised the institutions in question may be tabulated as follows:—

	Number.	Members.	Funds.
Building Societies	2,076	609,785	£68,148,000
Friendly Societies	29,588	13,978,790	50,459,000
Co-operative Societies	2,633	2,290,077	47,392,000
Trade Unions	646	1,544,461	5,385,000
Compensation Schemes	54	100,215	185,570
Loan Societies	254	34,653	270,497
Railway Savings Banks	17	58,209	5,281,000
Trustee Savings Banks	224	1,702,791	59,435,000
Post Office Savings Banks	—	9,673,717	165,607,000

CHARITIES IN LONDON.

£10,000,000 spent every year in Charity,—in London alone.—in addition to above, yet all in vain! Through the Drink, Gambling (and the Vice it produces),—there is now more Wretchedness seen,—more Miserable Children in London,—than in any other City in the World! Nearly *Twice* our "Sacks" of 6 Millions raised in Charity, yearly in London. Yet the Publicans ruin it all! Then we must add the London Workhouses, another £4,000,000 a year cost to the Public.

About half the Population will soon be employed putting the other half into Charitable Asylums

"TELL-TALE" INSURANCE COMPANIES' EXPERIENCES.

If you require absolute proof that Teetotalers live the longest,—and that alcohol,—taken daily,—*shortens* the lives of Millions, consult the Life Insurance Tables,—also the "Oddfellows,"—"Foresters,"—"Royal Oak,"—Reports,—founded upon *long years* of experience, upon *Millions* of Lives. They find that the Lives of Non-drinkers, the "Abstainers," *so outlive* the "*expected deaths*" of the rest, that their Tables *make a special provision* for their *longer lives*! Can we ask for more? The "*irresistible Logic*" of Facts!

The "Drink Bill" of this Empire in 1905 reached the frightful Total of £164,167,941! Our Six Millions of Money Bags (Page 632) were drunk TWENTY-SEVEN times over! giving £17 9s. 7d. *per Family* of the population of the United Kingdom, or £4 1s. 4d. *per head*!

Now deduct the Millions of Teetotalers, and Children who drink no Intoxicants,—*what must the rest drink*!

Numbers of working men must be spending 10s. a week or £26 a year in Drink, to make the average up!

That is, nearly half their Income! Fancy one of the "Middle Class," with an Income of £500 a year, putting, say, £250 of it into his stomach, every year, in Drink! His friends would put him into an Asylum!

THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS.

As usual, dear Reader,—in our day of license,—this frightful and selfish Sin of Drunkenness is seldom spoken of as a Brutal Sin. It is *condoned*, glossed over,—"*Well! well! he is a good man at the bottom*,"—you know,—"*a little given to Drink*," they say, when the wretched sinner has *ruined* his Home, *ruined* his Children, killed his Wife by *ill-usage* and *neglect*,—and finally sinks,—a diseased debauchee,—into a Drunkard's grave.—"*Ah! well! he's at rest at last*! We mustn't *judge* people,—*so many temptations*,—we have the new teaching of the 'Eternal Hope' for all, now, you know! All will be '*brought in*,' you know,—*some day*,—*somehow*!" And so the Drinking, and Vice, and Sin, goes on!

Reader, nothing but the Last Day,—the last Judgment,—will ever rouse *some* Sinners to *know themselves*, to awaken *at last*, to *feel* what a Sinner, and what Sin *really is*! And,—above all,—what "*Eternity* is!"

Meanwhile, look at what we see an allowed Sin,—permitted, and persistently followed,—*leads to*, as long as we mortals are allowed to *trace it*! Away with that sickening

nonsense about "Eternal Hope" for the wicked! Read the newspapers,—go to the Hospitals,—follow the life of a Drunkard,—is it not a Tragedy,—*real*,—*deadly* tragedy?

If it is not, where are our eyes,—our common sense?

Is that vile creature,—steeped in the wilful,—persistent,—sins of forty years, of a deadly selfish, animal life,—going to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven? Why, you would not live *half-an-hour* with him *yourself* for *any* consideration; let alone Eternity!

"Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not enter the Kingdom of God? *Be not deceived! God is not mocked!* Neither Fornicators, nor Thieves, nor Covetous, nor Drunkards shall inherit the Kingdom of God."—I. Cor. vi., 9-10.

Of course we can all *make excuses*. Do excuses bring back ruined health, ruined fortunes, lost characters, a neglected Saviour, and an outraged God?

Certainly not! Sin is Sin! "And sin,—when it is *finished*,—bringeth forth Death!" *Eternal Death!*

The late George Cruikshank was born 1792, and died during the French Exhibition year, 1878. His efforts were inimitable, in portraying the awful Curse the Sin of Drunkenness proves to Mankind.

Let the following,—one of his greatest efforts,—speak for itself!

THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS.

(I.)



Good Wages. Good Character. Happy Home. "The Drink" is introduced for the first time.

(2.)

No Work. Character Lost as Workman.



Got "fond of his glass"; often at "the Bar." Loses character as a Workman. Their things must go to the Pawn Shop.

(3.)



"Execution" put in,—all their nice things gone! Must go to live in the "Slums" now! *What?* Drinking *still*? Yes! *the Drink* is more needed than ever! There are six Liquor Shops close by, owned by a Millionaire; *his* sons at College, *his* Daughters riding in their Carriages and Motor Cars, covered with Jewels at the Opera.

(4.)



Their little one dies of Cold, Want, and Neglect. Their *Home* is a Garret ; a straw mattress, a box, and that is *all* !
 "The Wages of Sin is Death !" *Rom. vi., 23.*

(5.)



The Streets. Beggary. Self-respect,—the power for honest labour,—his tools, his character,—*all lost* ! and for *what* in exchange ? *What ? Drinking still !*

(6.)



Is this the "Eternal Hope" for all? Is this not *real*? Is this not "*tragedy*!" Do we not read of such cases in the Papers every week? But the Brewers are rolling in Money.

(7.)



"And Sin when it is finished,—bringeth forth Death!"—James i., 15.
His poor Wife killed, by the glass Bottle, in one of his mad furies.

April, 1907.

Bailie Maclay, a leading Glasgow ship-owner, had a sorry picture of Glasgow to put before the Justices yesterday when appealing for a reduction of public-houses in Glasgow Harbour. The district, said the Bailie, was seething with crime and drunkenness. Children were murdered in large numbers. The district embraced homes in which pigs would not dwell.

Sailors when they boarded ships were invariably drunk, and special men had to be retained to take steamers safely down the River Clyde.

Despite the appeal the Justices granted the licences.

To every Youth of the Working Class I would appeal to Shun the Drink *altogether* ! The healthiest, strongest, best Workmen in the World have proved that it is unnecessary ! The Champion Athletes, Scullers, Pedestrians, Swimmers, Boxers, are never permitted to touch it during training. *Why* ?

Because their backers know it would be fatal to their hopes !

Far better sign the Pledge, and be known at once to be an Abstainer ! It will save you endless trouble,—“ Oh ! ” they will say,—“ No use asking *him* to drink, he’s a ‘ Tee-totaler,’ ”—and *away* they will go.

AN EXAMPLE FOR DRUNKEN PARENTS,—THE STORK.



The *Brute* Creation are devoted to *their* Young.

“ As for the Stork,—the Fir Trees are her house.”—*Psalm* civ., 15.

A quaint bird, truly, with its long legs,—wherewith it “ stalks,”—bright, little eyes, raw neck, bold head, and vast beak. Instead of *kneeling*, as we do, it bends its legs the *other* way, and so sits down !

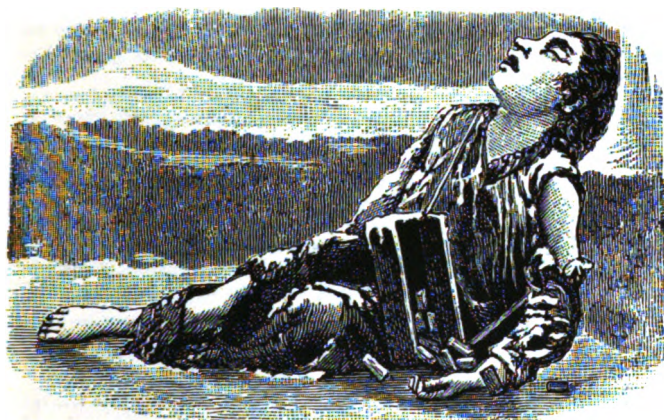
But this estimable Bird is greatly respected for its faithful, self-sacrificing, love to its young ! In Holland it is considered “ good luck ” to have a Stork’s nest on the house, and no one disturbs them. As her young ones grow, their legs stick out of the nest. Once a roof caught fire. The Mother Stork brought water in her beak to her young ones in the nest, but, seeing the flames increasing, she finally spread her wings over them, and quietly died, *sheltering* them to the *last* ! The inhabitants were greatly moved by the noble conduct of the faithful Bird !

The Pelican, another species, is said, on occasion, to *peck its breast*, and

sustain its young by its *own blood* ! True emblem of our Blessed Lord who bled,—and *died*,—that *we* might live ! “ I am the Good Shepherd ! The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the Sheep ! ”—*John* x., 11.

This emblem of the Pelican is seen at times on church altars, pointing us to the Saviour.

THE DRUNKEN PARENTS' CHILD. SUCH PARENTS ARE WORSE THAN THE BRUTE CREATION.



The Match Boy. God will have something to say to such Parents when they pass into Eternity !

“ I shudder,” says one, “ as I think of the rickety, feeble shoulders upon which responsibility for maintaining Britain's place in the world must to-morrow rest. There is the drunken, lazy virago of the slums, often the victim of a hideous environment. There are pitiful little scraps of humanity—their heads verminous, their feet and hands festering with sores, their frail bodies wrung with the pangs of hunger and exposure, veterans already in the bitter struggle against pain and sorrow. These are the inheritors of England's greatness ! . . . There is the little toiler of the slums, six, seven, and eight years old ; ragged, toil-worn, and hungry ; rising with the dawn winter and summer ; running errands up to school-time ; grinding away at school till midday ; munching his crust between 12 and 2 in the intervals of his wearisome bringing and carrying ; falling asleep over his sums at the afternoon school, and trying to sell matches, barefooted in the greasy gutters, till midnight.”

FLOGGING ADVOCATED TO WORTHLESS PARENTS WHO EVADE THEIR DUTY TO THEIR CHILDREN.

Mr. —, the magistrate, on Saturday, at — Police Court, made some strong remarks about State and parental responsibility upon a small prisoner, presenting a pitiable appearance, being brought before him. He was “ charged ” with having been found “ wandering ” in a destitute condition.

646 £2,950,180 SPENT, IN DRINK EACH YEAR IN LIVERPOOL.

NOTE.—Ought not the Brewers, Distillers, and Gin Proprietors to share the Flogging and Hard Labour?

"His parents"—explained an L.C.C. officer—"had been addicted to drink, and the home surroundings were altogether deplorable and shocking."

The Magistrate (to the father): "In the present state of the law the Children of Bad, Drunken, Worthless, and Wicked Parents are taken care of for them. The worse the parents are, the easier they can be relieved of the children, and they have to pay very little. It seems to me that the Parents are beginning to know this."

"Parents of this kind ought to be kept to permanent hard labour and severely flogged."

And we have to subscribe Thousands a year to the "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children,"—which, the past 15 years, has had to prosecute thousands of Parents.

The Head Constable gives the population of Liverpool as 739,180, so that Liverpool's drink bill last year amounts to £2,950,180. We are aware of some of the fruits of that expenditure, but how much *has never been told*? Let us imagine what transformations would take place if this Vast sum of money were turned into channels for the people's good. We could, at any rate, minister to the needs and comfort of two sections who are the most dependent, viz., the young and the old, and at the same time bless the whole. It is estimated that one child in ten has to go to school hungry, and many more are insufficiently clothed, and a large portion of people could do with more food and clothing.

SPENT IN DRINK, IN LIVERPOOL ALONE, EACH YEAR.

The sum spent upon intoxicating drinks in Liverpool every year would
Feed one-tenth of the children (13,500) attending school

one meal every school day (240), at 1d. per meal.....	£13,500
Clothe 50,000 children, at £3 per child	150,000
Pay Education Committee's precept.....	310,000
Take 50,000 children to summer camp two weeks	50,000
Clothe 20,000 old people, £5 each person	100,000
Pay 10s. per week to 10,000 old people	260,000
Give 20,000 pairs of blankets, at 15s. a pair.....	15,000
Give 50,000 tons of coal	50,000
Give 25,000 sacks of flour	50,000
Give complete outfit to 25,000 men	137,000
Give complete outfit to 25,000 women	137,000
Send 1,000 families to Colonies, with £200 each	200,000
Build 1,000 houses, at £350 each	350,000
Furnish same, at £150 each	150,000
Build 1,000 houses, at £200 each	200,000
Furnish same, at £100 each	100,000
Build and furnish 100 reading and recreation rooms	500,000
Complete the Children's Infirmary	50,000
Pay 20s. per week to 2,000 attendants, etc., from prisons, asylums, and workhouses, etc.	104,000
Balance in hand	23,680

Total £2,950,180

In Liverpool the Drinkers spend:—£245,880 os. 3½d. per month; £56,741 10s. 10d. per week; £8,083 14s. 6½d. per day; £337 9s. 3d. per hour; and £5 12s. 3½d. per minute. Yours, etc.,

P. J. TUNNICLIFFE, Secretary,
Liverpool and District Temperance Union.

April 18th, 1906.

215 MILLIONS INVESTED IN THE CURSED DRINK TRADE.

It is estimated that at least £215,000,000 is invested,—in 1907,—by Brewers, Distillers, etc., in the innumerable “Drinking Traps,” throughout Great Britain. In some Cities there is a Row of them, almost close together,—sweating the very life and hard-earned Wages of the Working Class, into the Pockets of a few Selfish, Callous Families, and God only knows the Ruin, Degradation, and Misery of their Fellow-Countrymen !

WE NEED A GREAT TEMPERANCE AGITATOR LIKE “FATHER MATTHEW”—OF THE “FORTIES.”

We need a Great Temperance Agitator like *Father Matthew*,—of the “Forties,”—who actually closed vast numbers of the Drink Shops, through the number of Temperance Pledges he obtained wherever he went. “It seems strange for me to take the ‘Pledge’ off you. *Father Matthew*,” said one man, “for I’m an *Orange Man*.” “*Orange Man*,” exclaimed *Father Matthew*, “I’d take your ‘Pledge’ if you were a *Lemon Man*” !

One of the great Liverpool Brewers during the past 40 years gradually acquired 250 Public Houses,—serving as retail Shops to pass off his drink alone,—then, after realising an immense fortune, floated the whole into a Limited Company, netting £2,000,000 thereby. The income was taken at £200,000. To produce this immense fortune, to one man, how many families of his fellow-countrymen have been ruined ? What a history of wretched homes,—married happiness destroyed,—children ruined morally and physically,—thousands reduced to abject poverty,—did these sums represent ! Reader ! many of us,—if this Two Millions gained by such means were *presented* to us,—would *never touch* a penny of it. Money obtained by draining the hard-earned wages of our poorer fellow citizens,—who cannot resist the Drink,—must bring a curse with it. These swarms of Public Houses are veritable “man traps.” If you want to see the result, choose a wet day in Liverpool, and watch the swarms of poor wretched little half-naked children in the streets, crouching together up entries, and by the liquor shop to which their parents’ money has gone which ought to have been spent in clothing, supporting, and educating these little ones. “It is a gigantic evil : our drinking habits are making England the scoff of more temperate nations ; but what *can we do* ?” Well ! We can let our voice be heard ;—expose the System in every way we can ;—decline to hold a single share in any Brewery or Distillery Company,—keep clear of them as Christians ourselves,—and dissuade all whom we can from those two great Curses of Mankind,—Drink and War.

“ You make too much of it ! ”—a young Reader may say, —“ a glass,—now and then,—hurts no one, it never hurt my Parents, it won’t hurt me ! ” True,—it may do *you* no harm,—*your* temptation may not lie that way,—it may lie in another direction,—in Immorality,—Dishonesty,—Unbelief,—or Covetousness. You may be, naturally, of too cautious, calculating a character, ever to get drunk. But your young Companion, and Friend, may be one of those who *cannot* safely begin the Drink,—has not your firmness—will *long* for it,—will take it again and again,—till it ruins him ! He sees you taking it ;—he follows your example ! Surely it will be a bitter thing for you to think of ! Look at the elder youth in the Picture. Against the orders of his

Foolhardy.



“ Gone out too far ! ”

Parents,—trusting to his knowledge of boating,—he has gone out for a sail in uncertain weather,—and has induced his School chum to accompany him. Foolhardy,—he has “ *gone out too far.* ” The wind is getting up, and beginning to change,—they must tack, now, to make the distant shore. A nasty swell, too, is rising,—the sky looks wild,—a gale is evidently setting in ! How bitterly does he now reproach

himself for disregarding the commands of his kind and faithful Parents,—who only desired his safety! But,—bitterest of all,—that he should have *used his influence* and *example*—to induce the poor lad,—his best friend,—an only son on a visit to them,—to come with him! With that squall coming on, how can they, now, stop to *shorten* sail? Suppose he *drops* that sail,—how row that boat to shore in the sea that is getting up? So it is with the Sins of Drink,—Immorality,—Covetousness, or Unbelief,—“Oh! no fear! There is no danger! I can go a certain distance, and induce my friend to accompany me. We shall only have a glass or two, you know,—and perhaps, a sneer at the pious fellow,—‘who never went astray’; and just one night’s dissipation too,—but very occasionally; I only sin occasionally. Soon get back! We shall not go *out too far*!”

THEY ALL THOUGHT THEY COULD GET BACK.

They *all* said so! They *all* thought so! They did not *allow for the current*,—the terrible power of habit,—or their distance from the land! It was at first,—only an occasional sin, it is true,—but they must *have it again*! The habit was only a sewing thread at one time,—they could have snapped it in a moment,—but when you use the finest thread *often* enough it becomes as *strong as a rope*, and nothing, but God’s aid, will ever break it. Those habits,—commenced in youth,—become our Master! The experience of Mankind proves it! “If they grow mutinous,—and rave,—they are ~~THEY~~ Master,—~~THOU~~ their slave!” The worst of Drink is that it brings in all the other sins along with it! A young man,—having his choice of three mortal sins,—chose drunkenness, as the least of the three; and when he was *drunk* he committed the *other two*! It is vice which has no mercy! Everything must be given up for it! All lost! Self-respect,—the esteem of others,—a good situation,—property,—happiness,—home,—wife,—children,—health,—life itself,—the World to come,—all are lost one after the other. Everything that is precious and sacred to Mankind is to be sacrificed to the Monster Drink, and for *what* in exchange? Be wise in time. For 90 years past, how many thousands of drunkards,—once innocent boys to whom they gave their first glass,—how many immoral men,—covetous misers,—or scoffing unbelievers,—have launched out on that dark Ocean of Misery,—*have gone out too far*,—and,—as it is to be feared, with the boys in the picture,—never returned!

GONE OUT TOO FAR !

"Talk to *me* of Christ,"—roared a dying, drunken Ruffian, on his death bed.—"I tell you,—it was my vile habits, and drunken cruelty which killed my poor Wife. It was my selfish drinking, and gambling, which beggared my home, and children,—it was my example and atheism which ruined my earliest friend ! What's the use of keeping up this d—— Farce any longer ? I tell you, I'm going down to Hell !"

"But the Wicked are like the troubled Sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up Mire and Dirt." "There is no peace,—saith my God,—for the Wicked."—*Isaiah* xlviii., 22.

GONE OUT TOO FAR.

"Like warning Storm Bell, off a Rocky Shore,
Tolling,—for ever,—on a lone, wild sea,
A Sinner's Conscience,—resting, never more,
Rocks on a Lost Eternity !"

ANNUAL DRINK BILLS 1884-1905.

Year.	Estimated Expenditure. (Revised).	Per Head.	Year.	Estimated Expenditure. (Revised).	Per Head.
	£	£ s. d.		£	£ s. d.
1884	144,734,214	4 1 0½	1895	183,133,935	4 3 4½
1885	141,039,141	3 18 3½	1896	170,426,467	4 6 4½
1886	140,550,126	3 17 4½	1897	174,365,372	4 7 6½
1887	142,784,438	3 18 0½	1898	176,967,349	4 8 0½
1888	142,426,153	3 17 2½	1899	185,927,227	4 11 8
1889	151,064,085	4 1 3½	1900	184,881,136	4 10 4½
1890	159,542,700	4 5 1½	1901	181,788,245	4 7 8½
1891	161,765,291	4 5 7½	1902	179,499,817	4 5 6½
1892	161,527,717	4 4 9½	1903	174,445,271	4 2 4
1893	159,020,709	4 2 8½	1904	160,987,165	3 18 11½
1894	158,932,134	4 1 11½	1905	164,167,941	3 15 11½

THE LEGAL RIGHTS OF ENGLISH CHILDREN.

The following figures given below are a very careful estimate of the proportion of this enormous total which was expended by the working classes of the United Kingdom :—

Annual earnings of the Working

Classes	£550,000,000
Total expended on intoxicating drinks	£110,000,000
Estimated working-class population	32,500,000
Number of working-class families ...	6,500,000
Amount spent in drink by each family	£16 18 5½
Amount spent per head of the working classes	£3 7 8½

EFFECTS ON THE CHILDREN OF THIS EMPIRE.

The bearing of the liquor traffic upon the child-life of the Nation is next dealt with. No Community, it is said, has a right to permit the continuance of a trade—the State connives at a flagrant illegality when it supports and protects a business—which is well-known to produce conditions that rob Children of their Legal Rights, and which inflicts upon them unnatural suffering and privation. The Committee hold that it is no exaggeration to say that millions of the children of this Country are ruined by drink—neglected starved, and condemned to suffer indescribable misery and wrong through the sin of their Parents, and the culpable negligence of the State.

Why is a Selfish, Lazy Scoundrel, or a drunken Virago of a worthless Woman, to bring children into the World doomed by their debauchery to Poverty,—Ill-health,—feeble Mental and Physical Powers—in a word, deprived of any chance in Life by their Parents' vices ?

“LOCAL OPTION.”

A SUCCESS AT BESSBROOK FROM 1846.

“Where is *Bessbrook* ? A town in the North of Ireland, of some 3,500 inhabitants, having a station on the Great Northern Railway, in County Armagh, about 60 miles from Dublin, and 30 from Belfast, at the juncture of the Protestant and Roman Catholic population.

“Bessbrook is, perhaps, the oldest place in Ireland connected with the flax spinning and weaving trade. In the year 1846 J. G. Richardson, Esq., and his partners purchased Bessbrook, and founded a Temperance Colony. The great factory now stretches an eighth of a mile in one direction, while the entire works employ about 4,000 men, women and children.

“The wages earned, instead of being squandered in the public-house, are used to promote the comfort and independence of the people ; thus a moral education has been going on, which has resulted in the voice of the householders condemning the sale of strong drink in Bessbrook by a vote of six to one.

“As there is no trap to rob the poor man of his hard-earned money, it goes to support his family in respectability, and the surplus is left in the savings bank instead of in the till of the publican. In consequence, we find no paupers from Bessbrook in the District Union.

“Having no ‘devil in solution’ stalking through the Colony inflaming the brains of the people, it is proved that an Irish Protestant and Roman Catholic community can live and work together without needing the arm of the law to preserve peace. There is, perhaps, no town of a quarter of the population in Ireland which has not a well-furnished police barracks ; but in Bessbrook they have not a constable ; neither is there a pawnshop to prey on the poor man's furniture or apparel.

“More than half the community attend public worship ; nearly half the Protestant children are on the roll of the Sabbath Schools ; while there are few who do not take advantage of the excellent day schools.

“Last year the death rate of Bessbrook was 17·8, and this, for a

factory population, will probably compare favourably with any place in the world.

"There is no law to compel the people to abstain from drink. Some, of course, do walk to the neighbouring town to procure it, but, as a rule, they abstain, and, by force of existing circumstances, are made to understand that prohibition means the lessening of immorality, and the absence of pawnshops, paupers, poverty, and police.

"The temperance question to-day is a matter of life or death to thousands. Strong drink is the cause of an evil so vast, as to be equal, in Mr. Gladstone's estimation, 'to the combined forces of war, pestilence, and famine.'

"Could those who manufacture, sell, and use that which is so great an evil, realise their responsibility, would any sacrifice be too costly to liberate them from such a position? Christians at least should not fail to understand their duty in view of that sacrifice, the greatest the world ever saw; let *them* but rise, and with one voice condemn this monster curse, and the drinking customs of society could not live a year.

"With regard to the great question of Local Option, all half measures, whether leaving the responsibility with magistrates (which has so utterly failed), with town councils or elected boards, will never take the place of giving the *people* the power to say whether or not strong drink shall be sold at their door.

"How long shall we impoverish ourselves to enrich brewers, distillers, and publicans? How long shall there be yearly spent in England, Scotland, and Ireland, *one hundred and sixty-four millions* on that which is working our ruin, whilst with all our profession of philanthropy and religion, *one million and a half* covers our expenditure in the cause of Christian Missions in foreign lands.

"Now, when so many are suffering from want of employment, if even one-half of this hundred and thirty millions and the half of the fourteen millions spent on tobacco was spent on food, furniture, and wearing apparel, there need not be an idle hand in the country; misery and poverty would then be exchanged for happiness and comfort.

"How long shall one hundred and sixty-six thousand public-houses be licensed by Government to destroy the souls and bodies of the people—consigning their victims to unions, prisons, asylums, and early graves?

"How long shall it be until we condemn alcohol as a drug to the shelf of the chemist, and the voice of the country rise as the voice of the householders at Bessbrook, and say, '*we do not want a public-house!*'"

BREWERS' MILLIONS.

THE "DEVIL'S BAIT,"—"THERE IS MONEY IN IT!"

Property of the gross value of £1,932,139, of which the net personalty has been sworn at £1,837,865, has been left by Mr. Thomas Valentine Smith, of 111, Grosvenor Road, S.W., and of Ardnornish, Morwen, Argyllshire, brewer and distiller, of the Thames Bank Distillery, and chairman of Messrs. Smith, Garrett, and Co., Ltd., brewers, of the Bow Brewery, London, E.C., who died on board his yacht in Gourock Bay on August 8.

Among other large estates derived from breweries and distilleries have been those of—

Mr. John Gretton, of Bass, Ratcliff, and Gretton	£2,883,640
Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, of Peter Walker and Son, Warrington	£2,874,130
Sir Charles Booth, of Booth and Co., distillers	£1,927,107
Mr. Vyell Edward Walker, of Taylor, Walker, and Co., brewers	£1,598,177
Mr. Richard Ratcliff, of Bass, Ratcliff, and Co.	£1,116,190
Mr. Charles Gassiot, of Martinez, Gassiot, and Co., wine shippers	£830,210
Colonel John Gordon Smith, of the Glenlivet Distillery	£855,966
Mr. Richard Henry Ratcliff, of Bass, Ratcliff, and Co.	£609,824
Mr. James Ford, of Leith, wine and spirit merchant	£602,640
Mr. William A. Matheson, of Threlfall's Brewery Co., Liverpool	£550,152
Mr. Octavius Edward Coope, of Ind, Coope, and Co.	£540,000
Mr. William Garton, of Southampton	£540,547

**"DRINK FORTUNES."
A CURSED TRAFFIC.**

Here are the Fortunes left by ONE Family of Liquor Sellers :—
ONE FAMILY.

Edward (died, 1871)	left	£348,535
Robert (died, 1892)	"	896,787
Henry (died, 1892)	"	302,420
Harold (died)	"	155,170
Godfrey (died, 1894)	"	123,586
		<hr/>
		£1,826,498

At what Cost to our Nation do these Families obtain these immense Sums ? Ruined Homes,—Parents debauched — enfeebled, — and diseased, till they become degraded wretches lower far than the Animal Creation around us !

Their miserable little ones given no chance in Life, suffering from hereditary disease, and weakness, brought up in misery, cruelty, vile surroundings,—atrocious Examples, unfed, untrained.

READER ! Would you take these "Fortunes" obtained by this vile traffic ? Have you Shares in the Liquor Trade ? *Sell them at once !* No "Christian" worthy of the Name touches one of them !

The entire Family alluded to have,—one by one,—as we all shall,—gone out *alone* to meet their God. We do not go out in crowds,—surrounded by other Sinners,—supported by numbers ! Oh, no ! *As if no other being existed*,—we shall all go out, *alone to meet* the Supreme Judge ! An Awfully Holy,—and Just God ! "Fortunes" ? *Nonsense !* Far rather the terrible words,—*"Wretched, Selfish, Criminal !* Conscience told you for years,—all your life,—your Trade, your business —*was* ruining multitudes. You saw it all around you ! You knew,—all along,—that your Wealth was sweated out of the hardworking Poor, who could not resist your enticing Drinking Shops ! You knew that *your* Family was thus taking the clothing,—health,—Food,—everything,—from poor little children,—Families sacrificed to *enrich* you ! Depart from Me for ever ! *I cast you off*,—as I do the Selfish Demons ! Go you,—and dwell with them for ever more ! You shall never 'enter into My rest !' Not much "Fortune" here, Reader !

"And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness : there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

A RUINED DRUNKARD'S CHILDREN AWARDED £3,500.

"Express" Correspondent.

"New York, Friday, Jan. 12, 1906.

"A Case which puts new responsibilities on publicans has been decided at Chicago.

Judge Tuthill, of the Quarter Sessions Court, has awarded £3,500 damages against three publicans to the five children of John Hedland, a journeyman carpenter, who has been ruined through drink.

The testimony showed that, until five years ago, Hedland was sober and industrious, with an income of £300 a year and a happy family. Then he began using intoxicants, with the result that he lost his Position and his Savings, his Home was broken up, and his children who ranged from fifteen to two years of age, were left starving.

The Proprietors of the three Public-houses most frequented by Hedland were sued by the children's guardian, who was appointed by the Court.

The publicans fought the case bitterly, claiming that they were not responsible for the man's downfall, and declaring that a Verdict against them meant the ruin of every publican in the Country.

Judge Tuthill decided that they were liable for damages, and his award of £3,500 to the children was received with applause."

If only our Judges, and Juries, could follow Judge Tuthill, some of the Money could be got back from the "Liquor Families."

Reader! If you hold shares in the Drink Traffic, get out of them!

"And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

"Wherefore I was grieved with that generation, and said, They do always err in their heart; and they have not known My ways."

"So I swear in My wrath, They shall not enter into My rest."

Fancy the "Look out" men given to the "Drink!"
Dangers of the Deep are enough surely already!



Perhaps one of the most remarkable Escapes of an Atlantic Steamer upon record was that of the "*Arizona*." She struck, by Night, at full speed,—an Iceberg with a terrific crash! Most providentially it was the weakest, and extreme end of the Berg, and the huge Steamer cut right through it! Fancy,—dear Reader,—the momentum of an immense Steamer,—many thousands of tons burden,—driven by Engines of Thousands of horse power,—dashing against an Iceberg, on a dark night!—The latter, frequently as high as Cliffs! They might have been shattered to pieces!

Many years ago a Monster Iceberg, or, rather *Continent* of Ice,—took a Week to pass Newfoundland,—a splendid Spectacle with Towers and Pinnacles! One of the "Cunards" of that day, always noted for their admirable "Lookout," very nearly struck this Berg! There was little doubt at the time, that the American Company's ill-fated "*Arctic*,"—(never again heard of,) struck this same Berg, which was believed to be from 50 to 80 miles long! The "*City of Boston*," which disappeared in the Atlantic, June, 1870, probably struck a Berg, and foundered!

The "*Arizona*," at one time, was the fastest Steamer of that day.

CHAPTER LIV.

IMMORALITY.

NOTE.—The Reader is asked to turn to **Page 211** of this volume for hints as to good Daily Habits,—Amusements,—etc.,—also to **Page 429** for Safeguards against Sin.

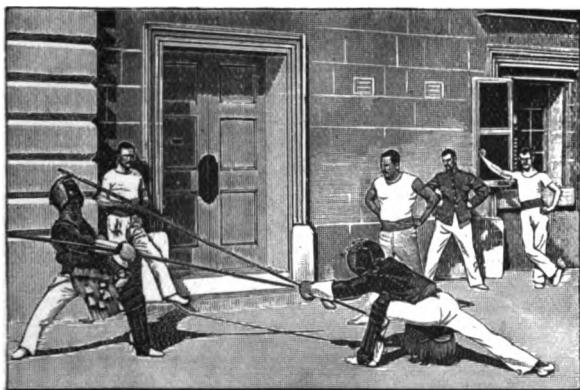
THE TRINITY OF EVIL.

“FALLEN” HUMAN NATURE.

2.—The Sin of Immorality.

THE TWO ROCKS,—“SCYLLA,” AND “CHARYBDIS,”—MANY YOUNG MEN AVOID THE ROCK “SCYLLA,”—(THE DRINK) ONLY TO BE WRECKED ON THAT OTHER TERRIBLE ROCK, “CHARYBDIS,”—(IMMORALITY;—HOW TO AVOID IT.—SET UP A COMPETITION TO IT, “HOBBIES,” MANLY SPORTS, THE GYMNASIUM, CRICKET, FOOTBALL, GOLF, TENNIS, CHESS, ETC.,—FLIGHT,—THE “STRATEGICAL MOVEMENT TO THE REAR.”

Manly Sports. The Gymnasium.



“Quarter Staff.”

SUGGESTIONS.

SET up a COMPETITION to Immorality and Vice. Have a Hobby,—or,—like the Writer,—half-a-dozen, if you choose,—“go in” for Cricket,—Football,—Tennis,—The Gymnasium,—Cycling,—Rowing,—Fencing,—Swim-

ming,—or, if not suitable, try Music,—Keeping Dogs,—Pigeons,—Poultry,—Grow Flowers,—or become a “Collector,”—collect Postage Stamps, etc.,—try intellectual games, as Chess,—draughts, etc.

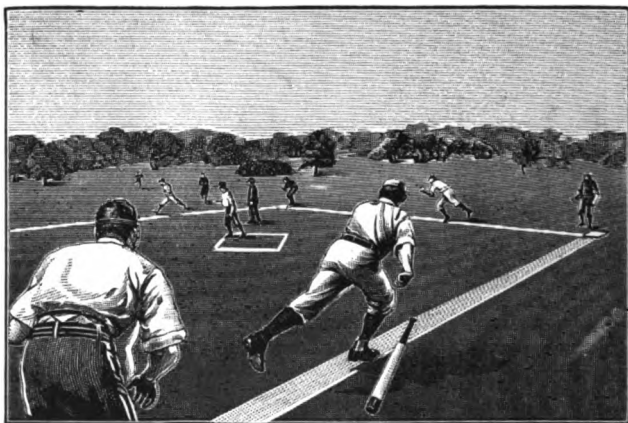
Many Young Men in avoiding the Rock, Drunkenness, wreck their Lives upon that other Rock, Immorality. Why should they? Surely in the host of innocent, healthy, Sports above-mentioned, the Mind may find occupation for a life-time.

The above Sports, surely, are good enough played for their own sakes alone,—why, on earth, are they to be associated with,—and desecrated by,—(1) Drink; (2) Bad Language; (3) Bad Company; (4) Gambling?

EVIL COMPANIONS,—IF “IN” WITH SUCH, GET “OUT;”—IF “OUT,”—KEEP “OUT”!

If in with evil companions,—Bad Company,—“chuck them up,”—“There is as good fish in the Sea as ever came out of it,”—seek others. Join the “Institute,” or “Y.M.C.A.”—of your District, where you will, thank Heaven,—find these Sports can be enjoyed with good companions. Some wretched minds seem incapable of any Manly,—Innocent,—Pleasure, or

“Baseball.”



A Winning Stroke.

Sports,—unless it is accompanied by Drink, Tobacco, Vile Language, Betting, or Gambling. These are minds which

seem to find everything dull unless it has on it the "*Serpent's Slime*" of Sin!

Then we have the Library,—the Lecture-room, the Panorama, Evening Concerts, Readings of Dramatic, and other authors, the Debating Club, the Cricket Ground, the Boating and Swimming Match, etc., may, with many other things, well fill the place of the exciting, hot, unwholesome, always objectionable Theatre, and Music Halls.

A moral blight comes over the constant attenders of the Theatre. Like that of the "immoral Novel" Reader,—always at those wretched "Novels,"—sickening, silly, rubbish! The necessity for exhibition of extravagant and unreal Passions, in order to afford sufficient excitement,—the extraordinary "pendant" entertained for the Evil side of character, rather than the reverse—all have their bad effect. There is your *example* as a Christian to be remembered when inclined to attend such places. What may do *you* no harm may ruin another. It is astonishing how any "Christian" can enter a Theatre, or encourage the Young to waste their time in listening to "Plays." Where there are several Theatres in a town, one will at times see them all running "sensational" pieces,—Murders, Villains, Revolvers, Ticket-of-leave Men, Soldiers, Detectives, Monstrous Plots,—grossly improbable,—follow each other with such rapidity, that what is evidently intended for the Sublime, becomes the Ridiculous. Half-a-dozen violent deaths seem now a popular average for the evening's "entertainment" (?) or else we have scenes of Vice,—"*Living Statuary*,"—immoral Plays,—which always "draw," and mean "Money." The Wall Posters outside prove this!

The moral character of the supporters of these places, to say nothing of the loose characters usually present—let that of the Actors themselves be what it may,—is not of a high type. This is to be observed even in the highest class of Theatre, while those suited for the less Wealthy classes are often simply shocking from the morals taught, and the Scenes chosen,—Vile plays, brought over from France, etc.

How any intelligent, sensible, mortal can sit out the rubbish acted in our Theatres, or assist in making Fortunes to "Concert Halls," "Grotesques,"—"Shoreditch Idols,"—"The Great and only,"—"Lion" Cad,—with their vulgarity and idiotic Songs,—"*make-up*,"—distortions,—etc.,—does seem astounding in this day of Education, and immense facilities for improvement,—open to all,—in 1907. "Fallen" human nature again, Reader! Fancy a popular "Grotesque" drawing £200 a week from the Working Classes, or, £4,000 a year!

Half-a-crown *not* to hear him, would seem a cheap "let off."

"What are they all laughing at, papa?" *What indeed!* Some coarse Song or allusion,—or Mountebank "gags," hardly good enough for "school-boy" wit.

Thirty years ago,—in the Period of the talented Vokes' Family,—a beautifully conducted,—true,—“Christmas Pantomime,”—say of “Dick Whittington,”—was really innocent and enjoyable, such as we could take children to.



The Boy, Dick Whittington,—listening to the distant Bells,—calling him back to London to be eventually its Mayor.

But the Modern efforts at Christmas are wretched things,—not genuine “Pantomimes” at all. Merely “Concert Hall Business” of the poorest type.

There seems little genuine talent in our day. Look at that sickening rubbish, the deluge of rubbish,—Modern Novels! The Comic buffoon drawing £200 a week for School Boy nonsense on the Stage. Where are our Poets, Novelists, Actors, Preachers,—who can hold a candle to those of the Past?

2.—The Sin of Immorality.

YOUNG READER! Spare yourself trouble on this Subject! You are not going to say anything upon this difficult Subject of the slightest *practical* use to me. They never do! A Speaker is announced to give an Address upon it,—a well-known Physician did once; an immense Crowd nearly broke down the doors of a Town Hall to hear him. And what did

he say? Nothing! The Speaker talks for an hour,—every-one says “Excellent address”! But, what single *practical* hints does he give Young Men how to avoid “Immorality”? What information of the slightest use to me? Absolutely nothing!

Well! Reader, what *are* we to say? You are not a *Child*! You know as much as we do! Probably *more*! It is all nonsense about the entire innocence, and perfect lack of knowledge of Boys, that Parents, and Teachers should explain clearly what “Vice” is, and warn the Young. All nonsense! Even a child knows well what is Wrong. “I deny it.” Do you? Then explain why the Youth requires *secrecy* for immorality, theft, or wrong doing? Why does a Boy fear publicity? We cannot have our common sense abused! They know what is wrong as well as Men do! Still, Public Lectures, upon the amazing beings we all are,—what Health requires,—its unspeakable Blessing, and advantages, to a Youth,—the incredible Folly of sacrificing it all for a Phantom, a Delusion; and then repent at leisure, to realize what that loss means,—when too late,—would, no doubt, be the greatest boon to our crowded cities.

Surely, however, every Youth,—even at school,—short of a born idiot,—knows that he cannot constantly abuse our Wondrous Bodies against Nature’s beneficent Laws,—framed for our well doing, for years,—without fatal consequences to his Mind, even, perhaps, more than Body. The Supreme never intended, or arranged,—His Creation,—or His Creatures,—so that they can indulge in Sin, and Vice, for an indefinite Period without Ruin! Creation is ordained, necessarily, that it should always be so! “Be sure your Sins will find you out.” It was, indeed a sorry jest of one ruined in Health and all things,—“No! My Sins never find *me* “out,” I *wish* they *had*! My Sins always found *me* “at home”! Of course they did! Nature is *kind* if treated fairly. Abuse Nature,—and you will find Nature *implacable*!

“Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

“For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.”

“And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.”

“There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.”

“Pious Folks make too much of it.” “We have now the Larger Hope, you know!”—Who doubts that this UNBELIEF

in God's warnings, and Christ's Teachings in regard to Purity, and Morality, is the Sin of our Day ?

There is now very little dread of Sin or its consequences!

VICIOUS BOOKS,—PLAYS,—TALK AND COMPANY.

Every Youth can, *if he likes*, turn away from impure imaginations, or books, vicious Novels, and Plays. The Vulgar Cad shrieks with laughter at "Smutty" Songs, and Allusions; blinded by his own Vices, the wretched Creature does not see the exulting, mocking, Demon *that is behind* !

Representations, Indecent Pictures, Filthy Photos, or Books,—vile Novels written by immoral Writers,—(often Women),—and those vulgar Theatres, and Concert Halls, with Men and Women making Fortunes out of Plays which have too often thinly disguised vice for their only attraction, Conversation, or Companions, which you well know are so hateful in the sight of a *pure*, and Holy God, are utterly opposed to your best interests.

Face the Monster boldly,—despise Vice and Satan's delusions,—and next time Temptation comes,—and Conscience,—(God's voice)—cries "Resist ! Flee ! Turn your attention, with equal interest, and pleasure, to other things,"—*don't whine* out,—*"I can't,"* (PAGE 301) and resign yourself,—like a miserable Slave,—to the wretched, degrading bondage of Satan !

CHOICE FOR A YOUTH OF 13 TO 25 YEARS OF AGE.

AN IMMORAL LIFE.

RESULTS.

A feeble mind incapable of exertion, self-denial, energy, memory, or success in life. Self-contempt; despising oneself. Hoping (vain hope) that Religion and Christ, are not, after all, true, and that we may be vicious, and yet at last, be saved.

A lowering of all the Noble, Pure, and Moral Sentiments, and Ambitions, to the level of the Animal Creation. Immorality is a Whirlpool which gradually swallows up all that is Heaven-born, and Noble in Man. He sinks below the Brute Creation !

A feeble body, not much good at anything, with little hope, vigour, or honourable ambition.

What vile imaginations will be for ever forming themselves, where Christ would dwell !

The life of a selfish animal.

A PURE LIFE.

RESULTS.

Bright hopes for the future. The approval of God, and his manifest blessing in life. Openings for an honourable, respected, useful life. Vigorous power of work, energy, and successful life.

"Dearly beloved, I beseech you abstain from fleshly lusts, which *War against the Soul* !"—*I. Peter* ii., 11.

"I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the Wicked one."—*I. John* ii., 13.

"Shall I then take the members of Christ, and make them the members of an harlot ? God forbid !" —*I. Cor.* vi., 15. Flee fornication.

"Know ye not that your Body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost ?" —*I. Cor.* vi., 19

"Be sure your Sin will find you out."

The life of a Christian.

PURITY.

"For ye know what commandments we gave you by the Lord Jesus."

"For this is the will of God, even your sanctification, that ye should abstain from fornication :

"That every one of you should know how to possess his vessel in sanctification and honour."

"But fornication, and all uncleanness, or Covetousness,—(The apostle well knew that these two kindred Vices are *usually*, though not always,—found in the same persons)—let them not be once named among you, as becometh Saints."—*Ephesians* v., 3.

"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."—*I. Cor.* ix., 27.

"Flee fornication. Every sin that a man doeth is *without* the body ; but he that committeth fornication sinneth against his own body."

"Know ye not, that your body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost, and that ye are not your own ?"

"For ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and spirit, which are God's."—*I. Cor.* vi., 18-20.

"Dearly beloved, I beseech you, abstain from fleshly lusts *which war against the Soul*."—*I. Peter* ii., 11.

"If any man defile the Temple of God, *him shall God destroy*, for the Temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."—*I. Cor.* iii., 17.

"For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die ; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body ye shall live. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God, because the creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."—*Romans* viii., 13-23.

"For what I would that I do not ; but, *what I hate* that do I." "The evil which I would not, that I do." "Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." "I see another law in my members, warring against the law in my mind."—*Romans* vii., 15-23.

"Let no man say, when he is tempted,"—"I am tempted of God."

"Neither tempteth He any man, but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed, then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth Sin ; and Sin,—*when it is finished*,—bringeth forth Death."—*James* i., 13-15.

The Reader will clearly see that the Apostles and Early Christians,—from these, and many other Texts,—*fully* felt the *difficulty* of living a life of purity ; but they none of them suggest that it is *impossible* to do so.

On the contrary, they,—one and all,—urge the effort, as a sign of the "Christian" ; as the mark of the "Child of God."

We cannot conceive that the Inspired Writers, and our Blessed Lord Himself, *would go through the absurdity* of urging, or requiring, of us, what thy knew to be impossible to Human Nature to perform ! Our Common Sense tells us that they would not *go through such a farce* ! It is possible,—with God's aid,—to follow their Example, and to lead a Virtuous, Happy, Useful, Christian, Life !

TOO LATE !

Attempt to console a worn-out Profligate at Sixty years of age,—ah ! or at Forty, even,—by reminding him of Past “pleasures of Sin,” enjoyed by him when in Youth, and Health, many Years ago ! He will turn upon you with ill-concealed rage !

“Nonsense !”—he will exclaim,—“Talk to me of *Past* pleasures ! How about Present ones, how about my Future ? What good are the pleasures of Sin, enjoyed Thirty Years ago, to me *now* ?” I need Health, Pleasure, Enjoyment, Peace of Mind, and prospect of Happiness to come, as much as ever I did, and I greatly fear that I shall know them *no more* ! Those Scenes of Godless enjoyment are gone, so are those with whom I sinned, and whom I fear I emboldened, and led into Sin. I, myself, am no longer the man I once was !

Youth gone. Health gone. Character sunk ! Reputation lost ! Evil Habits confirmed, and Vicious Thoughts,—*do what I will*,—now *for ever fashioning*, and forming themselves in my Mind !

Talk to me of the *past*, great, and real Pleasures to be derived from Vice and Sin ! I tell you I have been deluded ! I knew,—my Common Sense told me all along, that I could not abuse and desecrate the Wonderful Gifts of God to Base Purposes, like a selfish Animal, for many years with impunity ! But something always urged me on ! I knew all along, that the Eternal Laws of Nature and of God, were not going to *alter themselves*, to please *me*,—no ! nor to please Billions such as I am !

I knew it well, and I tried to enjoy Sin moderately,—to “draw the line” somewhere in a life of Vice,—not to go too far out ! A colder temperament,—a more cautious, calculating, firm, Mind, might have done it ; but *I* could not ! Something ever whispered,—as my Life slipped by,—“Just ONE MORE Sin !”

“Why cannot the Sinner stop ?” Because there is “a *Traitor within* !” Because he loved his Sins,—*would* have them, and because he *would not use the means*, of overcoming them by a watchful, prayerful, Christian Life.

“Know ye not that to Whom ye yield yourselves Servants to obey his servants ye are to whom ye obey, whether of Sin, unto Death, or of obedience unto Righteousness ?”—*Rom. vi., 16.*

Why could he not stop ? Because *he did not want to* ! His sins he *would* have, and Christ he *would not* have ! It was not hatred of Vice, which made him reluctant to Sin,—it was not fear of,—or love to,—God ;—all he feared was depriving himself of his health, and capacity of future, sinful Pleasure, and of *enjoying himself without God* !

THE SYSTEMATIC SINNER. THERE ARE MANY SUCH.

"But I defy Sin, or Satan, to shorten my Life, or Pleasures ; I am of too cautious, cool, and calculating a disposition to be thus deluded ! I care nothing for Christ, or for Religion, nor do I want to ! I have only sinned occasionally, cautiously, and judiciously,—avoiding all unpleasant exposure, and also the Penalties of Sin, for Years ; in fact, all my life, and I have got on well enough in spite of it all !"

Have you ? Am I addressing a cool, quiet, utterly Godless, calculating, systematic Sinner, whose one object,—regardless of the ruin of others,—is to live a long life of Sinful gratification, seizing the Pleasures, but avoiding the Penalties of Sin !

Then I wish God would strike you now, *in Mercy*, as He knows how to strike the dead-alive, "happy," contented, cautious, but habitually vicious, and, therefore, hopeless Sinner, before He strikes you, as He certainly will one day do, *in Anger* ! We see him, in 1907,—that Miracle of Almighty long-suffering, that vilest of His Creatures, the despicable old Wretch,—that ruiner and Depraver of Youth,—the Immoral, Vicious, old man, in his age.

You hear his vile Stories, and filthy Conversation, the "Mark of the Beast" in everything,—an abandoned Soul, lost to all that is Pure, and Holy,—whom nothing now can please which has not on it something of the *Serpent's* Slime !

Deliberate, Cool, Calculating, Vicious Youth ! See in this old Wretch what you will one day be yourself !

That Wicked Man has been the ruin of many a precious soul for whom Christ died, and for whose ruin he shall feel Agonies throughout Eternity ; yet, soothed, *for long years*, by the *opiates* of Satan, and of Sin, into the delusion that God *will never strike*, the old Sinner is chuckling and laughing still, on the verge of Perdition. He laughs and mocks, but we do not see, or hear, the Gibing, Mocking, Exulting, Demon, *that is behind*, who is laughing too !

"Until I went into the Sanctuary of the Lord, *then understood I their end* ! How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment ! They are utterly consumed with terrors !"—*Psalms* lxxii., 19-20.

To many such an abandoned Sinner the solemn words of God have *long gone forth*.

"In thy filthiness is lewdness ! Because I have purged thee, and thou wast not purged,—thou shalt not be purged from thy filthiness any more, till I have caused My fury to rest upon thee !"—*Ezekiel* xxiv., 13.

"He that is filthy, *let him be filthy still* ! " "What if God, *willing to show His Wrath*, and to make His power known, endures, *with much long-suffering* the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction ?"—*Romans* ix., 22.

"And if the Righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the Sinner appear ?"

Cool, calculating, Christless, systematic Young Debauchee, be warned in time ! Once go too far ; once let those solemn words be said of *your* life, and nothing will then ever rouse, or change you ! Satan will never again leave that Soul !

"Be not deceived ! God is not mocked ; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap !"—*Galatians* vi., 7. As the rotten Tree falls, there, surely, a rotten Tree it lies.

"GONE OUT TOO FAR." (see page 648)

As we briefly recorded yesterday, a farmer, searching for lambs which had got lost in the Snowstorm on Sunday night, discovered in a Wood the remains of a Young Man, with a revolver bullet wound in his left breast, and a revolver with one chamber discharged. It now transpires that a letter the police found in the pocket of the deceased :—"This has nothing to do with ———. I ask them to forgive me for disgracing them. I was worn out with vice. God alone knows the life I have led for the last ten years, —a loathing of long, long ago. Manhood and honour are gone, and other priceless gifts that never will come back, and I am in a fathomless hell, without a ray of hope. Fear has driven me mad. I earnestly pray God to bless those I leave here, and should have protected even if I suffered everlasting remorse, for hell is remorse."

How many has Vice thus ruined ? Physicians all agree that certain Sins do thus lead to Madness.

The Writer is anxious to deal very plainly with the sin of Immorality,—because it is impossible to deny that it is peculiarly the Sin of our day ! Now that the Nations have pretty much abandoned their former Pursuits of War,—Pillage,—and Persecuting those who do not hold their Religious Beliefs,—fallen Human Nature must show itself in other Forms,—at least as much as the Reign of Law permits,—and few will deny that Selfishness, Coveteousness, and most certainly, IMMORALITY, are the Sins of our day !

Scandals, of a disgusting character, are openly discussed in the Papers,—our modern Novels,—especially the Rubbish written by Women,—are frequently based upon Immorality !

Our places of Amusement pander to the Popular taste, and prevailing Vice. We cannot take innocent children to a modern Christmas Pantomime without having objectionable Songs,—introduced from those disgusting Concert Halls, with their Speechless Vulgarity,—forced upon us !

"What are they all laughing at, Papa ?" Asked two little ones, at one of the last Pantomimes, after a Song of this description. *What indeed ?* The prevailing Tone of this day is speechlessly low ! The "Comic" element, always seems to degenerate,—sooner or later,—into Immorality and Indecency !

Vice is condoned in 1907 ! Men perfectly well known by all, —and their subordinates, amongst others,—to be men of impure lives, have, in our day of humbug, the audacity to “pose” as “Christians.” They go from *the Brothel* to *the Church*, and even partake of the Sacrament of our Lord !

“Spots are they, and blemishes sporting themselves with their own deceivings, while they feast with you.” (Namely, partaking of the Bread and Wine) “Having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from Sin !”—II. *Peter*, ii., 13.¹

“Bitter words !” They are meant to be ! Let Ministers of Christ prevent such Scandalous Examples being enacted before the Young ! Boldly warn that wretched Hypocrite that “God is not” to be “mocked !” Let such an one remember that when that mysterious and (so to speak) awful “much long-suffering” of God is exhausted,—as it *always* is *one day*,—He will strike that Person not in Mercy, but in Anger ! And when God strikes in Anger, He strikes *but once*,—but it is *for Eternity* !

“For this ye know, that no whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God.”

“For this is the will of God, *even* your sanctification, that ye should abstain from fornication.”

“That every one of you should know how to possess his vessel in sanctification and honour.”

Health, Vigour, Energy, Purity, Self Respect, God’s Favour, —Heaven,—all lost for Esau’s “Mess of Pottage,” a few moments of sensual shocks, or a drunken debauch !

“Lest there be any fornicator, or profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright.”

“For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected : for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.”

IRRELIGIOUS HOMES.

And you, Prayerless, Religionless Parents,—who feel such anger, and dismay, when one of your very respectable Family brings a Scandal or Disgrace upon your Home,—whose fault was it ? No Family Prayer ! No Bible ! No Christian Example to your Children, who watched your every action, and took their tone from you ! Your Home without Religion ! Your Worldly, irreligious, example, felt for years, with fatal effect, by the little ones God entrusted to your care, and for whom He *most certainly* will ask one day for *an account* ! What wonder that a Boy “turns out,” every now and then, “badly ?”

Note the ordinary tone of a Family without Religion, God, and Practical Piety, habitually, and contemptuously, as it were, neglected, and put aside by you—the Parents. You can be *busy enough*,—where your heart is,—with the Follies of a Senseless, Dying, World!

The Theatre, Dress, Dinners, Visits, Balls, Affectation, Concerts, Comic Operas, Trashy, immoral Novels, Cards,—endless chatter about everything and anything in the World excepting God, Religion, and Salvation!

Think you, that your Children have not observed all this? They have remarked it for years!

Your frivolous, Godless life, has been enough to lead any child astray! The life of “respectable,” Christless, Parents, with outward decency, going,—remarkably well, and fashionably, dressed,—to Church,—because it is the right thing to do, and looks well,—is a lifelong, organized, hypocrisy! What an idea you must have of the Supreme, if you imagine that He can be *taken in like a child*, and deceived, by such a life! You feel terribly any Scandal caused by a member of your Family. A Boy, perhaps, turns out amiss! He burst out,—and outraged your sense of propriety,—probably because he was less of a hypocrite than his Parents! As the “Black Sheep” of a “respectable” family, he must now be shipped off to the Colonies, to perish as he may! Let him take himself off, with his Vices, his failures, his misfortunes! While the “sham Christian” Parents,—whose neglect caused his ruin,—still attend the well-dressed Congregation, give their Guinea to Christ, and carry on their life-long pretence of a Religion never felt, a Christianity never embraced!

They are not “Christians,”—never were,—and they know it! They are not a whit more holy,—or approved of,—in God’s sight *than the one who fell*! Had their circumstances, and temptations been his, they would have shared his fate! In God’s sight the Unregenerate, Christless, Unchanged Heart *is there*,—as clear, in *His* sight, and as hateful, as the end of the open, undisguised, Profligate is to *ours*! What matters it how “respectable” a Path self-deluded Sinners choose as *their* Way to Perdition, if it leads to the self-same Ruin in the end?

“Suppose ye that they,”—(Reverently enlarging the words of our Lord)—whom Satan has so thoroughly conquered, and dragged down,—in the sight of all men,—to the Drunkard’s, or the Debauchee’s Grave,—“were Sinners above all who dwelt at Jerusalem? I tell you nay; but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish!”—(*Luke* xiii., 3-5).

"Losing" to Satan.

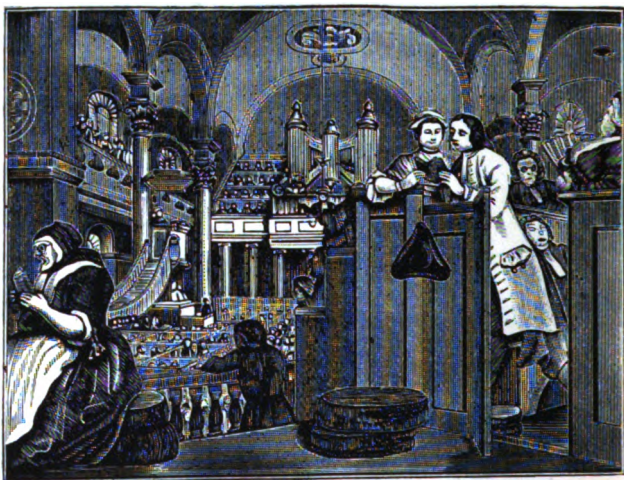


*A terrible Chess Game. "Playing" for our Souls, with Vice and Sin.
How many are doing it in 1907?*



*The "Cock-Pit," 1750.
Would be the same, but for "Christian" Laws, and "Police," in 1907.*

Inside the Church, 1750.

**The Industrious, Good Apprentice ; marries his Master's Daughter.**

Outside the Church, 1750

**The Idle Apprentice. How many are much better in 1907 ?**
(Hogarth, 1750).

How many Sin leads to a miserable end ?



The Idle Apprentice goes to Sea. His poor Mother weeping.



(Hogarth, 1750).

The Night Cellar. He is betrayed by the Woman, and hung for Murder.

"PROFESSIONAL" CHESS

The late Mr. Pillsbury v. Lasker, Hastings, 1895.



1895. Hastings Tournament. Pillsbury Won the 1st Prize (£250). Lasker was third.

"AMATEUR" CHESS.

The **Young Reader** is strongly advised to master, while young, the rudiments of this Splendid Game. It is adding a life-long, innocent, intellectual Pleasure to his life, which years, and even failing physical powers, can never deprive him of, when once the taste for the "Royal Game" has been acquired.

Hints.—Early join a Chess Club. You will never, otherwise, become a Player. Avoid swagger, and conceit, if the winning Player;—banging down the pieces, and taunting the Antagonist: a sure sign of a vulgar Cad. Never take back a piece *once touched*,—nor permit your opponent to do so,—under *any* circumstances. It is not *Chess* to do so; it lowers it to a Child's game.

It is equivalent to letting a Batsman put on his bails again, and perhaps win the Match by a *second* innings. "Let the loser down gently," quietly suggesting "another game." Never play, when you can avoid it, with a player decidedly of inferior "strength" to yourself, on the other hand, after losing three consecutive games never refuse to "receive odds." Go where you will, the World over, as the Writer has done, you will be pleasantly welcomed as a Visitor in all Chess Clubs, and will find Chess Players, as a rule, a superior, high-toned, class of acquaintances. If you cannot understand a word of his language you can still enjoy a game of Chess with him, you know perfectly well what your Chess opponent "is after," though his language may be "double Dutch!"

The Young Reader may, perhaps, like to see the "Mate in Two," which Arthur,—who got it from his Club,—is puzzling Tom, and Papa with, here it is.



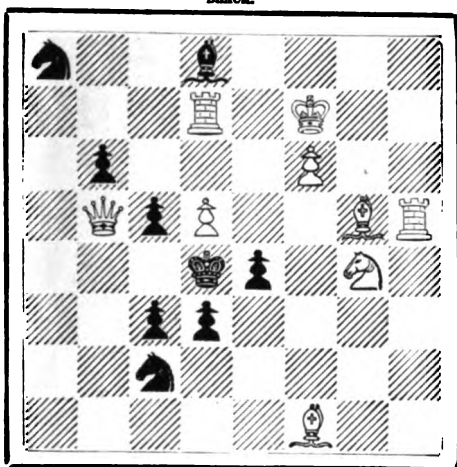
"A good Move," "Mate in Two."

Arthur has given Tom a puzzler. Papa thinks so too.

It took Tom, and Papa, more than the usual $\frac{1}{4}$ -hour usually allowed for a "Mate in Two."

No. 1

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and Mate in Two Moves.

(Remember "Black" pieces are coming *towards* us.)

NOTE.—The late Rev. Skipworth, died 1899, a well known player who for many years, till 1892, conducted the "Counties Chess Association" Tournaments over England, wrote to the writer for a problem. On receiving the above there was a pause, then a line,—"*Very good!*—let me have another!"

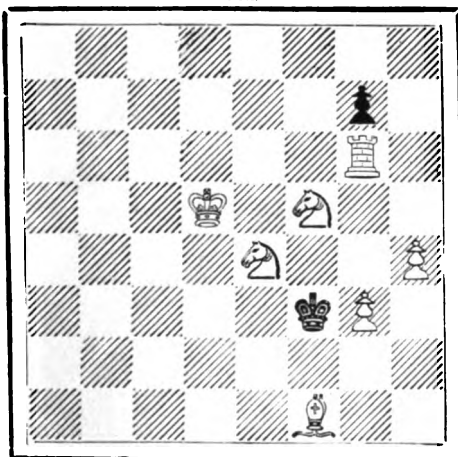
The likely move Kt to Kt's 4, is *met* by Kt to Kt's 4.

Have a good try before looking at the answers to these Problems.

Key move K Q6.

No. 2

BLACK.



WHITE.

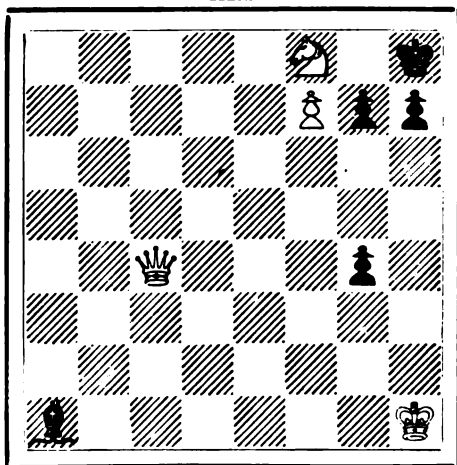
Another—White to Mate in Three Moves, (A very *neat* Problem).

Key move 1. K Q 6. 1. K takes Kt
2. B R 2. 2. K takes other Kt
3. B Mates.

Good rule,—“ Follow the Bishop,” (If he is a good one).

No. 3

BLACK



WHITE

White to Mate in Three Moves.

This has puzzled many a fine player : Key Move Q K B Square, then go up to the B wherever he goes.

IRISH “SPORT.” HOME RULE.



We are obliged by the following interesting communication from our valued Contributor.

Many and varied have been the sympathetic notices concerning the death, at Cairo, 26th May, 1906, of C. H. Sherrard. A long standing supporter of Birmingham chess, has contributed the following touching letter, which also has a reference to H. W. Sherrard, the problem composer of the family :—

“ During my long membership of our Birmingham Chess Club—a period of 34 years—I have had sorrowfully to record the deaths of 27 members out of a usual average of 90 members on our list. I have known and played with every member who has joined us since I entered the club in 1873, but I doubt if the news of the death of our genial friend Mr. C. H. Sherrard has not been received with greater pain and surprise than any other.

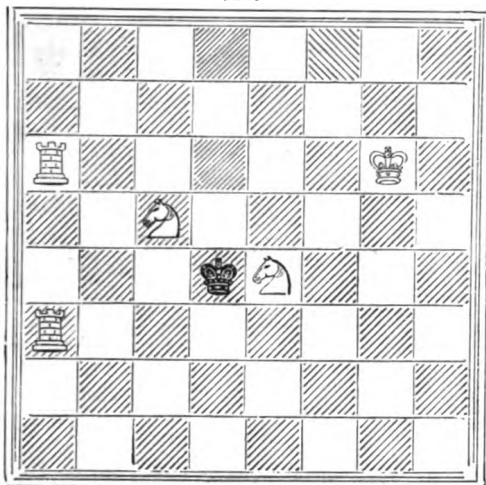
He was playing and winning an interesting match in our rooms quite recently, and had entered to play at Ostend Tournament. I knew and esteemed his elder brother, a former member of our club, the Rev. H. W. Sherrard, M.A., who also died in quite early life in 1892. He was a very strong player, and one day gave me the following problem of his own composing, which I have always considered a very fine one. Indeed, from the symmetry of the various winning moves, I have always called it the “ Sherrardus Symetricus.” As a souvenir of the talented brothers you may like to insert it in your paper.”

ERRATA. —The "Key move" to "Problem 1," by a misprint, is given "K Q 6." It should be "P Q 6." Then "Black" *any* move; and is "mated" the *next*.
Also read, "Kt to K's 5,—is met by Kt to Kt's 5th."

SOUVENIR OF THE SHERRARD BROTHERS.
"THE SHERRARDUS SYMMETRICUS."

No. 4

BLACK.



WHITE (5).

White to Mate in Three Moves.

(Problem by the late Mr. H. W. Sherrard).

Many fine positions stand to the credit of the late H. W. Sherrard. He was the first composer to fill up all the possible pawn promotions in a three-move problem—a task which baffled composers for many years. It had never been accomplished.

Mr. Sherrard's problem is solved by

WHITE.

1. Kt—Q7

BLACK.

1. K x Kt

1. K—Q4 or B5

WHITE.

2. R—Q6, &c.

2. Kt—Q2, &c.

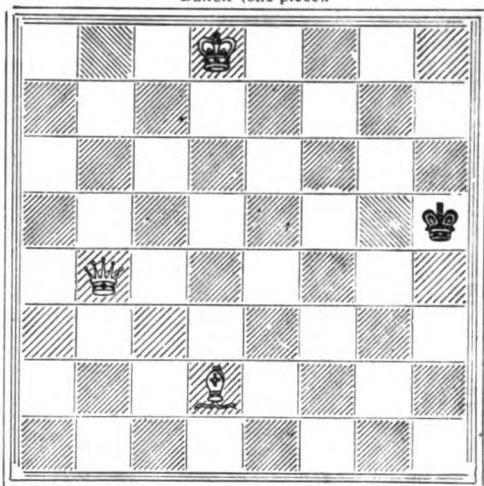
A correspondent writes: "I was much struck by the beauty and excellence of this problem. The salient feature seems to be the perfect way in which the movements of Rook and Knights harmonise. Though I have a collection of some thousands of problems I have never seen this one until now."



Sleeping on the House Tops in the Sultry East.

No. 5

BLACK (one piece).

(3 pieces) White to Mate "in Three," A *very* good puzzler.

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. K--Q7

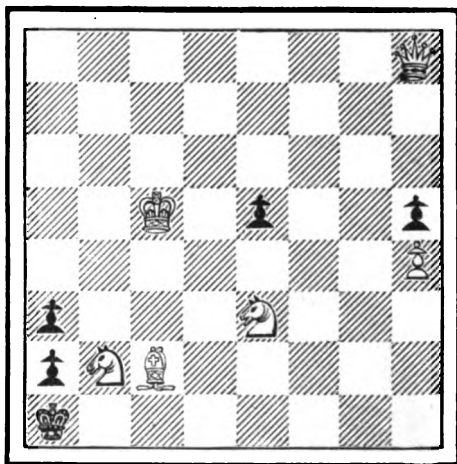
2. Q K 7

3. Q K 6 Mate

"Anything."

No. 6

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to Mate in Three Moves.

A very clever Problem.

Key move Q to Q R 8.

1. If K takes Kt.

2. Q takes P (Check)

2. If P takes Kt.

2. B Kt. 1.

3. If P K 5.

2. Kt. Q 3.

NOTE.—(1) If White moves the attacked Kt. Black claims Drawn Game ("Stale Mate").
 (2) If Q taken P, Black plays, P takes Kt.

“HOBBY” No. 2, “LAWN TENNIS.” INVENTED 1870.

Wimbledon Champions at Lawn Tennis.

1877. S. W. Gore	1888. E. Renshaw	1899. R. F. Doherty
1878. P. F. Hadow	1889. W. Renshaw	1900. R. F. Doherty
1879. J. T. Hartley	1890. W. J. Hamilton	1901. A. W. Gore
1880. J. T. Hartley	1891. W. Baddeley	1902. H. L. Doherty
1881. W. Renshaw	1892. W. Baddeley	1903. H. L. Doherty
1882. W. Renshaw	1893. J. Pim	1904. H. L. Doherty
1883. W. Renshaw	1894. J. Pim	1905. H. L. Doherty
1884. W. Renshaw	1895. W. Baddeley	1906. H. L. Doherty
1885. W. Renshaw	1896. H. S. Mahony	1907. N. E. Brookes
1886. W. Renshaw	1897. R. F. Doherty	
1887. H. F. Lawford	1898. R. F. Doherty	

Lady Champions.

1884. Miss M. Watson	1896. Miss C. Cooper
1885. Miss M. Watson	1897. Mrs. Hillyard
1886. Miss Bingley	1898. Miss C. Cooper
1887. Miss L. Dodd	1899. Mrs. Hillyard
1888. Miss L. Dodd	1900. Mrs. Hillyard
1889. Mrs. Hillyard	1901. Mrs. Sterry
1890. Miss Rice	1902. Miss M. E. Robb
1891. Miss L. Dodd	1903. Miss D. K. Douglass
1892. Miss L. Dodd	1904. Miss D. K. Douglass
1893. Miss L. Dodd	1905. Miss M. Sutton
1894. Mrs. Hillyard	1906. Miss D. K. Douglass
1895. Miss C. Cooper	1907. Miss M. Sutton

“HOBBY” No. 3, “CROQUET.” MODERN STYLE.

The following Lament occurred in the last Edition of this Book (1892). Since then a “Great Revival.” (1897).

“It is to be deplored that, the splendid Game,—Croquet,—*properly* played,—twenty years ago the most popular Pastime the World over,—should,—since 1882,—have been allowed to disappear!

The Croquet spoken of is not the childish one of wide flexible, hoops of thin iron,—small Mallets,—flirtation, and chatter,—but, an earnest, scientific, struggle between two (or four) first-rate Players, with the narrow, rigid, cast steel hoops, (three and three-quarter inches), one-eighth of an inch only larger than the Balls (three and five-eighths inches)—heavy Mallets (“Turf Spankers”) and thoughtful strategy, in playing the “correct game,”—proper “strength,”—leaving the balls by “rushes” or “cuts,” *easy* for the *next stroke*,—the great secret of John Roberts, etc., at Billiards.

On a “fast ground,”—(namely, a close cut, well rolled lawn) many of the Billiard Strokes,—such as the “following” or “running through,”—split stroke (divided object ball), and others, can be made with certainty, while the above tight hoops can,—with practice,—be taken, by a good Player, at *apparently* impossible angles.

The charm of the Game was that a clever Lady Player, like Mrs. Beaton, etc., can hold her own against the strongest and most powerful man alive, if only by practice, she became a *good shot*,—learned to play with delicate “strength,”—laid the Breaks carefully for her Partner, or for her next Ball,—and kept the “live” ball (opponent’s next playing ball) far off. Age did not prevent the old Player,—if he had this intelligence,—from contending with younger men. Another excellent point in this Game was that a good long shot, at any time, might,—if properly utilized,—recover an *apparently* hopeless game, winning

after all! The excitement with good Players never, therefore, was over!

In short, true Croquet is an *intellectual* game, every stroke needs headwork, plan, and knowledge of the game. Not one Player in a hundred ever understood it; when they "got the balls" by a successful shot, they *did not know* what to do with them!

It was voted a stupid game, because so few could play it; it was really *too good a game!* The Public seem never to take to any game which, like Scientific Croquet, requires "headwork," plan, decision, and forethought; they seem to favour Games which depend upon little else than mere physical brute force, strength, and endurance."

CHAMPIONS.

CROQUET.

- 1869.—Joad.
 1870.—Peel, Walter.
 1871.—Peel, Walter.
 1872.—Black, Rev. C.
 1873.—Heath, James.
 1874.—Heath, James.
 1875.—Gray.
 1876.—Colonel Bush.
 1877.—Eveleigh, B. C.
 1878.—Spong
 1879.—Eveleigh
 1880.—Spong, A. H.
 1881.—Spong, A. H.
 1882.—Spong, A. H.
 1883.—
 1884.—
 1885.—
 1886.—
 1887.—
 1888.—
 1889.—
 1890.—
 1891.—

Croquet
 "went out;"
 because not one
 in a hundred could
 play it!

LAWN TENNIS.

- Lawn Tennis had
 Not
 "Come in."
-Gore.
Hadow.
Hartley.
Hartley.
W. Renshaw.
W. Renshaw.
W. Renshaw.
W. Renshaw.
W. Renshaw.
H. T. Lawford.
E. Renshaw.
W. Renshaw.
W. T. Hamilton.
W. Baddeley.

{ For later
 Champions
 see p. 675. }

Since the above appeared in the last (1892) Edition of this book, a wonderful Revival of Croquet occurred (1897) thanks mainly to the Writer's old friend, the late Mr. Walter Peel (Champion in 1870-1). Our list re-commences:—

- 1897.—C. E. Willis.
 1898.—C. Powell (Rev.)
 1899.—B. C. Eveleigh ("Carter")
 1900.—J. E. Austin.
 1901.—R. N. Roper.
 1902.—C. Corbally.
 1903.—C. Corbally.
 1904.—R. C. J. Beaton.
 1905.—Miss L. Gower (Mrs. Beaton).
 1906.—Corbally.
 1907.—R. C. J. Beaton.

MANLY, SCIENTIFIC SPORTS, WITHOUT CAUSING PAIN, OR DEATH TO ANY LIVING CREATURE, OF COURSE, TAKEN IN MODERATION, NOT MADE THE BUSINESS OF ONE'S LIFE.

"SPORT" WITHOUT CRUELTY, OR DEATH TO ANYTHING.

(1) True "Sport,"—healthy,—and enjoyable,—in great variety,—does not necessitate Pain, Cruelty, or Death, to be inflicted on any Dumb, defenceless, living, Creature,—Killed, or Tortured, for mere sport, or for Money Prizes.

(2) True "Sport" affords ample Pleasure to the true "Sportsman" for its own sake,—the Game's sake,—alone. Without Drink, Betting, Money, or foul Language appearing upon the Scene at all.

"Doubtful?" Do you say?

"Prove it!" Well! The Writer can only say *he* has proved it for himself, having taken Prizes for several of the following Sports under the above two Conditions for 50 years past. He has also enjoyed greatly watching the best Talent in almost every Manly Sport,—during that Period,—at Home, or Abroad. CRICKET.—From the early days of Old Clarke, Box, Tom Lockyer, Parr, Caffyn, Wisden, etc., down to Grace, Lohmann, A. Shaw, Blackham, Lilley, "Ranji," Hayward, Hirst, etc. CYCLING.—From the Earliest "Bone Shakers," and the first Champions, Keen, Cooper, R. Howell, down to our Modern Experts. (25,000 would gather at those early Races in Molyneux Ground, Wolverhampton, for three days' running!) PEDESTRIANISM. RUNNING.—From George, of Birmingham,—whose Mile in 4 min. 12½ sec., has never,—after countless tries,—been beaten,—(when he ran Cummings down, at Lillie Bridge, 23rd August, 1886),—down to the Shrubb of our day. (In Nov. 1880,—R. Howell, the Englishman,—at New York, covered 566 miles 63 yards, in six days, "Go-as-you-please" winning £7,000. (144 hours). An Indian,—a noted runner, "Deerfoot,"—in 1851,—the year of that "First" Great Exhibition, Hyde Park,—which some of us will never forget,—ran in 1 hour,—what proved a "Record" for 50 years after! LAWN TENNIS.—He saw Willie Renshaw's first success,—beating the "Irish Champion" (Vere Gould). "St. Leger," at Leamington,—down to the Dohertys. RACQUETS.—He saw Fairs' Father win the Championship, off Grey, in 1876,—in the old Court at Rugby (which we measured as considerably too long before the Match)—down to Peter Latham. COURT TENNIS.—From the days of the great Barre, of Grenoble,—and of Tuileries Court,—George Lambert, Tomkins, Heathcoat, etc., down to Peter Latham, and Fairs. BILLIARDS.—He has seen the great Players from the old days of J. Roberts' Father,—Cook,—the Bennetts,—Peal, &c., to the last Match of the great 40 years' champion, John Roberts, at Hengler's, 1906,—down to Dawson and Stevenson. BASEBALL.—He saw a Final Champion Match at Chicago on "4th July." *Talk about Enthusiasm!* U.S.A. has Baseball on the Brain! QUOITS.—He saw Macgregor's display with 8-inch quoits at "Ringing," marvellous precision! CHESS.—Has watched Matches of Steinitz,—Zuckertort (whom he saw in Simpson's the night before he died), down to Lasker, Tarrasch.

What a List of Healthy, Innocent, "Sport,"—giving one pleasant Memories of Past, and Present,—highest Talent,—unaccompanied by Cruelty, Pain, or Death, to any Creature,—or by those curses to all true "Sports,"—Drink, Gambling, or Vile Language. Three visits to Australia,—New Zealand,—India, etc., confirm his faith in Manly Sports, as the Makers of a vigorous Nation and Empire.

MURDEROUS, CRUEL, SHOOTING, AND KILLING, "SPORTS."

The Writer has been four times at Ceylon,—interviewed Buddhist Priests in their Rock Idol Houses,—and obtained their "tracts" in Cingalese. His conviction is the Heathen can teach us good lessons. Gautama Buddha,—taught, doubtless, by Christ,—as all true Great Teachers in this World have been,—insisted upon the Principle that,—as we cannot GIVE Life,—we ought never,—unnecessarily,—to TAKE it. How any kindly-dispositioned, man,—let alone "Christian,"—can find his *pleasure* in causing Agony, and Death, to defenceless creatures of God, slaughtered merely to give him Sport (?) or for Money Prizes,—seems to some of us, incredible! On a local Steamer, Scarborough, men, with guns, shot at the beautiful Sea Birds as we passed, leaving them with broken wings, and maimed, on the Sea, to die in agony! Otters, hunted to death for hours against overwhelming odds,—Foxes drawn by metal corkscrews,—Creatures left in Steel traps, in agony, for hours,—Game, mown down, driven past a Cad seated on a camp stool,—Poor Hares, or Rabbits, "Coursed," by dogs, with no chance given them,—all excites disgust! Such persons have blunted Moral feelings! Proved by a Wretch,—an Englishman,—one blushes to say it,—in the Austrian War—allowed to pick off the Sentinels of the Enemy with a Rifle of extraordinary range, with an Umbrella, and Telescope to enable him to murder in comfort! This comes of the Moral Conscience becoming blunted!

During 22 visits to the lovely Riviera, the Writer, and others, have to listen to the incessant killing, or maiming, the beautiful Pigeons, merely to gain Money Prizes. Again, in Spain, many like himself, refused to attend their detestable unsportsmanlike (so-called) Bull-Fights, a disgusting "Sport"! The head Ruffian gets £9,000 a year! Gradually, our English humanitarian views are having effect. Italian Inspectors, at last, are preventing the terrible cruelty to dumb useful animals, the iron nails used as goads in the Marble Quarries, etc., are abolished, and convictions carried out. Prizes offered for Mules, etc., in best condition. Considering how these patient creatures slave all their lives for Man, cruelty to them shows, once more, what "fallen" human nature really is.

LA CROSSE he has seen played by Indians, and Canadians.

FOOTBALL.—The Mania of the past 20 years cannot be said not to cause pain or death, for 16,242 persons drenched for two hours sitting out a recent "Cup Tie," raining the whole time, then an hour or so in Cars returning, must mean permanent ruin to health to many. Once the victim to Rheumatic Fever, etc., you will *never* be the same man again!

The amazement is where the Money Admission, and Journey money comes from, when over £6,300 is taken at Hampton Park, 9th April, 1906. 106,000 present, and 110,000 at Final Tie Crystal Palace. 350,000 persons paid £13,100 to see the 32 games, first round "Cup," 1907.

Finally, GOLF,—another Rage,—is alluded to with a feeling of awe. Its language is indeed, mysterious! "A Game we do not understand!"

GOLF.

As Mr. Gladstone said of the question of Home Rule,—*"It passes the Wit of Man!"* Example of strong language in golf. "He fuddled his iron, but made a good recovery,—elected to use a machie,—had a slight heel on the ball from his tee,—used his brassy, in preference to a lofted iron club,—had a lovely 2 at the Alps, but,—by a foosled pitch,—an 8 crept into his card. (Let us hope it crept *out* again!) He played bogey,—laid a stime,—and was dormy nine at the turn!"

A Senior Wrangler beaten by "strong language" at Golf.

A noted Latin Scholar, he could talk in ancient Greek, Welsh, Hebrew, Irish, Russian,—as plain as you can speak, Egyptian Hieroglyphics,—or the Books of Youcatan, Were absolutely NOTHING to this highly-gifted man!

But all his Learning failed him, and his Language Gifts "were off," For he absolutely failed to grasp the Language used in Golf!

IN CONCLUSION.

One last word on Immorality. All other Sins,—with God's aid,—may be manfully, boldly faced,—and resisted. But this Sin is best met by Strategy,—Flight,—*Avoiding*,—rather than facing Temptation. In plain English a RETREAT. The Movement which every successful General,—like Wellington, who never lost a Battle,—recommends, and, at times, judiciously performs,—called the "Stratagetical Movement to the Rear."

If you dally, or hesitate, you are *Lost*!

SHORTEST CHESS GAME.

Joining the "Birmingham Chess Club," 34 years ago (1873), with *decidedly* limited knowledge of the "Royal Game," the Writer was placed in a competition, receiving the odds of "pawn and two," from a strong Player at the "even" game, but *not used to giving* "odds." The latter,—thinking to "develop" by a new method,—answered the usual "two moves" of white (pawns to K and Q 4) by Kt. R's 3rd. The Writer candidly confessed *he* did see what was coming, but decided to take the Kt. off; the pawn took B; and the Writer (no one more surprised than the Striker) "mated" with the Q.

WHITE. (E. S.)	BLACK. (Mr. C. W.)
1. } P K 4	1. Kt. R's 3
2. } P Q 4	
3. B x Kt.	2. P x B
4. Q R 5 (Mate)	

"Mate in four." Probably a "Record" Game.

The great development of "Chess Clubs" in England began about the year of the first "Great Exhibition,"—Hyde Park (1851). The "Birmingham Chess Club,"—one of the oldest "Provincials,"—was started by the late Solicitor, C. J. Saunders, Esq., by an advertisement in the Papers. One lover of the game,—the Writer's old friend, the late Alderman Avery,—replied by seeking the room in New Street. He described to the writer, going on a wet night in the Autumn of 1852. He "found Mr. S. before a small board in an upper room, wearing a Mackintosh,"—(a new invention in the early Fifties)—he asked, "Is this the Room of the 'Birmingham Chess Club,'" and received the historical reply, "*It is, and I am the 'Birmingham Chess Club.'*" They soon, however, got up a good Club. The late Lord Lyttelton would stay at Mr. Avery's,—they were both very rapid, clever, Players. Mr. Avery received at his house the Wonderful, youthful, AMERICAN PLAYER, PAUL MORPHY, the then World's Champion. Mr. Avery often told the Writer (who was his favourite opponent for years), how, one day busy in his Manufactory—(Weighing Machines, &c.), a clerk announced that "a young Man,"—a "*Mr. Murphy*,"—wished to speak to him. Taking it to be an Irish youth, *seeking employment*, Mr. A. said, "Tell him that I am very busy, and that we *really* have no *opening* for a clerk," when suddenly he thought, "MURPHY?" It may be the Great "PAUL MORPHY?" Mr. A. said he ran downstairs faster than ever before, calling "Charles, Charles!" just in time to stop the fatal "*gaucherie*"; and to warmly welcome the gallant, and wonderful, Paul Morphy.

It was always a blow to English Clubs,—and fair play,—that Staunton—as soon as he heard Paul had beaten the Germany "Master," Herr Anderson,—*retired* to Scotland, and meet the Youth he *would not*, in spite of all expostulations! Mr. Avery often played Staunton, receiving odds.

The latter had been the acknowledged champion in England *so long*, he could not *bear* the thought of a *defeat*.

Spectators describe the mild, quiet, youthful, American Paul, and the formidable, huge, Herr Anderson, who usually planted a heavy stick before him for rest,—and perhaps inspiration,—and how the latter's fearful "attacks" were met, with quiet, *unerring*, accuracy, and the great Master completely, at the last, outplayed, and vanquished by the youth.

It is sorrowful, indeed, to all English Players, to recall the sad end of both the two remarkably gifted AMERICAN Players,—Paul Morphy,—and Mr. Pillsbury,—whose feats at *simultaneous* "Blindfold Chess Play,"—"Card Play,"—and "feats of Memory," *all* conducted successfully,—*at one time*,—have never been equalled, and probably never *will* be, again!

CHAPTER LV.

GAMBLING.

NOTE.—The Reader is asked to turn to Page 211 of this volume for hints as to Healthy, Daily, Good Habits,—Food, Exercise, Temperance and Amusements. Also to the Suggestions, Page 429.

Once acquired, these habits all tend to enable a Young Man to avoid those three Curses of Mankind—that “Trinity of Evil,”—human nature is prone to,—the World over, viz.: 1—Drunkenness, 2—Immorality, 3—Gambling.

Having dealt already with the two first,—at a length, in the previous Chapters,—very trying, it is to be feared, to the Reader’s Patience,—let us take the last fatal propensity,—“Gaming.”

GAMING, BETTING, RACES, CARDS, ETC.

THE GAMING HOUSE, 130 YEARS AGO, ON FIRE.



The “Gaming House” in Hogarth’s time. Arrival of “the Watch.”
 “FALLEN” HUMAN NATURE SHOWN IN THE UNIVERSAL GAMBLING SPIRIT, THE WORLD OVER.—PLAYING FOR MONEY.—NOT FOR LOVE OF THE GAME.—THE “BANK” MUST WIN, —ALWAYS HAS DONE.—THE HARD-EARNED WAGES OF THE PUBLIC GO TO THE “BOOKMAKER.”—THE RACECOURSE, A ‘SINK,’—DR. PALMER,—“CROCKFORD,”—“MONTE CARLO.”

The Third example in the Trinity of Evil,—and, proof of “the Fall,” is the inveterate love of Gambling in all Nations, the World over. Once given way to, its victim is unable to

enjoy innocent, healthy, genuine, Sports or Manly Games for their *own sake*, without "a Stake," or Money being introduced. Go this World over, as the Writer has done, the fatal "Gaming" propensity meets one everywhere!

"Well!"—it may be said, "Modern Business is now based a good deal upon 'Speculation,'—buying for a Rise,—Time Bargains,—Stock Exchange Gambles,—'Lotteries,'—Bazaars,—'Missing Words,'—they all do it!" No doubt the instinct to Gamble is in us all; but it is not true, honest, "business." It all means getting other people's (the Loser's) money without working for it, or giving anything in *exchange*.

True Business produces good to all concerned. It does not necessitate, or involve *inevitable* loss to *anyone*; on the contrary it produces mutual benefit. Gambling never did,—never can do. It is founded upon the very principle,—an immoral one,—that the Loser *must* lose to pay the Winner.

:907. The Gaming House 157 years after Hogarth's. Is it much better?



"Messieurs faites vos jeux!" "Le jeu est fait!" "Rieu ne va plus!" Here *apply* the Rakes—(Râteaux),—very important items to a "Gaming Table!"

Are Mankind,—is "human nature,"—much advanced in 157 years? Monte Carlo,—The Modern Gaming Table,—*"Roulette."*

There never was more universal "Play," or "Gambling," in the World than now! Races,—endless "Bridge" and Card Playing,—every known Gambling Resort in Europe, or in America, crowded. Terrible Scandals, and Tragedies, constantly in the Papers. Vast numbers more hushed up! The Bank,— "the Bookmakers,"—*must* Win; the Public lose! The wild talk of breaking the Bank is a delusion; no "Bank" has ever yet been "broken" during the past 150 years. In December, 1836, Louis Philippe closed the 120 (!) Gambling Rooms in Paris,—the Palais Royal was honeycombed with them. The late Monsieur Le Blanc then left for Homburg,—at that time an obscure Village, taking with him an old and skilful Croupier of Frascati's well-known Rooms, Paris (then closed with the rest). The ancient Governor of Homburg had £60 a year, and two clerks to control the "Landgrafate of Homburg" Le Blanc got his permission, and set up a Roulette wheel in one of the Inns. This was in 1842. When the "iron" Bismarck, in December, 1872, closed all the German Gaming Establishments, in those 30 years Le Blanc's one wheel had become a Palace. He had won a huge Fortune. He retired to Monaco. Beginning in 1856,—in 35 years the present Monte Carlo Gaming Palace has far surpassed even Homburg, Wiesbaden, Baden, Ems, Aix-la-Chapelle, etc. Some 20 Gaming Tables are now at work from 10 till Midnight, Sundays and Week-days alike! No one has ever broken that,—or any other "Bank,"—or ever will!

By April, 1907, £100,000 was taken more than even the previous year, namely £1,508,080. To this must be added *all* that the Winners *took away* (probably to come again, and lose it, and more),—say £200,000 (?) taken away by the Winners; then the Losers contributed £1,708,080!

The original £20 Shares are at £80. No wonder, with a £14 dividend this year. The recent Goold Tragedy, August, 1907, at Monte Carlo, shows what losses at the Tables lead to: Despair, and Crime. The smallest stake in the old times, in Paris, allowed to be placed on the Tables, was 2 francs at "Roulette,"—5 francs at the Card Tables. Now, 5 francs, and 20 francs, respectively, are the smallest permitted. Before the Railway was constructed to Italy, via Genoa and Pisa,—the Players reached Monaco by a small steamer from Nice, which took them back at night. There was, then, no "Monte Carlo,"—it was merely a Scene of barren rocks. The late M. Le Blanc brought the soil in Ships to plant his Palms, and to form the lovely Gardens (1860-66). There have been as many fortunes *made outside* the Gaming Establishment, by Hotel Proprietors, Buyers of Land, etc., the last 40 years, as have

been *lost inside it* ! The contrast the "Player's" countenances,—on the Steamer starting hopefully in the morning,—presented to the mournful, melancholy, woebegone, visages on the return at night, is said to have been most striking ! Had the "instantaneous photographer" been in existence in the "Sixties,"—deterrent pictures of the "Gambler returning," or, "Before and After," might have been useful. No doubt some nasty nights at Sea, and no little danger of shipwreck, had also, in those days, to be encountered. To say nothing of Robbery, or Murder, of the Successful Winners.

The first Gaming Saloon was on the top of Monaco Rock, opposite the Palace, and is now part of the Barracks. The Stakes were at first small, and *Counters* were employed. Now, for 40 years only real Money is employed, or seen.

NO TABLE NOW EVER STOPS.

Formerly,—when any Table was unfortunate,—when its Capital for the day (say £3,000 or more) had been reduced to a certain sum,—that Table stopped for that day, a cloth being thrown over it,—as if to hide its disgrace,—this was called "Breaking the Bank." Now the Company,—confident in its strength,—elects never to stop any Table, during Play hours, but to support it,—come what will,—and lose what it may. This must give,—even to the Bank,—an element of excitement ; the experience of Ninety years tells them that they can do it,—that they must win in the end,—still, the *temporary outgoings* may now be *large*.

Thus, on Friday, the 13th of March, 1891, a Card table ran very adversely for the Bank, it is many years since so heavy a loss occurred.

NOTE.—The late Monsieur Le Blanc said, that in his many years' experience as Proprietor of the Gaming Houses at Homburg, and, subsequently, at Monaco, a *Card* table had been known to *lose* for three successive days, but a *Roulette* table never more than *one* day.

Three heavy Players, the late Mr. Lewis, the Money Lender, was one of them, were playing their Capitals against that of the Bank,—placing "Maximums," (viz.: the utmost amount permitted), say 6,000 francs, (£240) six 1,000 franc Notes,—upon the Table every "coup," or deal. This would mean at least £1,000 per two minutes, for the *other Players* usually *follow* successful Gamblers. Mrs. Lewis left £250,000 to our King's "Hospital Fund."

True to its new law never to stop, a gentleman present says, the "Garçons" were kept trotting to and fro to the Treasury for fresh Rolls of Thousand franc Notes (£40 each) : the Table was to be supported to the last. Here comes the *one* advantage

of the Player, he can,—when he has won, and begins to lose,—*stop*. The Table will not. Had the Winners gone on they would have lost all, nothing can *continually* stand against the Bank, but they wisely gave over, with winnings of various amount. The Bank lost £40,000, probably *more*. But how exceptional an occurrence! May not occur for years! And what an advertisement, or "tice" for the next Season, to Wealthy Players! It proved so!

For, with it all,—the Best Season—ever experienced,—upwards of a Million taken,—and the £20 Shares at £80! Do we think that the Winners will keep their gains,—*never return*,—our common sense tells us that they *try again*! The only class likely "never to return" are the Losers. Take the case of one of the Winners that March, 1891, a wealthy Man.

"For *twelve years* he has been a regular player at Monte Carlo, an experienced Gambler, with a thorough knowledge of the chances, etc., and yet he has never left less than £10,000 per annum in the coffers of the Bank! Sometimes it was £15,000, and even more. Ten days ago he was £20,000 out upon his Season's play, but the long Series of "Maximums" have enabled him to recover the loss this Season with £1,000 to the good. Altogether, however, his losses the past ten years amount to £125,000 (!) He 'can, therefore, claim,' he remarked to me, 'to have, at least, given the Game a *fair trial*!' He intends leaving on Saturday, never to return. The others all agreed that even with sustained good luck, you might for a time hold your own, against the Bank, but that, in the end, it was impossible to *make Money at Monte Carlo*." (*Daily Paper*.)

Do not these facts, dear Reader, establish our contention that Gaming,—by the Public under, admittedly, the least objectionable surroundings,—**does not pay?**

We can see why a Gaming Company are really not anxious for very heavy play,—wealthy Players or Syndicate of Players—occupying the chairs all day,—and simply playing their Capital against that of the Bank. It would suit all better, if the avaricious Public would be content to gain, or lose a few pounds, and then leave off and continue their Tours, treating it as an exciting Incidental Travelling Expense. But this many will not do! A Daily paper has the following:—

"SUICIDES HUSHED UP."

"It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that hundreds of people have committed suicide through being ruined at Monte Carlo. As a rule, the World hears little or nothing of such suicides, for it is not to the interest of any one to say much

about them. But now and then striking cases come to light. Here are a few :—

"Dec. 9.—Son of a distinguished San Francisco family, a law Student of New York, shot himself through the head in the Hotel Regina, Paris. He had just returned from Monte Carlo, where he lost all his money at the tables."

"December 17.—A young Italian count walked out of the Casino, a picture of dejection, and after sitting in the gardens for a while, talking to a lady, he pulled out a revolver and shot himself through the heart. Attendants quickly removed the body, and few persons were aware of what had happened."

"December 19.—A young Viennese gentleman lost all his money at the tables, and going out early in the morning, lay down in front of a train at Villefranche and was cut to pieces."

"These are only a few instances noted now and then during a single month," he continued. "No one knows how many more cases occurred."

"Ruined players are continually going to Paris or elsewhere, there to shoot themselves."

"But the suicides do not represent a tenth of the misery due to the Casino. So many people are 'broken' by the bank that it has been necessary to establish a relieving department, in order to get rid of the ruined players, who might otherwise commit suicide." (*Daily Paper.*)

"FARES HOME PAID."

"Every day in the Season men and women apply to the Casino offices for a dole to pay their hotel bills and their fares home. Some time ago a gentleman, who had lost every penny, was given a free P. and O. ticket to Calcutta and £50. The sums paid out by the Casino range from £5 to £500.

"But in *spite of the winners and of this toll on its profits*, the Casino has made millions sterling out of the gamblers who try to break the bank. Last year its total receipts came to £1,508,080, an increase of £151,880 on the year before.

"After every expense had been defrayed there was left for distribution among the shareholders, at the rate of £14 a share. This was equal to 70 per cent. on the original value of the shares.

"The curse of Monte Carlo is not merely that it is responsible for the ruin of hundreds of men and women," he concluded, "but that it entails undeserved wretchedness on their families, who often have to suffer not only privation, but great mental anguish directly due to the evil influence of the gambling tables."

"It is a forcing bed for Crime. Swindlers and thieves of every class haunt the place.

"The spot is the most beautiful one on the Riviera, and has the finest climate for invalids. It is time that such a place was rid of the curse of the gambling den." (*Daily Paper.*)

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS "LUCK."

READER! "Well! I confess from what I have seen of Gamblers, — Betting, — playing for Money, etc., — they certainly do not seem very happy or very successful—and decidedly not a high-toned lot!

"When he wins, no one is pleased,—when he loses he loses his temper also. Gambling is selfish work; it makes men Unfeeling, and Cruel."

But what,—after all,—is this mysterious "Luck," "Chance," or "Fortune?"

THE CHRISTIAN BELIEVER DENIES THAT "LUCK," OR "CHANCE," EXISTS.

The Believer boldly, and absolutely, denies that such a thing as a blind, irresponsible Power, usually called Chance, Luck, or Fortune, exists at all! What the unthinking vaguely call by these names,—also such expressions as,—"*By the merest chance!*" "*As my luck would have it!*" "*I chanced to,*" etc. "*It happened most luckily for me that just then,*" etc.,—present no intelligible meaning to the Christian! If there exists a blind, irresponsible, irresistible, Power, called Luck, Fortune, Chance, or Fate,—then there is no God! You cannot, dear Reader, *have both!* All is controlled by the Supreme.

The Believer sees God in History,—in the great and critical Events of the past. In some mysterious way,—without interfering with Human Freewill,—God was undoubtedly there! Did it never strike you, dear Reader, as very singular that *Gold should have been discovered, AT FIRST, near the Surface, in distant Countries, needing Population,*—and does not occur in Countries already too crowded? Is there nothing of an over-ruling Providence here? Just when the Populations of the Old Countries were becoming too great, America is discovered,—later on, Gold draws countless thousands to the Wilds of Australia! Is this all "Chance?"

To the Christian,—and he has here the Scientific Men with

him,—there is a *Cause*, there *must* be a cause for the minutest, as well as for the most important. Events in History !

There was a cause for what we term the " most trifling,"—" insignificant,"—Occurrence, or Incident ! There was a cause—though it took place in a speechlessly short period of time,—which " caused " that Roulette Ball, or Billiard Ball, finally to enter,—or not to enter, that Cell, or that Pocket,—or the Dice to take that last turn in the Dice Box !

The Christian denies that blind, self-existing unconscious, irresponsible " Chance " is permitted by the Creator to exist in this World at all !

He believes that,

" The Lot is cast into the lap ; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord ! "—*Prov.* xvi., 33.

He maintains that, though,

" Two sparrows are sold for a farthing,—not one of them shall fall on the ground,—without your Father ! "—*Matt.* x., 29.

" Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it ; except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain."—*Psalms* cxlvii., 1.

God marks the *minutest* occurrences ! God is *everywhere* ! The Atheist may assert that all Phenomena is caused by a blind, irresponsible, unconscious, power which he calls " Fate." The Christian—and he has the Scientific Men with him—challenges the assertion by pointing to the Beneficent " Laws of Nature," that if we were left to a blind, unreasoning " Fate," or left to " chance," neither this World, nor any other of the Myriads around us, *could exist for five minutes* ! Everything, always excepting the Freewill,—*Freedom* of Choice in Mankind,—is under an inflexible Law ! Then under *What* Law,—under *Whose* Rule,—does this Law exist, which governs " Chance," " Fate," " Luck," or " Fortune ? " The Atheists who admit that an all controlling Law *does* exist, call it the " Law of Nature."

The vague word " Nature " conveys no intelligible meaning to the Believer without an Eternal cause beyond it, for what is " Nature ? " How came it that it is controlled by resistless laws, which it must, and as a matter of fact, always *does* obey ? Who gave it those laws and keeps " Nature " to them ? We have seen what the Atheist thinks of Nature, (*Page* 515) and, —take away the ever sustaining, all controlling, ever present, and Almighty power of an Omnipresent, Omniscient Creator,—" Nature," as the Sceptic there asserts, would indeed be meaningless ! The " Laws of Nature," are, to the Believer, the " Laws of God ! "

Every minute circumstance,—every incident in his life,—

his future, his happiness,—the Christian firmly believes, depend solely upon the Will and "Providence" of the Blessed God! Hence, the Believer—encouraged by the commands of our Lord to "Pray always,"—to ask for all things in His name,—leads a Life of Prayer.

THE TRUE "INFALLIBLE SYSTEM."

Confident that the Almighty Ruler can answer prayer, he discerns Divine Guidance and blessing in the minutest surroundings of his life, knowing well that our *lives* and *characters*, depend on a vast number of *minute circumstances*. He asks God's blessing, therefore, upon *everything*. *Nothing* is too small or apparently insignificant, but what will be the better for the blessing of the Almighty! Gradually such a life leads to complete trust, faith, and confidence in God! Everything is asked for "consistent" with the Divine Will, and anxiety, despondency, care, seem unknown to the true Christian!

"Why, you never get your prayers answered!" sneers the Atheist.

"On the contrary," replies the Believer, "I never knew any prayer of mine,—which was for my real good and God's glory,—which has *not*,—in time,—been answered.

I once, like you, cared nothing for God. I asked for love to Him. I have got it! I asked for "success in life,"—consistent with His will. I got all that was good for me, and am perfectly happy and content! I asked for changing grace from God the Holy Spirit. I *got* it. Things I cared for 30 years ago,—and hurtful, evil things, too,—I care nothing for now! *Whence* this change?"

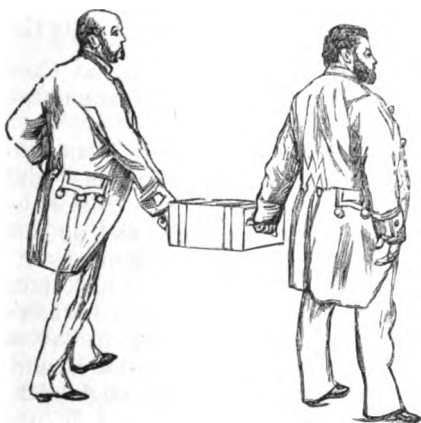
READER, longing for "Success in Life," Happiness,—longing for Wealth,—Money,—Gold,—seeking to obtain it by "Betting," "Gambling," etc.; try *another Plan*. Try what an honourable, industrious, patient, ten years of honest work, and wise saving, will do! Try ten years of *self-denial*, *self-improvement*, *observation*, *tact*, *resolution*, try the Life suggested in this Volume for the next ten years, and do all with constant prayer for God's Blessing, and *then look round you!* Opportunities which opened to you,—*you* know not *how*,—*God* knows,—character improved,—the respect of others obtained,—openings for usefulness seized,—in favour "both with God and man,"—*you* will look back with *amazement* at the time when you thought a "Lucky Spec.,"—a "good hit,"—"Money won,"—constituted "Happiness" or "Success in Life." Believe me, Money is but *one* item out of a *score*, needed to bestow Happiness upon our lives! Depend

upon it "Money is *one* thing,"—"Happiness is quite *another*!" And the experience for the past 90 years, of countless thousands, has proved that Gambling never brought to them, either the *one* or the *other*!

"MONEY" IS NOT "HAPPINESS."

Happiness is a calm, inward experience, enjoying Peace with God, love to Christ,—in one word "Conversion." It is dependent upon the state of the Mind, Heart, and Soul,—quite distinct, and apart from, Outward Possessions, pecuniary success, animal enjoyment, or pleasure,—or, indeed, any of the passing things of Sense and Time. It is obtained from *within* rather than from *without*! No human soul will ever know lasting happiness, apart from God. And the experience of countless thousands,—for the past 90 years,—has conclusively proved that Gambling never,—to the immense Majority,—ever brought to them Money,—on the one hand,—or Happiness on the other!

"THE MORAL."



12.0 p.m.

"Voilà le commencement de la fin!"

12.0 p.m. Officials bearing away the "Capital" of *each* "Table," *plus* its winnings for the day,—in its respective box,—to the Treasury, £1,508,080 taken from the players, 1907,—the losers also providing say £200,000 taken away by the Winners. Total sum provided by the losers probably £1,708,080 sterling. The £20 shares at £80!

MORAL.—"Gambling does not pay."

THE TRULY "SUCCESSFUL" MEN.

As long as God exists, and Religion remains true,—a *Christian*, however poor, possesses *all things*; and can never be said to have been "unsuccessful." The devoted and holy Henry Martyn,—leaving home, bright prospects, and reciprocated love, behind him, for ever,—to carry Christ's message to the Heathen,—and meeting his death alone, unbefriended, and unknown;—the devoted Brainard amongst the poor U.S.A. Indians;—the noble Dr. Livingstone, dying, on his knees, solitary, and unaided in a "dismal swamp" of Africa;—good Bishop Pattison, murdered by Savages on a far-off Island;—noble Father Damien, dying amongst the Lepers; were not "successful" men, judging by the Standard of *this* World. They were something *far higher*, and nobler! Their "Wealth," and "Success," is not to be reckoned in *this* World's Gold, it must be estimated in the Currency of Heaven! Their lives shine,—in an age of "rich, business, Christians," Selfishness, and ungodly Greed,—like Beacons pointing us to a Nobler, and a better Life!

"We brought nothing into this world,—and it is certain that we *shall take nothing out!*"

GAMING. PRIVATE AND PUBLIC. RACES. THE GAMING HOUSE.

In one respect Private Gaming, and at Cards, etc.,—if it involves playing for any appreciable amount,—appears,—of "two evils," to be the worst. "Why?" Because in Private "Play" you win Money from,—or lose it to,—your acquaintances and friends,—while in Public Gaming, you win from,—or lose to,—Persons whom you do not know, and, therefore, naturally feel no interest in. To win anything larger than a nominal sum,—say, Sixpence, or a Shilling, at "penny points," at Whist, etc.,—from an acquaintance, or your Friend, *does* seem,—when one comes to think of it,—a most unpleasant,—not to say *mean* piece of business! How frequently the harmony, and pleasure of the meeting is lessened! *Why* go through such an ordeal at all? How anyone,—without a feeling of shame, degradation, or regret,—*can* put any appreciable sum of his friend's money into his own pocket, and walk away with it, does seem to some of us, amazing! It is often urged that there are excellent games of skill, which, from their very constitution,—absolutely require a small—(however small),—stake, to give them sufficient interest to old Players. If this *could be proved*, then an insignificant stake,—so many counters to the shilling, etc., might, perhaps, be permitted.

But the past Records of this Country,—and we have ever been noted as an essentially “Sporting” Nation,—have proved, for the past 100 years, that Cricket, Football, Tennis, Bicycle, Billiard, etc., Matches,—Running, Swimming, etc.,—have been sufficiently exciting in themselves,—and have given vast pleasure to countless thousands,—without the “Betting Element” being introduced at all ! And without the spectators, or players having one penny pecuniary interest in the results ! Why, then, cannot this happy state of things continue ? Why cannot these delightful, healthful, and excellent English Pastimes, including the indoor Games,—essential in our somewhat inclement Climate,—Chess, Draughts, Billiards, Whist, etc.,—be all alike played for their own sakes alone ? The question the YOUNG READER should ask himself is,—“What do I want to win my friend's Money for ? It cannot be for the love of the Game, surely it must be greed after money, and it proves that I *care* for the *latter* more than I *do for my friend* !”

Pretty mean state of things *that*, Reader !

Note.—Prizes offered by a Club to induce proficiency and improvement, are, of course, freely admitted to be perfectly legitimate, and, no doubt, helpful.

“GAMING,”—ON THE LOWEST GROUND,—A MISTAKE.

A vast number of Youths, will undoubtedly, peruse this Book,—in the Public, and other Libraries,—who make no pretensions whatever of being “Christians,”—or being at present,—(pray God they all may be one day),—under the influence of the Gospel. They “Play,” or “Bet,” simply and solely to win Money. The following effort, is therefore, made to oppose Betting, or Gambling, upon,—admittedly,—the *very lowest* ground,—namely, that it is, in itself, a *mistake* ! In plain English, that Gambling *does not pay* !

If we cannot prove that it is *wrong*, the next best thing seems to be to prove it to be a delusion, or, as the *certainly not* very moral remark of the Frenchman has it, “It is worse than a Crime,—it is a Blunder !” “A very low ground to take, that !” a Christian Reader will say. *It is indeed* ! And yet, dear Reader, could we but have amassed, during the past 90 years,—an immense Collection of “data,” giving the personal experiences of the outside betting Public, even in our English Races,—think you,—though it is a low ground to take,—that that disastrous Record would not have *some* effect upon the Young Men of 1908 ?

Let us have the details of the great “Gambles,” “Corners,”

—"Time Bargains," and "Swindles" of the Stock Exchange ; "Bogus" Mining, and other "Bubble" Companies, with their swindling Promoters, and "Directors," and their Victims, the past 90 years, in our collection,—giving the immense Sums the Public have lost,—and surely a Lesson on "Gaming" of every description, would be taught, difficult to forget !

Families brought to ruin ; the immense Properties of our Aristocracy, going, not to good, useful, purposes,—but to "Trainers," "Betting Men," "Jockeys," etc.,—a *pretty* history would our racing Gamblers have to relate !

It is not the loss of Money merely,—it is the *demoralizing* effect of English Gambling, which is so striking. The shabby, mean, tricks, the *dreadful company* it leads to,—from the office Youth,—induced by his losses,—to the first act of dishonesty,—stamps,—loose cash,—no matter what,—to the Earl with "encumbered" estates,—the same cry would come to us, "*Gambling does not pay !*"

"I made *my* fortune at it, taken from the Working Class," the "Betting Man," Trainer, Jockey, Speculator, "Promoter" of Companies, Stock Broker, etc., may reply.

No doubt it pays *you*,—you are "in the swim," you have your "Commissions," in and out,—your tips,—intelligence,—you work together,—"*You scratch my back, I will scratch yours,*"—of course the Money of the Public went into *somebody's* pocket ! A *pretty* tale *you* could tell us if you chose ! But we are speaking of Gambling, not paying your clients,—the "outside" World, our contention being that to the immense majority,—of which the Reader will undoubtedly be one,—as a legitimate,—money-making,—investment, for the Masses,—Gambling, of *all kinds*, does *not pay* !

GAMING DOES NOT PAY THE PUBLIC, EVEN WHEN HONESTLY CONDUCTED.

Lacking our individual experiences of Gambling at Racing, etc., the past 90 years,—let us take the actual authentic, returns of a Modern Public Gaming Company. Once more we shall see that,—like the Old English Government Lotteries alluded to on Page 172,—the Promoters,—the Bank,—The Agents,—are the "winning" Parties. The Gaming Public,—as usual,—lose ! In 1891, a Paper had the following.

"At Monte Carlo play is conducted as fairly and equitably as at any place of the kind, and far more so than in any of the more obscure gambling hells which are to be found in nearly all large cities at home and abroad. But even at Monte Carlo the Chances run terribly against the Players, and in spite of the

PUBLIC GAMING MONACO.



A "Table" at "Monte Carlo" in the *quiet* Season, (June to October). From January to May, 18 *Tables are at work*, each surrounded by a *Crowd three deep*, for the greater part of the play hours (10.0 a.m. to 12.0 p.m.) Sundays *inclusive* (!)

occasional brilliant successes of mysterious "punters," whose bank-breaking exploits *lose nothing in the telling*, it is evident from the published accounts of the company who conduct the saloons that *every shilling* they *pay out* must come back to them *in pounds* from the pockets of the dupes who throng their tables. In no other department of enterprise will investors go on year after year trading at a *heavy loss*, but at Monte Carlo hundreds of thousands of *pounds* are annually sunk in purchasing about an equal number of *shillings or half-crowns*, the difference going into the pockets of the Casino proprietors and the *local authorities* who are their aiders and abettors. At the half-yearly meeting of the Gambling Company, which was held at the saloon on Friday, the accounts submitted showed that the past year had been the most profitable in the history of the Society, the total receipts from the gaming tables amounting to £840,000. This is £40,000 more than in the previous year, notwithstanding that in March last some half-dozen plungers carried off among them about £40,000. The late Samuel Lewis, the Money Lender, was one of them. His widow left an immense sum to charities, 1906. The loss, however, came back twenty-fold in the course of the six months. The result is that after making large appropriations, devoting £40,000 to a sinking fund, £360,000 to expenses (including £50,000, the semi-annual payment for the concession, £10,000 for public purposes, and over £200,000 salaries and police, etc.), and a further large sum to the payment of the municipal expenses of the Principality, the company is able to divide 38 per cent., and its £20 shares stand at £80 in the market. If the company were free to distribute all its net profits, the dividends evidently would have been over 50 per cent. Anyhow, it has taken out of the pockets of the public £840,000 more than it has put into them, and it is the experience of the company more or

less every year since its formation. Yet the public continue to flock to its tables as though they were a mine of wealth instead of a huge suction-pipe for draining the pockets of their votaries. As a matter of business there is probably no form of investment *which yields so uniformly bad a return as gambling*. Of demoralising influence it would be altogether superfluous to speak. The excitement of play doubtless counts for something with the genuine gamester, but even for him such "violent delights" would unquestionably lose a good deal of their charm if he knew beforehand, what the experience of the Monte Carlo Casino Company attests, that the vast majority of those who try their luck at its tables must lose heavily, however fair the play."—*Daily Paper, November, 1891*. This was 16 years ago. 1907 season £1,500,080 was taken!

Surely the above figures support our contention as to *where*,—and to *whom* the money of the Gaming Public goes by the above "irresistible Logic of Fact!" For here we have no "Welchers," "Touts," roguery—Jockeys, or Horses "got at"—"things made a certainty"—horses scratched—"not to win,"—"pulled up," Owners and Riders interested deeply that they should *not* win! No horrible demoralising language, or company, as at *English Races*!

On the contrary, we have everything conducted with the silence and precision of a London Banking Establishment! The Public paid if they win,—to any amount,—and in a minute's time. Yet we see, under the most favourable circumstances, Gambling by the public does not pay. We see what they lose! "But the tables are so greatly against them!" *How?* At an English Race there are several horses running, *either* may lose, but here there are *but two*, a "Red," and a "Black"; *only one* can lose! There is no delay, no "false starts," the Race is over in one minute, and there are 450 to 500 "Races" on each "Roulette" Table a day. Why is it more against the Public than these English Races which have been permitted in this Country for a Century past? Thousands do not think so! For it is well known that numbers of wealthy Englishmen,—and, indeed, of every nationality, have been for years, Season after Season, in the habit of frequenting Monte Carlo. They did not go there to *lose*; they went to *win*! The Gaming Company met them one and all, and has, for Forty Years been proving our point.

"THE WINNERS ALWAYS COME BACK."

But many *do* win! *Do they?* Watch your "Winners" for, say, five years. True! He did win, and took it away

with him ! Did he go again ? *Of course* he did ! While "human nature" remains the same the winner will assuredly try again. As the old, experienced "Croupier" remarked, "The Winners always (*toujours*) come back ! *As for the Losers,*"—and here a gesture and a shrug intimated that,—having *deposited their money*,—whether *they* came back was a matter of *perfect* indifference. Undoubtedly we must *add* the amount carried off by the Winners, before we can arrive at what *someone lost* ! Say the Public took away £200,000 last year, 1906,—then the losers contributed £1,708,080 !

The *Bank* did not *lose* a *penny*,—never has done since M. Le Blanc started at Homburg, and then, Monaco, and no Gaming Establishment ever has lost. Again, say £200,000 *was taken away* by "Winners" of "Losers'" Money, surely it is but taken away *for a time*, for as certain as the Season recommences most of the winners of the above sum will return to the scene like the Moth to the Candle ! The Croupier was *right*. It is human nature. Return they will !

IN GAMBLING IT IS BEST TO LOSE.

"*Nonsense !*" *Is it ?* Ask old, experienced Players ; ask the officials. Those who have lost most,—have most injured themselves,—by Gaming,—began with that fatal *first win* ! For years the Story has been repeated monotonously at all the Gaming Establishments. Amongst thousands of losers some,—from that unexplained train of causes, for causes there must be for everything,—called "Fortune," or "Luck,"—seem, at first *unable* to *lose* ! Then,—from some equally obscure reason, or sequence of events,—cease winning *altogether*. "Fortune,"—as it is vaguely described, "goes dead against them !" (whatever that may mean).

They are powerless ! They can do nothing ! They go to the same Table,—play the same game,—lose constantly, *whatever* they do,—*persist*,—"get behind,"—lose not only all they won, but a great deal more in addition,—and finally return—*far poorer* than if they had *never won at all* !

What "goes against" them,—what would in the end, go against *you*, dear Reader,—is the simple fact proved by the experience of ninety years of "Play," betting, gambling at Races, etc.,—that the immense majority—of which *you* would prove *one*,—always have,—do now,—and always will *LOSE*,—if they only continue long enough !

The old Croupier was right, in the vast majority of cases, "The Winners always come back,"—and *lose* !

A RACING TRAGEDY !

Amongst thousands of instances of lives and characters ruined by the Turf,—and the fatal consequences of a *first win*,—success *at first*,—take the awful career of Dr. Palmer, the Rugeley Poisoner. An acquaintance,—asked how a certain sum might be best invested, replied, “ Well ! ” If I were you I would put it on “ Flying Dutchman,” a celebrated Race Horse of that Period. Palmer did so,—and *won !* He was left £50,000 by his Father, his Wife had £400 a year, yet all Lost in that “ Sink,” the *Race Course*.

That fatal win led him on ; possessed of an ample Fortune at the time, he “ went on the Turf ” *to get more, and lost all*,—squandered a large Fortune,—was declared a defaulter, borrowed thousands off the Money Lenders at sixty per cent. (!) and kept paying the latter by forged bills for thousands, drawn on his Mother, which were of course “ impounded ” after his execution. Then began a Series of sudden deaths of Persons *to whom* he owed money, or *from whom* Palmer came into property. From first to last, no less than thirteen mysterious deaths were attributed to him ! One creditor,—a Mr. Bladen, came to their house by invitation,—“ Come down and you shall have some shooting here, and I will pay you before you leave ! ” wrote Palmer. He came,—sickened,—and died ! “ My poor Mother died on a visit here,—last year,”—said his poor wife,—“ now this man ! What will people say ? ” *What indeed !* Shortly after, poor Lady,—*she* too was in her Grave,—insured by her Husband for £13,000 ! And to show how Gambling,—and a Gambler’s life *deadens*,—nay,—*petrifies*,—every feeling of a man, or human being,—the Wretch, now living with the Maid Servant,—ruined like many other girls in the neighbourhood it was stated by a resident, (who would give their names, etc.)—coolly continues his Diary of events ! A few days after his poor Wife’s murder he says, in the Diary, “ October 8, 1854,—Sunday at Church, *Sacrament (!)* ”

(Note.—What an illustration of the views expressed on mere outward *Ritual !* “ Palmer made a great show of Religion. He would travel far to reach Rugeley in time for Divine Service on Sunday. He would read the responses louder than any ; he was extremely attentive, and took notes of the Sermons (!) ” (See Palmer’s “ Life,” Ward, Lock, & Co., 1856). The “ Sun ” office proposed resisting the £13,000 claim, but the “ Norwich,” and “ Scottish,”—not knowing that Palmer had employed two poor old Medical Men 80 years old,—himself being the third,—considered that three Doctors certifying to

the death, could not be held out against. No "Post Mortem" was therefore insisted upon, and the £13,000 was paid to Pratt, the Money Lender, and his Clients who supplied the 60% (!) Loans.

Next his Brother died, insured for a similar amount, (£80,000 was attempted, but failed,) but now warnings came to the Offices "*His Wife died after payment of the first Premium, be careful!*" And, this time the "Prince of Wales" absolutely refused payment! John Parsons Cook, his Racing Companion, next died in agony at Master's, "Talbot Arms," Rugeley, on the night of 20th November, 1855, attended by Palmer. But the end was near, an unexpected Relative of Cook's turned up,—to Palmer's dismay,—a Mr. Stevens. Cook's Pocket Book and £1,000 were not to be found,—Palmer had been seen searching immediately after the death. Mr. Stevens became suspicious,—was not to be cajoled, and insisted on a Post Mortem. The attempt to bribe the Coroner, and to get the Post Boy to upset the Jars, failed, the arrest and ten days' trial followed.

As an instance how the human mind can cling to Hope with tenacity, under the most desperate circumstances, even in the middle of Judge Campbell's masterly "Summing up," the Prisoner threw over the Bar a slip of paper to his Solicitor, on which was written in a clear, firm hand, "I think they will find a Verdict of 'Not Guilty!'"

Had Palmer been a *poor*, unknown man he would have been hung without a word. But thousands of pounds were at issue: if the Money Lenders, and their Clients, could get him off, then the Insurance Companies would have had to pay them. Every effort was made. The *impulsive, injudicious*, Public,—as in the *Maybrick case*,—were appealed to,—letters flooded the Papers,—the then notorious "Jack Smith," the Birmingham Solicitor, did his best, but in vain!

Murders, Forgeries, Thefts, Immoralities,—why do the "Public" interfere, and try to force the authorities to spare the *well-connected* criminal with *wealthy connections*, and yet let the *poor, unknown*, murderers be hung without a word?

Why, indeed, and,—mark you,—Betting, Gambling, "Racing,"—and the dreadful Associates *they lead to*,—were at the beginning of this awful life!

Last scene of all at Stafford (8 a.m., Saturday, 14th June, 1856), a maddened crowd of some 25,000 of his fellow countrymen, livid with speechless rage!

The Colliers were there,—they came for weary miles in Bands,—forcing their way by sheer force to be near the Scaffold, to shriek and rave at the Murderer! Thousands

had been patiently trudging all through the rain of the previous night,—had waited for hours,—with but one thought, namely to howl, and shriek, and curse him! 80,000 Tracts and a quantity of Testaments, etc., were distributed amongst the immense crowd by a Mr. Ratcliffe, of Liverpool, and others. Public executions are now happily extinct.

"An old, and obsolete story,—truly,—to illustrate the evils of 'Racing,' and 'Betting!'"

Well, Reader, take last year. How about that poor creature who wrote that pathetic letter,—the papers printed,—just before he committed Suicide,—concluding with "*Ask ———*" (a well-known Betting and Racing Man) "*he knows all!*"

Was there no modern Tragedy think you, *here?* Gaming makes men cruel. Gambling converts even educated men,—moving in good Society, into—mean,—rogues; cheating, even their friends,—as recent disclosures have proved.

THE "RACE COURSE" A SINK.

"Arrested subsequently he said: 'Every penny of it has gone in betting. The bookmakers will tell you how much they have had from me. I never had a penny on a horse until I came here.'

"He had become demented by his misdeeds, and did not know how he came under the train. He had a miraculous escape from death, and lay unconscious for two days. and would suffer physically probably for the remainder of his life.

"The firm's loss would be recouped somewhat by a guarantee of £1,000. All the money had gone, and his wife and family were left destitute.

"Sentence was postponed in view of possible action against the Bookmakers."

But we may depend upon it the "Bookmakers" kept the Money.

Avoid "Outside Brokers," Advertising Firms, inducing the Public to try their "*Cover*" Systems. If their clients *win* largely, some of the above plead at once the "Gaming Act" to get off paying,—others disappear! If the client *loses* they hold over him the threat of exposure to his Principals, etc.,—if he does not "cash up" at once.

THE "RACE COURSE" A SINK.

Again, we had in 1902, the trusted clerk of a Liverpool Bank stealing ingeniously, during several years, £169,000, from the Bank. He died in the Convict Prison, June, 1907. He began by betting on the Races, got £100 in debt, and forged his first cheque. In one week he lost £25,000 (!) and took it from the Banks,—by cleverly manipulating the Books. £100,000 was eventually recovered from three Confederates, the fourth escaped. A Loss of £69,000!

THE "BOOKMAKER" ABROAD.—COLONIAL OPINION.

An Australian paper thus describes him :—

GAMING AND BETTING.

One thing that must give a sincere Patriot grave qualms upon visiting a New Country like this, is the terrible effects of that Canker known as "Sport" (save the mark!) upon the People. It is, as we all know, the Curse of our own Country—not real sport, but that foul business which, in its Gambling outcome, keeps the best of our Workers poor, and has raised an immense body of utterly worthless Parasites to Prey upon the Community. This abominable thing flourishes here as ill weeds do, especially in new countries. Its worst form is, as usual, *horse racing*, which always attracts the very *worst elements* of the people, and occasionally results in some such scene as that recently witnessed on the Flemington racecourse, where one of the harpies,—a "Welsher,"—was kicked to death. This paralyzing Mania pervades every Class, takes *precedence of business, of religion, of morality*, and is responsible for a whole host of minor evils. It is simply incomprehensible how so many otherwise sensible people can be led apparently helplessly from all that makes life worth living, into this *vile vortex*, which defies all law, all order, and creates a class of *beasts of prey* all the more dangerous because human and intelligent.

The hard-earned Wages of the Working Class,—instead of providing for their Wives and Children go into the Pockets of these "Birds of Prey,"—the Betting Men,—who make Fortunes.

SPORTING "TIPS"
AND THE FOLLY OF BETTING.

The Wages of the English Working Class are going into the *Pockets of the "Bookmakers,"* and their poor Children are deprived of the Money which should support, clothe, feed, and give them a chance in Life!

The following is a careful analysis of the prophecies made for six months by the sporting Prophets of four of our London Papers :—

Winners Predicted.	No. Wrong.	Per cent. Mistakes.
1,128 ..	864 ..	76.6
801 ..	632 ..	78.9
1,039 ..	749 ..	72.1
1,255 ..	954 ..	76.0
Total .. 4,223	3,199	75.7

Only one of the "Prophets," it will be seen, succeeded in getting even one Winner right out of four.

These are the "Men in the know!"

But the above figures give a very favourable view of the predictions. In twenty-two of the above cases only one horse ran! Even a sporting prophet could not *well* make a mistake *there*. Sixty-seven were races in which *only two horses ran*, and in *eighty-three cases* there were *only three competitors*. The prophets only got one winner right out of four.

Deducting from the total of 4,223 predictions the 171 in which only one, two, or three horses ran, we have 4,052, with 3,199 *wrong*, or 79 per cent. of mistakes.

Thus, if you depend upon a "Prophet" in a Race with four or more horses, you will get a correct "tip" once in five times.

The Working Class must depend upon the "knowing men,"—those supposed to be "in the know," in this gigantic System of Deception, and Robbery, that "Sink" the Race Course.

This is the best the "clever," or "knowing" Prophets can do! The "Roulette Table" at a Gaming House could not be worse than this!

CONCLUSION

Moral—Give "Gambling" and "Betting" up.

CHAPTER LVI.

The Horrors of War. Bloodshed.

One more Proof of the " Fall " of Man is seen in the Deluge of Bloodshed which has followed the History of Mankind in all ages,—and in all Countries,—whether " Civilised " or " Barbarian."



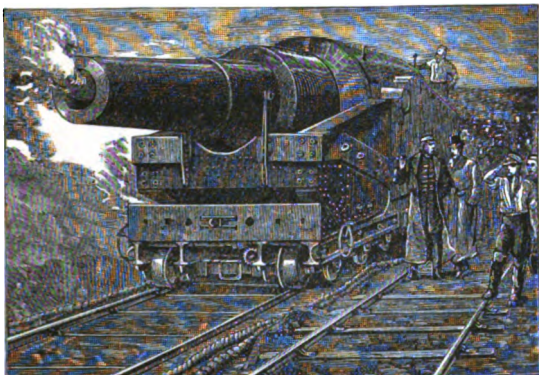
After a "Glorious " Victory.

TWO SPECIES OF WAR, " DUTY " AND " GLORY." AGGRANDIZEMENT OR DEFENCE. BUDAJOZ. WAR COST TO NATIONS. A REGIMENT, 1,340 NAMES. A MILLION SOLDIERS. " THE CONSCRIPT." A BATTLE.



"12-inch" Guns were 35 feet long, and sent a 1,200lb. Shell through 10 inches of Krupp Steel at 3,000 yards ; this is now to be surpassed !

WAR. 1908.



This is a "12-inch" Gun. The New Guns in the coming British Battleships (1908) are to be "13.5 inch." They will be 50 feet long, and eight in number, able to pierce 20-inch Armour, and can fire the eight guns on either "broadside."

"The troops covered themselves with *"glory."*—*Bulletin of the First Napoleon.*

"Our men of all ranks *did their duty.*"—*Duke of Wellington's Despatches.*

"England expects every man to *do his duty.*"—*Nelson's Signal at Trafalgar.*

"Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then flew the steed to battle driven ;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery !

"Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every clod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre ! "

Campbell's "Hohenlinden."

"The bursting Shell,—the Gateway wrenched asunder,—
The rattling musketry,—The flashing blade !
While ever and anon in tones of thunder
Is heard the roaring of the cannonade !

"The tumult of each Sacked and Burning Village,
The shout that every cry for mercy drowns.
The Soldier's revels in the midst of pillage,
The shrieks of Famine in beleaguered Towns.

Down the dark Future, through long Generations,
The sounds of War grow fainter, and then cease,
And, like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear the voice of *Christ* once more say '*Peace!*' "

Longfellow's "Arsenal at Springfield."

NOTE.—While "fallen" human Nature exists upon this Earth it is feared the Poet's Vision will not become a Reality. After 1,907 years things point to the exact contrary.

A SHORT WAY TO "CIVILIZATION."

"A Clergyman who seems to have been to the Gold Coast, writes to the *Times* to explain his short and easy method with the Ashantees. 'Writing,' he says, 'in the cause of humanity, I would venture to ask if our authorities are fully alive to the utility of a thoroughly efficient rocket corps on the Gold Coast? The tubes can be carried where artillery cannot penetrate and "assegais of fire," well-delivered, must strike Savages with panic.' It is a sweet idea for a Minister of peace to suggest 'in the cause of humanity,' the use of weapons 'calculated to do their work with swiftness, and certainty.' But the reverend gentleman excels himself in the next sentence. 'Any suggestion (he writes) tending towards Peace with the Heathen, whom we would fain Christianize, or any effort calculated to hasten the return of our troops from such a Climate, is worth consideration.' This is really a little too strong. We desire 'Peace with the Heathen?' We 'fain would Christianize them? Let us therefore begin by 'organizing a thoroughly efficient rocket corps.' Really it would not be a bad notion to send out this member of the Church as a Missionary when the War is over. He might address the Ashantees in a manner which could not fail to produce a *Striking* effect—'My dear brethren, the Heathen,—(we fancy him saying)—you remember that 'thoroughly organized rocket corps, which killed so many of you,—and burnt your villages? Well, it was I who suggested it,—and, having sent you this message of Peace, I am now come in person to offer you another! I fain would Christianize you; let me complete the teaching I have begun.' The reply of the Ashantees, we suspect, would be *conclusive*: that Missionary (unless he were accompanied by a 'thoroughly organized rocket corps') would never come back to his comfortable parsonage in Kent. There would probably be *less* Missionary, but *several fatter* Ashantees!"—See *London Daily Paper*, 1874. [Public opinion is evidently advancing upon the subject of War.]

WAR OF AGGRANDIZEMENT. WAR OF DEFENCE, AND WAR FOR LIBERTY.

No true Englishman can fail to recognise the noble actions, and noble lives, of many of our English Soldiers, and Sailors,—both officers and men. No one can deny that, at this moment, thousands of Boys are receiving an admirable train-

ing in our great Naval and Military Schools and Training Ships,—which will be useful to them in their lives, whatever Career they may ultimately choose to pursue. And it must be acknowledged to be a difficult task for an Englishman to avoid feeling a glow of pride at the past History, and Triumphs, of our British Arms. Still, when we come to the actual horrors of War, and the Battle-field, every reasonable person is compelled to admit that War,—if it can be avoided,—is in itself a Curse ; and the greatest Curse that can well fall upon any Nation ! No reasonable person can maintain that the Creator can look with pleasure and approval, upon thousands of the noblest creatures He has created,—engaged in destroying each other. Those who have never seen a Battle-field, would do well to glance at the scenes taken by the photographer, on the Battle-fields, during the Civil War in America,—in one of which,—a young soldier,—a mere boy,—is lying on a heap of corpses, and round his neck one may observe a locket,—probably of his Mother, or Sister,—whilst a shell has torn open his stomach,—presenting a fearful sight !

If such scenes—if the horrors of War,—can be avoided,—every reasonable person will acknowledge that to rush needlessly into War is the greatest crime that can be perpetrated against our Race. As the American General during the awful Civil War remarked, "*War is Hell !*"

There is no doubt, a distinction to be made between a War of Aggrandizement, and a War of Defence. There is, no doubt, a vast difference between the two.

The Wars the First Napoleon conducted were carried on avowedly for aggrandizement,—pillage,—(for they robbed everything that could be taken to Paris,—pictures, statues, and treasures,)—and in the pursuit of "*Glory !*" Such a War, carried on with the avowed object of conquering, or else ruining all Europe, must be regarded as a totally different thing to the heroic defence of our Indian Empire,—for instance,—during the mutiny of 1857.

" GLORY " AND " DUTY. "

It is a striking circumstance, that in all the bulletins Napoleon issued to the Nation he never once used the word "*Duty*,"—it was always "*Glory*" ;—" The troops covered themselves with *Glory*," &c.,—and that in all the despatches of our great Duke of Wellington, he never uses the word "*Glory*," but always the word "*Duty*" ;—" Our men of all ranks, did their *duty*," &c. And when the brave Nelson

was calmly taking the British Fleet into action at Trafalgar, he was about to signal to the Fleet, "Nelson expects every man to do his duty!" "Would it not be better to say *England* expects?" observed one of his officers,—(Collingwood). "Certainly!"—replied Nelson,—"*that* shall be the signal!" And, in another moment, to every ship passed that watchword, which struck a chord in every Englishman's heart,—and does so still,—"*England expects every man to do his duty!*" These two words, "Glory," and "Duty," seem to exhibit the distinction above alluded to, as to the intention and object a war has in view.

After Fifty years, what has "Glory" done for France? Who can doubt that the dreadful War she recently engaged in was but the conclusion of those feelings towards each other, maintained by the Germans and French, first engendered by the tyranny, ambition, and War of spoliation, carried on by the First Napoleon? It is well also to remark—as it looks like retributive judgment—that when conquered, and under the iron rule of that despot, the Prussians were the very people that Napoleon organized, drilled, and compelled to fight for him in his Campaigns against other countries. The Military organization he thus commenced was eventually turned against France, and terminated in Sedan.

That the teaching of the New Testament, and that the whole spirit of the Gospel, stand eternally opposed to War, will be allowed by every candid reader of our Saviour's life and teaching. That the principle of forgiveness and peace commends itself to every thoughtful Christian mind as conducing to the happiness, welfare, and best interests of our race, no reasonable man will deny. Still it may justly be argued that, though good in themselves, such principles cannot be carried on by any Nation, in the present state of Society and of the World at large, and that an enormous standing army—eighty-ton Armstrong guns, Martini-Henrys, and torpedoes—are the best peace-preservers to a Nation in the present state of civilisation.

GOD IS LOVE, WAR IS "HELL"!

And yet, strange to say, the only argument in favour of War, as a Trade or Profession voluntarily chosen, the Writer can recall,—drawn from the Life and Teachings of Christ Himself,—is by a Clergyman, and the mode of conducting it, by the Rev. Broadman, is as follows:—

"The first Gentile to whom the Gospel was preached was a Roman military officer, and the pen of inspiration commends him as devout, liberal, prayerful, even before the Apostle Peter was sent to preach

Christ to him. We are also informed that the Holy Spirit rested upon him, and his household, as it did upon the Apostles at Pentecost ; and not one word is said to him, or of him, as if the profession of arms was contrary to the Gospel. And the man, above all others, most highly commended by our Saviour Himself for his faith was also a Roman military officer, who came to Jesus in the streets of Capernaum—' I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof,' &c. His appeal based its illustration upon his own military power over his soldiers, yet our Saviour listened to him, and did not condemn him for being a Centurion."

The mode of argument thus adopted, ignoring altogether the direct teaching of the Saviour, and the whole Spirit of the Gospel commended by Him to our practice,—and having its truth upon characters who happened,—when light came into the World,—to occupy the situation of officers in an age and a condition of society we can form no idea of,—is so similar to the argument of the Presbytery of South Carolina in defence of a different (though not more terrible) institution, that one cannot forbear placing them together.

" Resolved—that slavery is a judicial visitation—that it is supported by the Bible ;—that it has existed in all ages, from the days of those good patriarchs and slaveholders, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob (who are now in the kingdom of Heaven), to the time when the Apostle Paul sent a runaway back to his master Philemon, and wrote a Christian and fraternal letter to this slaveholder, which we find still in the canon of Scripture,—that slavery has existed since the days of the Apostles and does now exist," &c.—' It is not, then, a moral evil,'—adds a clergyman of South Carolina ;—the fact that Slavery is of Divine appointment should be proof enough that it cannot be a moral evil. So far from being a moral evil, it is a merciful visitation ; ' it is the Lord's doing, and Marvellous in our eyes.' "

" *Marvellous,*" indeed ! This unctuous Rascal actually, also, in Prayer,—“ Thanked God,”—that another Cargo of half-dead wretched Slaves,—who had survived the awful “ Slave Ship ” voyage,—torn from their homes, and families,—“ had reached America,—a Christian Country (!)—and thus been brought under the influence of the Gospel ” (!) This Wretch, no doubt, had an eye to securing some of them for his Plantation. Once there, the poor creatures would be “ under the influence ” of brutal Drivers hardened to the abominable business. Fancy forcing your Fellow-creatures to “ hard labour for Life,”—for two pairs of cheap Pantaloon, —and two pairs of Shoes a Year for Wages ! Never to see their Native villages in Africa again, or their Children. Monotonous,—unchanging,—toil in a climate at times of terrible heat,—under the ever ready overseer's Whip, or Goad (!) from daybreak to dark (!) “ Branded,”—liable to be flogged at the caprice of a brutal “ Christian ” (?) Master,—to death if he chose ! What chance of escape with his brand marks known,—and advertised for,—dogs ready to track him,—

the entire Country,—Police,—Planters, etc.,—all against the runaway? Slave-owners talking about *Christ*, and *Christianity*! It was rank Blasphemy! "Slavery" was,—and is,—an outrage of the "Strong" against the "Weak," and the defenceless. It was forcing the weak to toil for their lifetime to bring Money to the White Man. Awful scenes went on in some Plantations, for generations, every one of them marked by God,—and there will come an awful inquisition by Him one day Who holds the Power of a dread, never-ending Eternity in His hands over the Wicked! This World never witnessed so amazing a sight as that of a noble Nation like America,—the Land of Freedom,—and "Asylum for the Oppressed of Nations,"—permitting the atrocious Crime of Slavery as long as it did!

Who does not see the fallacy of all such modes of argument—the determined resolve to close the mind to the Spirit and the Teachings of the Gospel:—the pleading the manners and customs of an age and times confessedly under a different dispensation, and of a rude and but little enlightened state of Society, in order to support Institutions—for reasons of self-interest and gain—which are altogether opposed to the Commands of Christ?

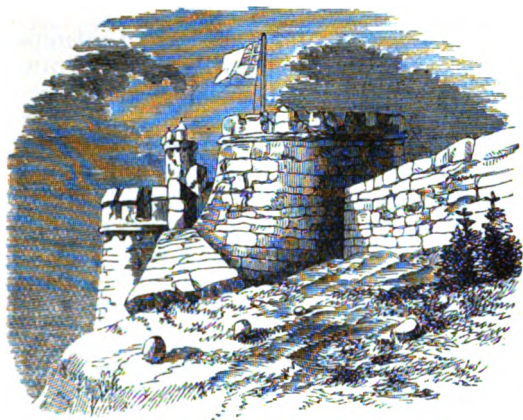
The light of the Gospel dawned but gradually upon a World sunk in ignorance and sin;—Religion, and even common morality, had almost died out under the Roman Empire, when Christ and Light came into the world!

Since then, with many an ebb and flow, the Gospel and the *spirit which it breathes* have been steadily *gaining ground*; every year the old barbarous War Spirit is looked upon with more and more disgust and hatred *by the body at large*; its miseries, its ruinous, dreadful effects are felt more and more, as truth and enlightenment *amongst the masses* gain ground!

Should the Reader obtain a second-hand copy of Eton's "Survey of the Turkish Empire, 1801," he will obtain an awful Record of Wars, Treachery, Cruelty, Vice, perpetrated by the "unspeakable Turk" from Othman I. to Mahmud IV. (from 1300 to 1680), when the power of this frightful nation began to fail. The greatest curse to Mankind and to the Christians for 500 years upon Record.

What Scenes has the Monster, War, witnessed? It has filled the World with Curses, and Blood, and Imprecations for thousands of years! Read what are termed "glorious victories" in history—the Siege of Tyre, of Jerusalem, of Samaria, &c.; and, in our times, of the siege of Londonderry, Saragossa, Ciudad Rodrigo, Seringapatam, and Badajoz.

Even our "Iron" Duke of Wellington—always very careful



of the lives of our Soldiers—actually wept, it is said, at the frightful carnage in the breach and ditch at Badajoz. Our Soldiers, on mounting the breach, fell upon slanting planks, in which sword blades were fixed! Once taken, "three days' pillage" followed. So many of our Officers had fallen, it was impossible to quell the excesses of the maddened Soldiers. How many thousands of our Countrymen have left their bones scattered on the battlefields of Europe and the East.

BADAJOZ TAKEN. THE SCENE NEXT MORNING.



Our Soldiers were maddened by our losses in the frightful Breach, and so many of our officers were killed, or wounded, that control over the Troops was lost for many hours!

There were terrible Scenes at Badajoz, and also, when San Sebastian was taken.

When Victory was won, mark the brutal intemperance, the savage lust, the cruelty, the murder, which so often followed carrying a town by assault. Bishops—well paid for doing so—may “consecrate” the flag and preach the Sermons; each side may, as usual, pray for success to their arms, and “glory” in a Victory which destroys thousands of their enemies, but let others do as they will, act and think *for yourself*. Read God’s Holy Word for yourself. He has given you faculties to do so. What *can* God think of such scenes? In a moment of sudden peril, our Lord speaks with no uncertainty when asked if they should use the sword.

“Then Jesus said unto him, put up thy sword into its place. My kingdom is not of this World, else would My servants fight. They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.”—*Matt. xxvi., 52.*

And Peter, impetuous and faithful as he was—who once drew the sword to defend his Master—learnt that God calls a Christian to a different kind of resistance—a far nobler warfare—for he says:

“For even hereunto are ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow in His steps. Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously.”—*I. Peter ii., 23.*

“Thou shalt not kill!”



An English “Conscript.”

SUMMARY OF LIVES LOST IN WAR IN 17 YEARS (1853-70).

	Killed in Battle, or Died of Wounds, &c.	Dr. Engel says—
Crimean War, 1854-5	784,991	750,000
Italian War, 1859	45,000	52,000
War—Schleswig-Holstein	3,500	3,000
American Civil War (North)	335,000	303,000
War " (1866) " (South)	300,000	500,000
Mexican Expedition, Cochinchina, Morocco, } Paraguay, &c.	45,000 65,000	40,000
War (1870)—French, 139,000	183,000	215,000
„ „ German, 44,000		
Total men, in prime of life, destroyed by War in 16 years, in the most " civilised " and " Christian " period the World has yet seen... ..	1,761,491	

Imagine every man, woman, and child (taking the Census of 1861) in the following six towns killed—not a living creature left in them—and you have an illustration of the immense sacrifice of human life involved in these figures.

Manchester	575,636
Liverpool	443,938
Birmingham	334,418
Leeds	207,165
Bristol	154,093
Oxford	27,560
	<u>1,742,810</u>

A number exceeding the whole population of these six towns—of men in the prime of life and vigour—have thus been destroyed in 17 years !

COST OF RECENT WARS.

Crimean War	£340,000,000
Italian War (1859)	60,000,000
American Civil War (North)	940,000,000
War " (1866) " (South)	460,000,000
War—Schleswig-Holstein	7,000,000
War (1866)—Austria and Prussia	66,000,000
Mexico, &c., Expeditions (say only)	40,000,000
War—Germans (Expenses repaid by Indemnity) French—Indemnity paid Germans	200,000,000
„ „ Their own expenses	150,000,000
	<u>£2,263,000,000</u>

In consequence of this last, utterly useless, uncalled for, and wicked war—the result of French vanity and love of " glory "—the French Nation, in *six months* from their cries " à Berlin ! " had surrendered Paris, had lost the above £350,000,000 and two of the most prosperous Provinces (producing about one-twentieth of the entire revenue of France, and 1½ million subjects); interest on debt for the past five years, 100 millions; and yearly debt of 40 millions, to be paid for ever, out of the earnings of the industrial portion of the population !

The above £2,263,000,000 would give £63 to every living person in England, Scotland, and Ireland—man, woman, and child. It would put a railway entirely round the Globe—23,000 miles—at £80,000 per mile ! It would have established 2,000 Hospitals in various parts of the world, at £100,000 each ; or 382,000 Schools, at £6,000 each !

The annual "Peace" Budgets of Europe, to sustain the immense modern armies and naval preparations, now reach—

Annual Expenditure	£119,392,655
Loss of Labour by withdrawal of the men	132,174,892	
from productive trades	
Annual Interest on Capital invested in Ships,		
Cannon, and Military Establishments		30,440,000

£282,007,547

To be paid every year by the industrial population. Our English National Debt (1870) stands at £800,681,421. During the last 70 years—during the lifetime of many living men—the British people have paid the following sums for War :—

1801 to 1810	£381,156,800
1811 — 1820	400,640,786
1821 — 1830	151,854,685
1831 — 1840	142,368,790
1841 — 1850	179,503,725
1851 — 1860	251,835,818
1861 — 1870	267,361,835

£1,774,722,439

1905. COST OF LAST WARS.—The official report of the cost of the recent war to Russia puts it at £187,000,000. The indirect losses due to the Revolutionary movement since the War would require a large addition to be made to this sum. Great Britain's bill for the last Boer War was about £212,000,000. Japan's War Bill not known.

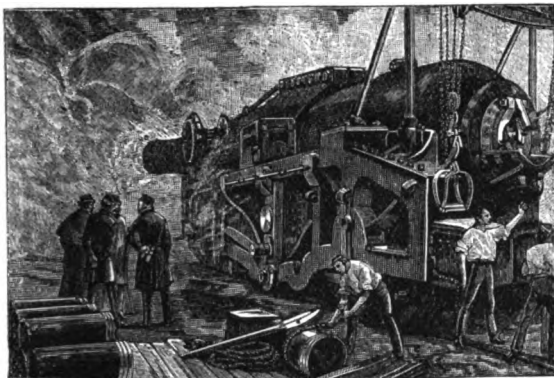
No wonder our industrial classes have had to work pretty hard the past 50 years to pay these enormous sums ! Add to this the interest of the War debt (commonly called the National Debt) for the same 70 years £1,950,310,006, giving the total cost to our Nation of War in 70 years—one lifetime—of £3,725,033,345 !!

It takes a week (rapid counting) to count one million aloud, counting twelve hours a day. It would take a man 75 years, ceaselessly counting, to count this number of pounds !

The cost of War in our day (1890) should it come,—will be frightful ! Seventy years ago, the heaviest cannon cost £150(?) and each shot about 30s.(?) Now, our largest Cannon costs some say £10,000(?) and each shot fired, £90(?) One authority puts it at more.

NOTE. These Estimates,—however,—were made many years ago. Owing to improved Machinery, &c., the cost of production is now, probably, half the above,—while the cost, per round, of firing a 12 inch shot now about £40(?)

Up to fifty years ago the Naval Guns were "32 Pounders,"—with a "charge" of 5 to 10 lbs.—virtually the same as in Nelson's time. Now, the "12 inch" Guns fire Projectiles of 800 lbs. weight,—with a charge of 254 lbs. "Cordite."



110 ton Gun. 12-inch bore. Our new 1908 guns are to be 13½ inches and 50 feet long.

These Immense Cannon can only be *fired* a certain *number* of times,—their *lives* are *short*. Hence you must estimate their cost by the rounds that can be fired *before* they become useless !

6,000 tons of obsolete ammunition for these early Monster Cannon were sold by auction in 1902.

An actually fired projectile from a 110 ton Gun shown in the Naval Exhibition, 1891, passed,—in succession,—through a 20-inch steel solid plate, then an 8-inch iron plate, 20 feet (!) of oak, 5 feet of granite (!), 11 feet of rough concrete, and finally buried itself 3 feet into a mass of Brick Masonry !

A "Man of War" in Nelson's time cost about £2,500. The 74 Iron-clads at Spithead, August, 1889, cost about £21,000,000. Taking our expenditure this year (1890) at £18,000,000 Military, £13,000,000 Navy, it gives £3,200 going out *per hour—ceaselessly—day and night—Sundays and Week-days alike* ! And this while England is at Peace, and things are on a "Peace footing" !

What, then, will the next general European War be ? And what *conceivable* lasting good can such a War confer upon any of the Nations now on the face of the Earth ?

If a page of the present book was covered with dots, the size of a pin's head, it would take two books of 300 pages of pins' heads (each dot representing a man) to give the number killed in War from 1853 to 1870 alone ! It would need 3,725 books, of 300 pages, covered with similar dots (each dot representing a sovereign) to give the sum England has paid for War the last 70 years !

1,761,491 MEN ALL KILLED IN 16 YEARS.

ONLY ONE REGIMENT. 1,340 MEN. ACTUAL NAMES (1871).

List of 1,340 men—(actual names),—alive in 1871, when the following list was prepared.

A Regiment of 1,340 men. *Eight* times the following List have been killed in a Single Battle, on one Side alone !

Abbott	Barker	Borthwick	Caldecott	Clarke	Crowley
Abell	Barker	Boscovitz	Cameron	Clarke	Crozier
Adam	Barnard	Bourke	Cancellor	Clayton	Cuerton
Adams	Barnes	Bovet	Cancellor	Clayton	Cullen
Adams	Barnett	Bowditch	Capel	Clement	Cumming
Addison	Barry	Bower	Capel	Clement	Curwen
Agars	Barry	Bowes	Capel	Clement	Cuthbert
Aitken	Bartleet	Bowyer	Capel	Coates	Cuvelje
Akroyd	Barton	Bowyer	Capper	Cobb	Czarnikow
Alexander	Bartram	Boyle	Carden	Cocke	Dale
Alexander	Bartram	Boyle	Carey	Cohen	Daller
Allcard	Bateman	Brachi	Carey	Cohen	Dalley
Allen	Bawden	Bradock	Carey	Cohen	Dalton
Allen	Bawtrey	Braggiotti	Carr	Cohen	Dalton
Allen	Beach	Brain	Carr	Cohen	Dalton
Allender	Beard	Braithwaite	Carrick	Colchester	Daniell
Allender	Beddington	Braithwaite	Carter	Cole	Daughish
Allkins	Bedford	Bramble	Carter	Coles	Davidson
Allsop	Beet	Branch	Castello	Coles	Davis
Anderson	Bell	Bremner	Cathcart	Coles	Davis
Anderson	Bell	Bremner	Catling	Coles	Davis
Anderson	Bell	Bretnerton	Cavell	Collyer	Davis
Anderson	Bellairs	Brett	Cawthorn	Colman	Davis
Andrew	Bencraft	Brewin	Cazenove	Constable	Davis
Andrew	Bennet	Brize	Cazenove	Cook	Davis
Andrews	Bennett	Broadhurst	Chalmer	Cooke	Davis
Andrews	Bennett	Brookes	Chalmers	Coombs	Davison
Anning	Bennett	Brooks	Chambers	Cooper	Daw
Ansted	Bennett	Brown	Chambers	Cooper	Dawes
Ansted	Bennett	Brown	Chancellor	Cooper	Debenham
Arbuthnot	Benporath	Brown	Chaplin	Cooper	De Castro
Arnold	Benporath	Brown	Chapman	Cope	D'Eichthal
Ashton	Bentham	Brown	Chappell	Cork	De la Mare
Asser	Bentley	Browne	Chard	Cornell	Delmar
Aston	Benton	Browne	Charles	Cornwell	De Quettevi
Aston	Benyon	Browne	Charrington	Coronio	Derham
Austin	Bergel	Browne	Cheshire	Corrie	Detmar
Backhouse	Bevan	Browne	Child	Corrie	Detteibach
Bagust	Bidden	Browne	Chittenden	Corthorn	Deuchars
Bainbridge	Bidden	Brunton	Christie	Cortissos	Devitt
Baker	Biedermann	Buckler	Christ'phersn	Cosens	Devot
Baker	Bigg	Buckley	Churchill	Cottom	Dezoete
Balcombe	Billett	Bull	Churchill	Cotton	Dickinson
Ballantine	Binckes	Bull	Clagett	Couta	Dinnall
Balme	Bingham	Burge	Clapham	Crabb	Dinnall
Banbury	Binney	Burge	Clapham	Cracroft	Dobree
Bankart	Binnie	Burnand	Clapham	Crafter	Dodd
Banning	Bird	Burnand	Clark	Craven	Dodgson
Barber	Bishop	Burnett	Clark	Cresswell	Dodson
Barber	Bishop	Burnett	Clark	Crews	Douglas
Barber	Bishop	Burnett	Clark	Crickmer	Downer
Barber	Blakeway	Burstall	Clark	Crockett	Downing
Barber	Blakeway	Burt	Clark	Grofton	Drake
Barber	Bland	Burton	Clark	Crosley	Drake
Barber	Bland	Butcher	Clark	Crosley	Draper
Barclay	Blyth	Butler	Clark	Cross	Dreyfus
Baring	Bone	Caffin	Clarke	Crosthwaite	Duncan

Duncan	Fletcher	Gordon	Hardy	Hill	Jacks
Dunn	Flindt	Gorton	Hardy	Hillier	Jacks
Dunn	Flockton	Goss	Harker	Hilton	Jackson
Durant	Follit	Govett	Harker	Hoar	Jackson
Durant	Foot	Gowan	Harker	Hoare	James
Durant	Foot	Graham	Harman	Hodgson	James
Duthy	Forbes	Grant	Harman	Hodgson	James
Dutton	Fowler	Grant	Harris	Hodgson	James
Dutton	Fox	Grant	Harris	Hodgson	Jeffery
Dutton	Foy	Graves	Harris	Hoghton	Jerdein
Dyer	Francis	Gray	Harris	Holde-ness	Jeune
Dyer	Francklyn	Gray	Harris	Holdsworth	Jewesbury
Eaton	Franks	Gray	Harris	Holland	Joachim
Edenboro'gh	Franks	Gray	Harris	Hollebone	Jobson
Edwards	Fraser	Gray	Harrison	Holmes	Johnson
Edwards	Fraser	Gray	Harrison	Holmes	Johnson
Edwards	Freeman	Greator	Harrison	Holt	Johnson
Edwards	French	Graves	Harrison	Honychurch	Johnson
Edwards	Frisby	Green	Hartmann	Hope	Jones
Edwards	Frisby	Green	Hartridge	Hope	Jones
Ellis	Frith	Green	Harvey	Hope	Jones
Ellis	Froom	Green	Harvey	Horner	Jopson
Ellis	Froom	Greenfield	Harvey	Hovil	Joseph
Ellis	Frost	Greenhorne	Haslehurst	Howes	Jourdan
Ellis	Fulcher	Greenhough	Hatchett	Howden	Jourdan
Elwyn	Furlonger	Greenwell	Hawes	Hoyer	Judge
Emanuel	Galloway	Greenwood	Hawkins	Huggins	Julian
Emley	Game	Grieverson	Hayn	Huggins	Keeling
Escombe	Gardner	Griffin	Haynes	Hughes	Keen
Evans	Gardner	Grigson	Hazard	Hughes	Kelham
Everingham	Garrad	Groom	Heap	Hughes	Kemble
Ewings	Garrett	Guedella	Heath	Hughes	Kemp
Eykyn	Geach	Guillemard	Hedderwick	Hughes	Kemper
Eyton	Geere	Guy	Helps	Hulbert	Kershaw
Eyton	Geiger	Haden	Henry	Hunt	Kerwin
Fairer	Gellatly	Hadland	Henry	Hunt	Key
Faith	Gibbes	Hadow	Henry	Hunter	Kilburn
Farnan	Gibbon	Haes	Herapath	Hunter	Kilby
Faulconer	Gibbons	Haes	Herbert	Huson	Kilby
Fawcett	Gibbs	Haggard	Herring	Hutchinson	Kimpton
Felgate	Giles	Haigh	Hertz	Hutchinson	King
Fenn	Goad	Hale	Herzog	Ibach	King
Fergusson	Goddard	Hale	Heseltine	Idle	King
Ferne	Goddard	Hale	Heseltine	Inchbald	King
Ferry	Goddard	Hale	Hett	Inglis	Kinnear
Field	Godefroi	Hall	Hewitt	Inman	Kirkman
Field	Godfrey	Hall	Hewitt	Ionides	Kitchin
Field	Godsell	Hall	Hewkeley	Ionides	Kitching
Fielding	Goetze	Hall	Hichens	Ironmonger	Knapp
Fielding	Golding	Hall	Hichens	Ironmonger	Knight
Figgis	Golding	Hallam	Hickman	Irving	Knight
Filler	Goldschmidt	Halls	Higham	Irving	Knight
Finlay	Goldsmid	Hamilton	Hill	Jackman	Knight
Firth	Goldsmid	Hammond	Hill	Jacobs	Knowles
Firth	Goodban	Hancock	Hill	Jacomb	Kynaston
Flack	Goodhart	Hancock	Hill	Jacomb	Labouchere
Fletcher	Goodhart	Hankey	Hill	Jacomb	Laing

Langley	Mackee	Milbank	Newton	Perry	Rayner
Laurence	Mackenzie	Mildred	Newton	Petre	Rea
Laurie	Mackie	Miller	Newton	Pett	Read
Lavers	Mackintosh	Miller	Nicholas	Phare	Read
Lavington	Macnicoll	Millington	Nicholl	Phillip	Rehden
Lawford	Mackreth	Milne	Niemann	Phillips	Reid
Lawford	McNair	Milne	Noad	Phillips	Reidpath
Lawford	McNiel	Miskin	Noble	Phillips	Renny
Lawson	MacRosty	Mocatta	Noble	Phillips	Restell
Layton	Mahony	Mocatta	Noel	Phillips	Restell
Layton	Maidlow	Mocatta	Norbury	Phillips	Reynell
Lea	Maitland	Moffatt	Norbury	Pickering	Reynolds
Leary	Majolier	Mollett	North	Pickering	Reynolds
Leask	Major	Monk	Northcott	Pidgeon	Rhodes
Leckie	Makins	Montefiore	Northen	Pierrard	Ricardo
Leese	Malcolm	Montgomerie	Nott	Pim	Richards
Lehmkuhl	Malin	Montgomerie	Noyes	Pinchin	Richard
Lennard	Malin	Moon	Nunes	Pink	Rickards
Lenon	Man	Moore	Nutter	Pittman	Riddelsdell
Levien	Man	Moore	Nutter	Pixley	Rigg
Levitt	Mann	Moore	Oakley	Pixley	Riley
Levy	Manning	Moore	Ogden	Plater	Rimmor
Lewis	Marsh	Moore	Oppenheim	Poole	Ring
Lindo	Marsh	Mordaunt	O'Ryan	Poole	Ripley
Lindo	Marsh	Mordaunt	Oswin	Porter	Ripley
Lindow	Marshall	Morgan	Overbury	Porter	Ripley
Lindsay	Marshall	Morice	Overbury	Poston	Rippin
Littlejohn	Marshall	Morice	Page	Pott	Risley
Livens	Marten	Morris	Page	Potter	Ritchie
Lloyd	Martin	Mortimer	Paine	Powell	Rivaz
Lloyd	Martindale	Mortimer	Paine	Powell	Roberts
Lloyd	Mason	Mortimer	Parker	Power	Roberts
Lloyd	Mason	Mortimer	Partridge	Pratt	Robertson
Lloyd	Massey	Mortleman	Pasteur	Prescott	Robertson
Lloyd	Matheson	Moser	Pater	Price	Robins
Lloyd	Mathew	Moul	Patry	Price	Robinson
Loew	Matson	Moul	Patry	Price	Robinson
Lohmann	Matthews	Mouncey	Patterson	Price	Roche
Long	Matthey	Mounsey	Pawle	Price	Rolfes
Longden	Maud	Moxon	Payne	Price	Rolls
Longden	Maude	Moxon	Payne	Pritchett	Rommel
Lord	Mayer	Muirhead	Payne	Pritchett	Ronaldson
Lough	Mayor	Mullens	Peake	Prust	Roper
Lowe	Mayor	Mullins	Pearce	Puckle	Roper
Lowndes	McKenna	Mundy	Pearce	Pugh	Roper
Lucas	McKenna	Murton	Peat	Puzey	Rose
Lucas	Meadows	Murton	Peavey	Puzey	Rose
Lucock	Medley	Murton	Peavor	Pyemont	Rothwell
Lugg	Medwin	Nathan	Pelly	Quilter	Rouse
Lumsden	Meller	Neale	Pember	Rams	Routh
Luning	Mello	Neck	Pember	Ramel	Row
Luning	Merridew	Neithercott	Pemberton	Ramsden	Rowlinson
Lymbery	Meugens	Nell	Pennington	Randegger	Rowsell
Lyon	Meyer	Nesbitt	Peppercorne	Ravenhill	Rozae
McAnally	Meyer	Nesbitt	Percival	Rawlings	Rubens
MacCaughy	Miévillie	Newberry	Percy	Ray	Rucker
Macgregor	Miévillie	Newman	Perry	Rayden	Rucker

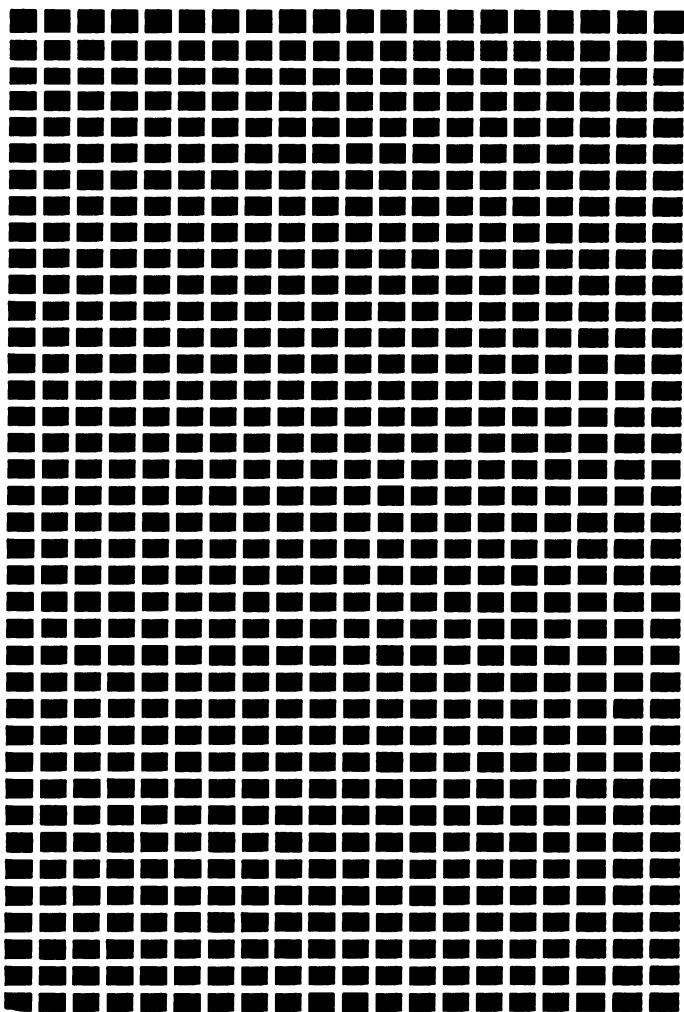
Rucker	Shaw	Soule	Tetley	Vanhouse	White
Rucker	Sheldrick	Southall	Theodor	Van Houten	White
Ruffle	Shepherd	Southard	Thomas	Vaughan	White
Salisbury	Sheppard	Spackman	Thomas	Vaughan	Whitehead
Sampson	Shirreff	Sparrow	Thomas	Verner	Whitehead
Samuda	Shirreff	Spence	Thomas	Vertue	Whiting
Samuel	Shorter	Spurling	Thompson	Vigne	Whiting
Samuel	Shout	Spurling	Thompson	Vigne	Wilkins
Sandeman	Sillar	St. Alphonse	Thompson	Vile	Wilkins
Sanders	Sillar	Stahlschmidt	Thompson	Vivian	Wilkinson
Sargant	Silverston	Standring	Thompson	Von Dadelson	Wilkinson
Sargant	Silvester	Stanley	Thompson	Wade	Wilkinson
Satterthwaite	Sim	Stansbury	Thompson	Wadeson	Willans
Savil	Sim	Staples	Thompson	Wagg	Williams
Scaramanga	Simes	Starling	Thompson	Waite	Williams
Schiff	Simpson	Steel	Thompson	Waithman	Williams
Schlotel	Simpson	Steer	Thompson	Waley	Williams
Schofield	Simpson	Stephenson	Thomson	Walker	Williams
Scholey	Sims	Stevens	Thomson	Walker	Williams
Schroeder	Simson	Stevens	Thorburn	Walker	Williams
Schwartze	Simson	Stewart	Thorp	Walker	Wilson
Scott	Siordet	Stiff	Thursfield	Wallis	Wilson
Scott	Skinner	Stockdale	Thurston	Walter	Wilson
Scott	Skinner	Stocken	Tibbs	Ward	Wilson
Scott	Slade	Stoltenhoff	Till	Ward	Wilson
Scott	Slater	Stovell	Till	Warin	Wilson
Scott	Smith	Stovell	Tod	Wark	Wilson
Scott	Smith	Strachan	Tomlin	Warren	Wimble
Scott	Smith	Strachan	Topham	Washington	Windler
Scott	Smith	Straith	Topping	Waterall	Wise
Scott	Smith	Stratten	Towers	Watson	Witherby
Scott	Smith	Strawbridge	Towgood	Watson	Witherby
Scott	Smith	Stringer	Townend	Watson	Wollaston
Scott	Smith	Stuckey	Townend	Watson	Wollaston
Scott	Smith	Sturgis	Townend	Watt	Wood
Scrimgeour	Smith	Stryan	Tozer	Webb	Wood
Scrimgeour	Smith	Suckling	Tracy	Webb	Wood
Scrimgeour	Smith	Surgey	Tracy	Webb	Wood
Scrutton	Smith	Surgey	Trotter	Webster	Woodall
Scrutton	Smith	Surr	Trower	Wesché	Woodhouse
Searle	Smith	Sutton	Trower	Westaway	Woodhouse
Seaton	Smith	Sutton	Tudor	Westgarth	Woodhouse
Sebag	Smith	Symons	Tudor	Weston	Woods
Sentance	Smith	Symons	Turner	Weston	Woods
Severs	Smithers	Tapson	Turrill	Wetenhall	Woolley
Seward	Smithett	Tarver	Twycross	Whalley	Woolston
Sewell	Snellgrove	Tatham	Tyers	Whatley	Wrenn
Seymour	Snow	Taylor	Unsworth	Whealler	Wykes
Shadbolt	Soanes	Taylor	Upward	Wheeler	Yapp
Shakespeare	Soanes	Telford	Urie	Whistler	Yearsley
Sharwood	Soilleux	Terry	Valentine	White	Young
Shattock	Solomon	Tetley	Vandervell	White	Young

Reader, you have here the actual surnames of 1,340 men alive in 1871, when the above list was published ; Christian names being omitted.

The above List is **only one Regiment**. *Eight times* these men have been killed, on *one side alone*, in a single Battle. Now **fancy 760 Regiments!**

A MILLION MEN! ALL KILLED IN 16 YEARS.

760 Regiments of 1,340 Soldiers.



Each black oblong represents One Regiment of 1,340 men ; here are 760. The whole of this immense Mass of Men were killed in War in "Christian" Times,—in the 16 years between 1854-70! and almost twice as many! Namely,—1,761,491. Dr. Engel, the German Statistician,—makes it considerably more.

These small squares represent 760 Regiments *each* of 1,340 men, giving 1,018,400.

Now, dear Reader, imagine our Regiment of 1,340 men to be *one* of these small oblongs. We see before us, now, 760 similar Regiments, marching twenty regiments in a row,—a Million men in motion on a vast Plain! Each with Rifle, etc., and plenty of ammunition, of the modern deadly type, capable of killing at an immense distance (very different to the old "Brown Bess" musket of 80 years ago), and inflicting frightful wounds! Add, in imagination, 500 Cannons, Gatling and other "Machine Guns,"—and vast columns of Cavalry, and then you have a *Modern Battle*! Conceive the *prodigious carnage*,—the *immense cost* it presents, treasure *utterly wasted*.

Now conceive the expense of feeding, *day by day*, this vast body of men, clothing them, providing them with sleeping, etc., accommodation, and expensive Rifles, etc. The honest labours, and productive power of these men, *absolutely lost*! Imagine also the number of Relatives, Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, etc., who love, and are deeply concerned in these men! What a mass of misery and sorrow would be involved if every-one of these men were killed! Especially if the majority of them were married men with Wife and little ones dependent upon them! The *whole were killed* in 16 years!

It is estimated that in time of peace the Continental Nations have now under arms:—

	Under arms.	Reserve ready at any time.
France	500,000	1,500,000
Germany	450,000	2,000,000
England	150,000	450,000

It is difficult to define the strength of modern Continental armies, as *all able-bodied* men are liable now to be called upon in case of War! The "War strength" is, however, given thus for 1891:—

Austria	1,140,000
France	4,100,000
Germany	3,200,000
Italy	2,119,250
Russia	2,490,000
Turkey	1,160,600
	<hr/> 14,209,850 <hr/>

While Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Portugal, Servia, etc., have (comparatively to their size) enormous armies.

Fancy the masses of men liable, in case of a general European War, to be brought into collision! A modern Battle with the frightful instruments of destruction now employed is an awful scene!

In the two days of the Battle of Leipsic 2,000 *cannon* were *constantly at work*, twice the number of the names on list! 120,000 men are believed to have fallen! 120 times our list of Names, and this was *one* Battle, out of a hundred, fought between 1790 and 1815! Countries overrun with desperate, demoralised, soldiers, pillaging the inhabitants of *their all*! Spreading Typhus and horrible diseases, through entire districts, and *not one thing gained* to any Country when *all was over*!

And yet still the Cuckoo cry goes on "*Glory!*" "*Glorious Victories!*"

General Skobeleff says of one Battle in the Russo-Turkish War, 1877. —"During the pursuit after the assault, we *killed eight thousand*, for *I had them counted!*" *Six times* our list of names actually killed on *one side alone*! Fancy the distress of sorrowing Families *that must mean!*

During the Civil War in America, 1864,—the North, by a Mine and 14,000 lbs. of Powder, at Petersburg, blew up a mass of 3,000 Southern Troops; the explosion made an immense depression in the ground, the North poured into it, but the Southern army, rallying, poured in a storm of shells, and actually sickened at the carnage, the North, caught in the "Crater," actually lost 4,000 men in it! In 1871, 320 *Railway Trucks* were filled, at Metz, with French, dying of Typhus and Typhoid, in agonies, and *left to die* to save contagion; *only one* young American *volunteer* was seen to go near them! At Sedan, for miles (Russell says) and miles, there were masses of coloured clothes glued together with Blood, and pulp,—bodies without heads,—without legs,—corpses without shape, with bones projecting,—faces blown off,—smashed as though brazed in a Mortar. And this going on for weary hours!

In forty years, 1854 to 1886 (omitting South American and some other Wars), and merely taking *nominally Christian Nations*, it is *impossible* to estimate the *killed* at less than 2,262,000! It gives a *row of corpses*, laid out side by side, *to every foot* of the Railway between London and Edinburgh (400 miles)! The aggregate National Debts of eighteen European Countries, or States, in 1891,—(almost entirely caused by War)—now amounts to 5,000 *Million Pounds*! Let every sovereign represent a Soldier, it will be then 5,000 *times* the 760 *Regiments*, each containing 1,340, in our Table of Regiments!

Yet this is in the "Christian" Period of this "Fallen" World! What must the *Heathen* Period have been?

Ancient Warfare.



"Hand to hand" fighting. Storming an Ancient City. Was it better than "Machine Guns,"—*Murder by Machinery*? Every page in the History of Mankind is wet with human blood!

Yet the "New Theology" has the audacity to assert that, Man is *not* a "Fallen" Creature by Nature, and that we fallen creatures have the same Nature as the Holy God,—and Christ,—of Whom we read "God is Love" (!) It is rank Blasphemy !

During the Austrian War, the papers mentioned that a splendid marksman—(an Englishman, one blushes to have to say it !)—used coolly to set up a large umbrella, to keep off the sun, while he picked off his victims at an immense distance, in comfort, with a rifle of extraordinary range !

The same pride is felt by the skilful swordsman. The noted Swordsman and Boxer of former days—Shaw, the Life Guardsman—a native of Birmingham—confessed that he could never rest till he was "at it again." Before he was killed at Waterloo, he had, it is said, cut down no less than 15 Cuirassiers ! The work of butchery becomes a second nature. When once the soldier's "blood is up," who, unprejudiced by self-interest or habit, fails to see that the "Christian" must be dropped, to be resumed—by those who can—when the bloody work is over ?

And who is it that our soldiers have been required by their profession to destroy for the last fifty years ? Are they young men, who, like yourself, have entered the army of their own free-will and desire ? Who, thirsting for our destruction, long to devastate and ruin our country, and take away our rights and religion ? Nothing of the kind !

Unlike the voluntary system of England, the cruel Military "Conscription" supplies, by law, the giant armies on the Continent. The young men *must* go ; it is seven years at the hulks, or even death, to refuse !

THE "CONSCRIPT."

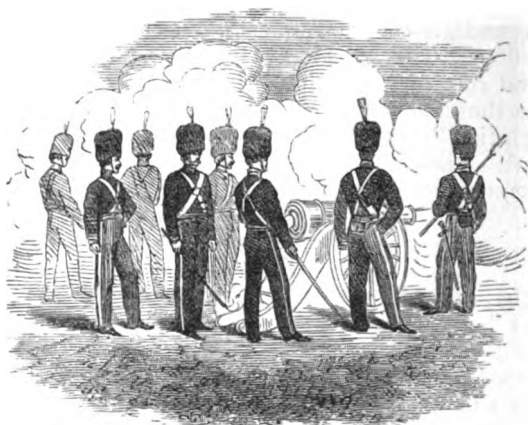
Let the inimitable story by Erckmann Chatrian—"The Conscript"—taken from actual fact—(published by Ward, Lock, and Tyler, 1s.)—serve to show you the sorrows of a poor French boy, drawn by the "Conscription," during the great war which ended in Waterloo.

When the insatiable selfishness and ambition of the first Napoleon deluged all Europe in blood, the Conscription was—(and will be again when needed)—fixed so low, that the nation was drained, not only of the young men, but even of youths and boys :—he took them all ! The "Young Guard," of Napoleon, consisted entirely of boys from thirteen to sixteen years of age, all of whom had lost a parent on the Battle-field. Two years after the "Young Guard" was formed, they were

led against the Allies (viz.: Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England) by Ney. In these two dreadful days at the Battle of Leipsic, when they were becoming gradually overpowered, and Napoleon's star was setting, their bodies—for the youths fought desperately—lay all over the Battle-fields. The oldest could not have been above eighteen years old, and there, amongst the "Old Guards"—veterans from Spain, grim old soldiers who had been with Napoleon in all his campaigns, lay forms not yet merged in early manhood, slaughtered to satisfy the insatiable ambition of a monster!

There were, in France, at the census of 1872, 4,800,739 young men between 20 and 30 years of age. The Army of 400,000 thus requires one in seven of them to be serving in it, and in war this is doubled.

For many years past the male population of Germany has been reduced annually, a drain of emigration carrying off large numbers of healthy young men, who have fled from the compulsory military service, especially from the tedium of barrack duty in time of peace. This chronic evil has been cruelly augmented by the wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870-1, as well as by the military burdens imposed upon the nation.



" FIRE ! "

The system of modern armies on the Continent is a tremendous and permanent drain on the population, as these hateful military laws carry off a seventh of the youthful male population from their homes—that is, from productive industry and happy domestic life—exactly at the period of life when they are most useful to the nation. While the

English, during long years of peace, have been of late increasing at the rate of 360,000 a year, the French census of 1872 showed an actual decrease in population of 491,905 since the census of 1866. Half a million decrease in six years! Add to this the increase there *ought* to have been, at the lowest rate, gives a loss of 1,300,000 lives!—the effect of draining the young men of the population to supply the immense armies of the Continent by the hateful system of the Conscription!

THE DESERTER, (1712-1812).

AN ENGLISH "CONSCRIPT."

"The Soldiers are coming,"



The "Press Gangs" were then in Power, the argument in Parliament being that when an Empire is in danger, *any* effort is allowable to obtain Soldiers and Sailors. "Deserters" were brutally flogged as "Examples," or Shot!

A FRENCH CONSCRIPT.

From "The Conscript," let us take a few Scenes in the life of a boy Conscript—an apprentice to a jeweller and watch-maker, during the dreadful wars of the First Napoleon. "Often when regiments of young soldiers marched through our town, their greatcoats fastened to their hips, their long gaiters buttoned up to their knees, carrying their heavy guns, my master, Mons. Goulden, after watching them pass, would

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say to me, in an absent manner, "Tell me, Henri, how many do you think we have seen pass this way alone since 1804?"

"Oh, I don't know, Master," I would reply, "at least four or five hundred thousand." "Yes, at least that," he repeated; "and how many have we seen come back?"

Then I *understood* him! "But perhaps they came back by way of Mayence," I said.

But he shook his head, saying, "Those you have not seen come back are dead, as hundreds of thousands of others will die, unless the good God have pity on us, for the Emperor cares for nothing but war! He has already shed more blood to give crowns to his brothers, and to make Dukes and Princes of his officers, than our great Revolution did!"

We would then go back to our work. I was a weakly Boy, and limped a little from a defect in one of my legs; but so many youths who had defects had received orders to march that I feared the next Conscription terribly! I was eighteen, and was engaged to marry my cousin Marie. She was nearly eighteen, and you could not find a more amiable Girl; everyone loved her! She had beautiful blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and splendid white teeth. We had long been in love with each other. Marie refused to dance with any of the Lads of the village, and it was I who took her to High Mass and to Vespers. This made me tremble at the thought of the next Conscription! You must know that for many months I wanted to make my dear Marie a present on her birthday, on the 18th of December. Amongst the watches that hung from my master's window, there was a perfect little gem. I had long said to myself, "That must be for Marie, if I have to work till twelve o'clock at night to earn it!" For after seven o'clock my master let me work on my own account, and paid me for it. But you cannot imagine how many hours I had to work to get enough for the watch! But while I worked I thought how pleased Marie would be; it made me very happy!

Then came that fearful winter of 1812; it came on quickly; the road cut in the snow remained till April, 1813. My master would say, "Our poor soldiers! Our poor soldiers! What a winter we are going to have, and what is this cold to Russia? God grant that they have retreated from Moscow early enough! Good heavens! what a responsibility rests on those who make these wars!"

I had earned the watch, and my master soon guessed my secret. "Yes, yes! I understand now; it's Marie's birthday to-morrow! that's why you've been working day and night. Look, Henri! you are a good youth, and shall have

the watch ; I do not want your money." But I would have him take it ; I should not else have been happy. But it made me love him ; he was a good man.

That night the water was frozen in the cisterns of Phalsbourg, and the wine in the cellars—a thing which had not happened for 60 years.

But the cold did not keep me from my usual Sunday visit to dear Marie the following day. "Look, dear Marie, I have here something for your birthday ; but first you must kiss me before you open the box !" Marie was dressed in her Sunday clothes. I put my arm round her slender waist ; I was quite pale with joy. She looked at me with her sweet eyes, and offered me her bonny red cheek ; then she and my aunt drew near the table, and opened the box. They were delighted, and my aunt said, "You must have worked very long and hard, dear Henri,—although you are, they say, a good workman,—to buy the watch." I embraced her. Marie came and put her arms also round my neck. I thought to myself, "This is the happiest day of my life !" I could not let her go ; and from that time till noon I did not let go Marie's hand ; it made us happy only to look at each other. After dinner, Marie sang us the song, "Der liebe Gott" ; she had a sweet voice.

Then came the awful news of the Retreat from Russia, for an account of which see Page 331 to 351 of this Book. Napoleon, constantly expecting, after taking Moscow, that the Emperor of Russia would surrender, was delayed by his wily foe from beginning the retreat till the first snow and the terrible Russian winter began. The "Grand Army" of a million men melted away ! That dreadful retreat from Moscow has no parallel in history. The Bridge across the Beresina, blocked by the flying troops, had to be swept by their own cannon to clear the road for the army ! The Bridge got jammed,—then broke down,—and thousands perished ! The nights of fearful cold ; days without provisions ; the Cossacks ever on their track ; in tattered clothes, the miserable remnants of the immense army reached Poland. When the snows melted in the spring, all through Russia, as far as the eye could reach, could be seen skeletons, lying in groups round the remains of the camp fires, as the wretched men had been frozen to death. And all for what ? "Glory !"

Napoleon left the army to perish, escaping in a sledge ; and, it is said, rubbed his hands over a fire, saying, "This is better than Moscow, gentlemen !" and then proceeded to order a fresh conscription, also a levy of youths, to be made. (See Page 342,—for the Retreat from Russia.)

" 1812."



The Retreat from Russia.

The young Conscript continues his history thus: "Soon after my visit to Marie, all at once a great Notice was posted up at the Mayor's, in which the Emperor, by a "*senatus consultum*," as it was called, called a conscription, first of 150,000 conscripts of 1813, then 100 cohorts of the first ban of 1812—who thought themselves now free—then 100,000 conscripts of 1809 to 1812, and so on to the end! All gaps were to be filled up. I almost fainted as I read. "Now they're going to take everyone—they take even men who have been fathers of families since 1809. I am lost! I shall have to go!"

My master said kindly; "don't be afraid, Henri; it is known you have a defect in walking, poor boy; they won't take you." But I trembled nevertheless, for I feared to lose my dear Marie! I was not the only youth who did so. Several that year broke their teeth, so as to be unable to bite the cartridges, and so be exempted; others blew off their finger, so as not to be able to hold a musket!

My turn came at length; I drew a number! My only hope now was my lameness. Two surgeons stripped and examined me. "The left leg's defective," observed one of them, "a little short!" "Yes," said the other, "but it's sound, the boy's healthy enough!" They consulted with the Major, and called out, "Fit for service! Call in the next!"

I put on my clothes in horrible despair, I felt that I should soon see my Marie for the last time! The other Conscripts

tried to brave it out ; the wine shops were full all day ! The "veterans"—terrible men—mixed with the young men, and drank with them ! It was a sad scene, these young men, sons of honest and hard-working people, to be taught such a life, and to have to leave all they loved !

Then followed drills—marches—then an order to the front ! Napoleon did not leave the new Conscripts long in their despair, he put them at once to work ! A month or two after we heard a report that a great battle was to be fought, and that the skirmishes we had had were only the beginning ! At night, for hours and hours, other regiments arrived with cannon and ammunition ! After our dreadful marches, we were too tired even to eat—the young Conscripts would sink down by the fires to sleep instead ; and how it rained ! There was bad news too ! Marshal Ney had been beaten. It was a dreadful time ; for, in these retreats, the young Conscripts died off of exhaustion, disease, and misery of every kind. The old soldiers of Spain, the veterans of former campaigns, the old weather-beaten troops, were the only ones fit for such tremendous fatigues. In fact, everything was against us, the continual rains, the people were tired of and hated us ;—our Generals, weary of being always in the mud, wanted to be made Marshals, by some striking exploit, and we poor young men—we, the sons of workmen, were made to fight for them, against fearful odds.

Every hour I awoke, I heard a great noise, all through the night, a rolling of cannon and tumbrils, rising and falling in the silence, going in the direction of Leipsic. Dragoons, cuirassiers, hussars, artillery, waggons, on and on, like a river running without end.

The next day Sergeant Pinto said to us, "You're in luck, conscripts—if any of you come out of it, he will be able to say he has seen something ! While our army is defiling upon Leipsic, those rascals of Prussians and Russians are about to fall upon our flank, with their whole army, to cut us in two. They have sent staff officers to Leipsic to tell the Emperor ! It is not a bad move on their part ! We are teaching them tricks of war every day ! They are more cunning than they were ! Just look at those blue lines on the hills ! Each of those lines is a regiment ! There are about 30, that makes 60,000 Prussians. Then there are the horse, of which there seem many squadrons. Those masses to the left are the Russian Imperial Guard. I saw them at Austerlitz, where we cut them up finely ! There must be 20,000 there ! In the rear, those lancers are Cossacks, so that, till the Emperor hears of the affair and comes with the

Cannon, we shall have to hold as fast as nails, one to six or seven against us! In two hours we shall have 100,000 of their best troops against us! To tell the truth, it's a battle in which one can win the Cross of the Legion of Honour!"

But I was not thinking of gaining the Cross, like Sergeant Pinto! I was thinking of dear Marie, and my kind aunt, and master, and friends; and all the day, and during that night, I prayed to God to preserve my life on the morrow, and that I might keep the use of my limbs, which are essential to a poor youth who has to earn his bread.

Then the Battle began! For hours we were in squares, with their cannon balls passing through us—there was no end to it. Our cannon replied, and our officers never ceased shouting, "Close the ranks, close the ranks there!" At length a charge took place! Oh! how we fought! We thrust at them as they pushed forwards, our cannon swept off multitudes with grape shot—still they came on! Then their dragoons advanced in order, before starting off at the charge to break our squares. Our square was broken in! Never, all my life after, did I forget that terrible time!—the fierce hussars, their long moustaches, their sweeping sabres, and how old Sergeant Pinto kept crying out, "Steady, boys, steady!" We looked like butchers! As I re-loaded, I saw hair and blood all over my bayonet, which showed me that, in my fury, though only a boy, I had dealt some terrible thrusts! Why did they want to take my life? These Prussians are the proudest of men! We were obliged to give way because of their great numbers, and what shouts they raised then! one would have thought they were going to devour us! They're a nasty race, with their wild-beast look, furious eyes, and their wide mouths. At length I fell, the blood was running down my chest like hot water. I had a shot in the shoulder, the blood ran down on my legs. My head swam, I still heard the firing, but as in a dream. I thought, "It's all over now!" and the tears ran down my cheeks when I thought of never seeing Marie again.

Just then a voice close by said, "He's coming! Napoleon's coming! I feel it! It goes well!" I opened my eyes; close to me, by the door of the garden, I saw an old "veteran" with a long hooked nose over his moustache; there was a fierce, proud look about him. His head was cut, and his ribs were smashed in by a cannon ball. He could not stand, but rested his hands on the ground like crutches. His yellow eyes looked out at the Prussians retreating, with a squinting leer. Then he looked across at me, and seeing me weeping, and how young-looking I was, he said, "What's your wound,

conscript?" "I am shot in the shoulder, sergeant!" "Boy," he said, "one can get over that, the cold to-night will stop your bleeding, it's better than the ribs, you'll see home again!" Then he ground his teeth, and at last slid on to his shoulder, muttering,—“Well, my business is done, but I paid the big beggar for it, at any rate!” He glanced at the hedge opposite, and there I saw a huge Prussian grenadier, stretched on his back, dead, with a bayonet sticking in his body. “I wish he'd come though!” continued the old sergeant. Just then a terrific roar shook the barn, it was Napoleon coming up with 80 cannon, and columns of the “Young Guard!” These 80 pieces made a horrible turmoil! In twenty minutes the troops before us were flying past, then horrible shrieks arose, and a heavy rolling was heard, mingled with oaths, and the cracking of whips;—it was the artillerymen, with six horses to each gun, lashing with all their might, and the wheels ploughed their way through the heaps of dead and wounded as though so much straw! That was the meaning of the shrieks we heard. One could hear the bones crack under the heavy cannons,—it made my hair stand on end! All at once the sergeant, now pale as death, cried out, He's coming, conscript! He's behind the guns. There he is!” And leaning forwards on his knees, he shouted, “Vive l'Empereur!” and then fell on his face, dead! And I, bending forward to look, saw columns of the “Young Guard” passing at the run, and Napoleon, in his great overcoat, his hat pressed down on his head—a large head, with a pale, fat face, calm and cold—his large, firm chin deep set between his shoulders. Every poor creature still alive cried “Vive l'Empereur!” But he heard nothing; he noticed us no more than the rain! He was looking—what a look—with bent brows at the Prussian army defiling to join the Austrians, to surround us at Leipsic. Just as I saw him on that day, his image remained with me all my life. But our army, after having fought three battles in one day, and being reduced to 130,000, was to be opposed to 300,000, to say nothing of 50,000 cavalry and 1,200 cannon.

For the last month, our conscripts, who could march no further, had been sitting on the ground, calling upon their mothers and fathers to help them! It was heart-rending. Hunger, forced marches; the constant rains, and knowing that they should never see their homes again—how could mere boys, not one in fifty old enough to have a moustache, and so emaciated that you could (so to speak) see their ribs, support so much misery? Fortunately, their Parents could not see their children dying on the highway; if they had, it would have been dreadful, for they would have thought

there was no mercy on earth or in Heaven ! They perished by thousands ; the terrible fever—typhus—followed us everywhere. Out of a hundred who fell ill, ten or a dozen at the most recovered ; we carried it into the towns and villages all through Alsace and Lorraine.

I had fainted again, and when I came to myself it was night ; the moon shone on the ruined, shattered village, the overturned cannons, the heaps of dead. The moon shone on them ; they looked as white as snow. Some had their eyes open, and staring upwards—it looked horrible ! I moved, and caused my wound to re-open, for I felt the blood running again. I shut my eyes and resigned myself to die. I thought of my childhood—things that had happened in my childhood—how my poor mother used to hold me in her arms and sing me to sleep—the little room, and our dog “ Pommer,” who used to play with me and roll me over—my father coming home in the evening so cheerful, with his axe on his shoulder, taking me up in his great arms to kiss me. All these things seemed to come back as in a dream.

When I again came to myself it was day, and I found myself in a huge building, used by the brewers of that country to store their tubs in. All round, on trusses of hay, were ranged wounded men, and in the middle, on a great kitchen table, the Surgeon-Major and his two helpers, with their shirt sleeves rolled up, were cutting off a shattered leg ; the man was uttering cries. Behind them was quite a heap of arms and legs already taken off. “ How many wounded ? ” asked some one. “ Between seventeen and eighteen thousand, it is said,” replied the Surgeon. As fast as they had performed the operations, the wounded were packed in waggons, in straw, which were waiting outside. A few Hussars on horse-back rode beside us ; they smoked and laughed, talked about the battle, and took no notice of us. As we passed we saw poor people, children and old men, gazing in despair at their ruined village. One white-haired old man, quite blind, was sitting at the door of his ruined dwelling, holding a little child between his knees ; he rocked his head to and fro silently with the grief of age. How many years of labour—how much self-denial must it have cost him to provide for himself a quiet old age ? And now everything was destroyed ! We passed, too, the great trenches, at which the country people were at work in hot haste to prevent pestilence—immense trenches, in which they threw Russians, French, Prussians, all together—old men and boys—whom the good God had created to love each other, before the invention of uniforms and armies, which divide them into enemies, for the profit and glory of

those who govern them. And thus our long train of waggons carried off the wounded, maimed for life, thousands of whom died afterwards in the hospitals—(only mentioned in the bulletins to understate their numbers)—far from all those who loved them, while the cannons are fired, hymns of rejoicing are sung in the churches, and God is thanked because a victory has been gained, and thousands of men have been killed !

The young Conscript recovered, and on Napoleon's abdication and confinement at Elba, he returned home ; his master gave him a share in the business, and he married Marie happily. But a gentleman of Rotterdam said that he had 14 relatives taken by the Conscriptions at this time, and in only *one single instance* did they ever hear what became of them ! And a well-known Courier, Muller, on the Continent, told the Writer's Father, in 1854, that he was taken, when 18 years old, together with 6,000 other young men, from his Department in Switzerland,—ordered to march through Poland to Russia, and only 500 EVER RETURNED !

1908.

Although all Nations now seem agreed upon the frightful character,—and insane wickedness,—of a War of mere aggression, or for "Glory,"—they appear to have no confidence whatever in each other's goodwill.

The astounding sequel of the first "Peace Conference" at the Hague has been an increase in the German Navy expenditure from *Four to Fourteen* Million Pounds sterling a year. U.S.A. Navy from *Six to Twenty-one* Millions, and an increase in annual *Military* expenditure, Japan from *Six to Twelve* Millions, England from £20,000,000 to £28,000,000. and U.S.A. from *Nine to Eighteen* Millions ! while every School Boy now is to be taught to Shoot ! "Fallen" human Nature, Reader ! *It will out !*"



Boys should be taught to enjoy "Sports" unaccompanied by Cruelty,—Pain,—or Warlike feelings,—such as are named on Page 667. Games depending more on Science and Skill rather than on Rough—Brute—Strength.

Football,—Boxing, &c., too often lead to angry—"unsportsmanlike" conduct and Revenge. By the 25th Nov. 1907,—The *New York Tribune* gave a List of 11 Players killed at Football, in America, and 98 injured, many seriously, although the "Season" has not long begun.

WAR PROCLAIMED.

"*Mauvais temps.*" Glass low. "Stormy, with Squalls." Henry really thinks he cannot stand Master Tom's "check" and "sauce" any longer. The situation becomes strained.



RECONCILIATION.

WAR AVOIDED.

Glass rising. "*Beau temps.*" Sunshine. Henry decides,—being the eldest,—he must restore harmony. He is rewarded by a kiss of reconciliation, and the two Boys have a real "high old time" together at Uncle John's.



NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE.

"Forgive and Forget."

. CHAPTER LVII.

WHO MURDERED WILLIE ?

A STORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

NOW dry up your tears again, Mother,
 Or mine will begin to flow,
 And give me a parting kiss, Mother,
 And your blessing before I go !
 For I'll come back when the War is done,
 To cheer your declining days,
 And with many a tale of victories won,
 To tell round the Christmas blaze ! "

And Willie is gone from his native land,
 To join in the mortal strife,
 Where fearful sights on every hand,
 And dangers, and death, are rife.
 For the pestilence arrows swiftly glide
 O'er the fields of battle won ;
 And the cannon-ball—will it turn aside.
 For the sake of a Widow's son ?

The Autumn's golden hues have passed
 Away from the old elm trees ;
 Through the leafless branches sweeps the blast,
 With a sound as of moaning seas !
 And her old clock ticks so drearily,
 Through the silence that none may cheer,
 And the days creep on so wearily,
 For her heart is sick with fear.

The swallow returns to the sunny vale,
 And its nest in the cottage eaves,
 And the cuckoo's song, and the nightingale,
 Are welcoming Spring's green leaves :
 From a far-off land the troops are come,
 They have traversed the blue seas o'er,
 And their voices ring round the Widow's home,
 But *her Willie returns no more !*

'Tis a quiet spot where his Father lies,
 In the Churchyard yew tree's shade,
 Where the tall grass waves o'er the mounds that rise,
 To tell where the loved are laid !
 But Willie sleeps from his kindred far ;
 None knows where his grave was made,—
 For he fell on a field where the bolts of War
 In the life-blood of thousands wade !

No tear was shed, and no knell was rung,
 O'er the Soldier's lonely grave ;
 For him the only dirge is sung
 By the stormy Euxine's wave !
 Alas ! for the life-blood shed in vain,—
 For the bright hopes quenched in gloom,
 The most that the gallant " brave " obtain
 Is oft but a *nameless Tomb !*



After " A Glorious Victory." Night " Vampires " pillage the Dead and
 kill the Wounded who resist. It was so at " Waterloo."

* * * * *

" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said
 he,
 Who fell in the great Victory,
 I find them in the garden soil,
 For there's many still about,
 And often when we go to plow,
 The ploughshare turns them out,
 For many thousand men, said he,
 Were slain in that great Victory.
 * * * * *

What it was all about,
 And what they killed each other
 for,
 I never could make out,
 But everybody said, quoth he,
 It was a ' Glorious Victory.'
 * * * * *

Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,
 Said little Wilhelmine,
 A wicked thing ! my child, quoth
 he,
 Why, 'twas a ' Glorious Victory.'"

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE BITTER MELON.

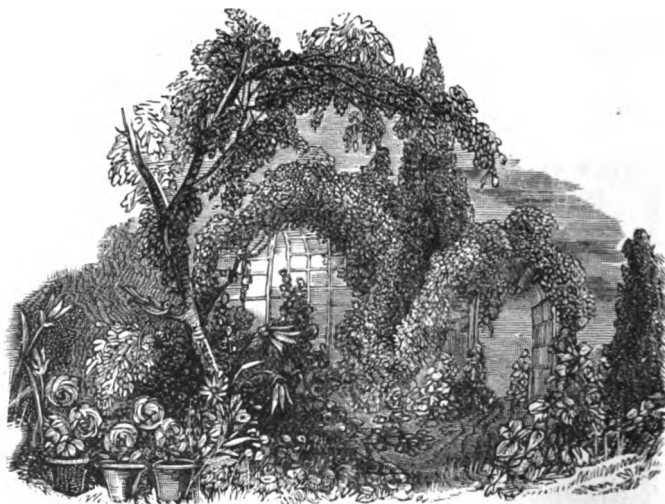
LOKMAN—who afterwards became the celebrated Philosopher—when a Youth, was a Slave. His Master, however, was kind to him ; but one day, after dinner, being merry with his friends at table, he thought to play a trick upon the Youth, and presented the Boy with a bad, and bitter, Melon. which none of them could eat. To his surprise, the Youth, after tasting it, did not change countenance in the least, but ate it all up ! “How is it possible,” said his Master, “for you to eat so nauseous a fruit ?” “My dear Master,” replied the Youth, with a look of affection, “I have received so many favours from you, is it a wonder that I should, for once, without complaining, eat a bitter Melon from your hand ?” All present were greatly struck with the Boy’s generous answer ; none, however, so much so as his Master, who shortly after gave him his liberty ; and Lokman became the famous Oriental Philosopher.

When misfortune and adversity come to us, and we do not meet with the success and Happiness we could desire, we should remember the many favours, blessings, and pleasures we have all of us received from God from Childhood ;—and, like this Youth, surely we should be willing sometimes to receive, without complaint, or repining, some disappointment from His all-wise and loving hand !



The Rose Walk.

FLOWERS FOR THE POOR.



" They had come from some far-off Greenhouse,—from among sweet smelling Flowers, and aromatic trees of some dewy Garden ; how deliciously,—in that dark, close London garret,—they smelt ! "

CHAPTER LIX.

THE POOR IN OUR LARGE TOWNS.

The Scene of this Story is laid in London, but the Reader will find similar cases needing our Assistance, and Charity, in every Place.

" For the Poor shall never cease out of the Land,—therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother ; —to the Poor and the needy in the Land. I am the Lord ! "—*Deut.* xv., 11.

THE POOR.

" Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,—
 Their homely joys,—and destinies obscure,
 Nor grandeur hear,—with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple Annals of the Poor !
 The boast of Heraldry,—the Pomp of Pride,
 And all that Beauty,—*all that Wealth e'er gave,*
 Await alike the inevitable hour !
 The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave ! "

" To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me ? saith the Lord. Bring no more oblations. The calling of Assemblies I cannot away with ! It is iniquity, even the Solemn Meeting."

"Is not *this* the Fast that I have chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness,—to undo the *heavy burdens*,—and to let the oppressed go free?"

"Is it not to deal thy bread to the Hungry, and to bring the Poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the Naked that thou cover him? And if thou draw out thy soul to the Hungry,—and satisfy the afflicted soul,—then shall thy light break forth as the morning. Thou shalt be like a watered garden; and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."—*Isaiah* i., 11; *Isaiah* lviii., 6.

The "Salvation Army."



The good "Salvation Army,"—and the Poor Outcasts, "sleeping out," in London.

THE POOR IN OUR LARGE TOWNS.

ONE bleak, bitter day,—late in March,—a poorly clad man,—evidently in poor health,—stood against the Wall which bounds the corner of Regent's Park,—and by his side was a round basket containing roots of Spring flowers in bloom,—chiefly primroses,—a few violets, and some green creepers. It was a keen, biting, cold wind, in spite of the sun. He had been up by daylight that morning,

—and on his way to some woods,—miles distant in search of those flowers. He dug the roots carefully up, and tied damp moss round them, with strips of long coarse grass. It was nearly ten before the work was done, and the roots packed. Lifting the hamper he toiled back to Town with it. The clock of St. John's church was striking Noon, as he chose this place,—which seemed as likely a spot for customers as any other. The flowers looked pretty enough, and were well arranged. The violet roots in the centre,—the delicate primroses next,—and the green creeping plants encircling all. Did the Spring flowers remind none of the busy passers-by of *their* Springs,—of the green lanes,—and mossy dells where,—as children they had plucked the wild flowers at will? It seemed not, for they went hurrying on. The man did not *ask* them to buy, he left it to them. The hours passed slowly on,—by three o'clock he had only sold a root or two. He stood there waiting with his wistful face, less hopeful than at first. Occasionally glances were cast on the flowers by the ladies who swept by in their fine dresses, and two or three stopped for a moment to remark,—“What pretty flowers!” But they did not buy any. He waited on. Presently, a woman in a red shawl came by,—she stopped at the sight of the flower roots,—looked critically at them,—and said, “What's the price of 'em, Master?” “Threepence a root.” “What, three pence for them messes of Primroses?” “I've been far enough to get them!” “Let's look at 'em?” He put one into her hand, and she turned it about as if fearing imposture. Apparently she satisfied herself. “If you'll let me have six of 'em for a shilling, I'll take 'em?—I've got half a dozen window pots at home waiting to be filled with some'ut or other.” He did not think well to refuse, seeing how slow the day's sale had been. “You'll give me one in!” she said,—keeping the shilling in her hand;—she must have had a conscience that woman! “No!”—the woman relinquished the shilling and carried off the roots. When five o'clock struck, the man took some bread and cheese from his pocket and ate it,—going over to the cabstand opposite for a drink of water. He had only had a similar meal early while getting the roots. Better water, though, that from a country brook! “Not much luck, mate, to-day!”—remarked a cab-driver,—who had been sitting some time on the box of his four-wheeler. “No,” he replied,—going back to his post. Two or three stray buyers came up after this for a single root, generally, either of the primroses or violets. One lady who passed with her acquaintance, and her little girl who carried

a beautiful nosegay, said, "Yes! Isn't it lovely? We bought it in Baker Street,—only seven and sixpence! I had a good mind to have a cab to take it home; I want it for our ball to-night." They passed the man as she spoke, without ever noticing him. Seven and sixpence for a nosegay, and a cab to take it home!

Dear Reader! Half the World does not know how the other half lives! They spend in one evening's luxury what would keep many a family of the deserving poor for a month! There must be different classes,—the rich and the poor, but surely Riches,—given to us by the providence of God,—are a "talent" He entrusts to us, and for which He will surely require an account!

As the evening drew in, he took up the hamper and began his long walk towards home, seeking to sell on his way, but luck was not with him. "*Home.*" Oh! Readers, who have never known what it is to miss a meal,—who, for years,—have found the table ready spread for you by attentive servants,—with your pleasant garden,—and quiet,—clean rooms; and sunshine and fresh air; *do go* at times to the dwellings of the poor! "*Home!*" It was in the heart of East London. It was a "cheap quarter." The locality was known as "awful" by those who knew it. Not,—mark you, on account of the poor things who lived there, but because of the wretched,—unhealthy,—tenements they lived in. When we hear London spoken of,—no doubt from its magnificent system of drainage,—as "the healthiest City in the World,"—you are taking the average mortality of three million of people, *the majority living in good houses*, and supplied with the best of everything,—(for the best of everything seems to go to London)—but we do not hear what the mortality is in *certain given areas* in the *East* of London! These facts are concealed from our view, when *average* death-rate for *all London* is alone taken. It was not a locality for thieves and criminals, but rather for the poorest of the poor. As the man went down a close street, the men stood about the courts in rags, and women with dishevelled hair, and shrill voices, were quarrelling. In a coal-shed a man was weighing out a small barrow of coal to a customer. "Not made much of it to-day?" he asked. "No!"—said the man,—"*will you let me leave the hamper here for the night! They'll wither in my place!*"—"Oh! yes,—you're welcome, only mind the coal dust." The man put the basket in a corner and covered it over, so that the coal dust should not blacken the flowers. The rent for their miserable room was due to-morrow,—that *must* be

paid ; there was no grace, and it only left him tenpence. " There's been two ladies down your Court ; I think they've been to see your young 'un," said the coal man. There was a sick Child at home, always thirsty ; the man went into the small shop opposite and bought a saveloy, half a loaf of bread, and a small modicum of milk and tea. They had said at the Dispensary that milk was good for his boy, and he had gone without anything but the bread that day, lest he should not have money enough to make the evening meal for the sick little one. His history is but the history of many of our English workmen,—he had come up to London attracted by the higher wages to be earned,—and for a time all went well. But then came fever ; it took from him his wife and one of the children,—and lasted long enough to sell him up, and turn him out with his remaining child, when too weak himself to resume his work. He never recovered his position. The fingers of one hand were wasted and the joints stiffened. He never could work any more at his former handicraft, and four miserable years had been passed, living how he could, at odd jobs, and in the spring selling flower roots, keeping his honesty always, and self-denying to the end, but unable to do more than just live from hand to mouth. You never saw such a place as the one he finally turned into ! It was not fit for human beings to live in. The pure fresh air and cheerful sun given to us so freely by God, could not penetrate to these gloomy courts with their blackened walls. He turned into a door-way, and then up some rickety stairs to a small low room. The window was patched with paper in its broken panes. A lighted candle was stuck into a ginger-beer bottle on the mantelpiece. " Holloa !—Charlie ! got a light ?"—he said in a kind tone.—" Bridget Kelly lighted it for me, Father,"—replied a weak, young voice from the floor,—" I've been ill, Father !"—He lay on a grey woollen blanket,—a boy of nine or ten ;—it was a fair, meek face,—and something in the blue eyes,—bright to-night—reminded the man of those he had lost. This little boy was the only one of his family left to him. He had been ailing for a long time, and seemed to get weaker and weaker. A chair without a back, a low wooden stool on three legs,—a board placed across another stool to serve for a table,—was, apparently, all the furniture in the room, but everything, including the floor, was clean. He put down the things he had brought, and stooped down to give his child a kiss. " Been ill,—d'ye say, Charlie ? Been worse ?" The boy was sitting up now. He had on a warm, comfortable shirt, made of some dark woollen stuff. His father anxiously stroked the hair

from his brow with a gentle hand. "Look, Daddy, what the good ladies brought me!" Oh! such a group of lovely choice flowers! Not to be used *in a Ball that night*, but to *cheer the last hours* of a poor dying child! They had come from some far-off Greenhouse; from among sweet-smelling flowers, and aromatic trees of some dewy garden; how deliciously,—in that dark, close garret,—they smelt! "And daddy! they left you this, and said they'd call to-morrow." There were two shillings lying on the shelf. At this moment a Woman came bustling in;—a very untidy,—but a kind-hearted body was Bridget Kelly. She occupied,—with her husband,—a lower room in the house,—and would often look after the lonely child,—when his father was away. From what she said, it seemed that coming in that afternoon, she found that Charlie had had, she thought, a fainting fit; he could not remember how the day had passed. Then the two Ladies, who had heard of the sick little one through the Bible woman, had called,—and Bridget had left them with Charlie, "to find her Pat, and tell him to ask the Club Doctor to call. But we haven't seen the colour of him, yet," she said. Meanwhile, the father had got together some dry sticks, and as Bridget now left them, he lighted the fire. From a small cupboard he took a few useful articles, a tin cup or two, a teapot, and a small kettle, which he took into the yard below to fill. But ever and anon as he waited for the water to boil, he cast a yearning look on his boy's pale face, as the child lay languidly watching the fire. This evening meal so patiently waited for was the one bright spot left in their lives. "It's about ready now, Charlie, will you sit up to it?" He folded the grey blanket over him, cut him some bread,—and half a saveloy. Charlie took a bit, but could not apparently swallow it, but he drank the tea off at a draught. "I can't eat, Father!" "We'll try a sop, Charlie, we can buy plenty of milk now." He went to the cupboard for a small yellow basin, and as he did so his eye caught the boy's dinner,—two cold potatoes and a herring lying untouched. "Why, Charlie, dear! there's your dinner here! Haven't you wanted it?" "I forgot it, Father!" It was the first time he had left the mid-day meal untouched. His father did not like it, he looked wistfully at his child, and a great aching took possession of his heart. "I wish the Doctor would come," he said to himself; he sliced some bread into the yellow basin, poured some boiling water on it,—covered it for a minute or two,—then drained the water off and added some sugar and milk. But Charlie couldn't eat. "I'm only thirsty, Father." He lay down again,—and, warmly

covered up,—he soon fell asleep. Just then came a tap at the door, and the Doctor's voice was heard outside. "Is the sick child here?" He was a youngish man, lately come to the neighbourhood; he had a decided voice, and manner, but report said, he was an able man, not wanting either in sense or kindness. As he entered,—remarking that he had been detained,—he gave a keen, sharp look round; seemed to take in all at a glance, and gave a significant sniff. "It is bad, I know," said the man; "comes from the back yard,—the drains want repairing, I think; it's worse in Summer; if I opened the window, then it's cold for the child." "True!" said the doctor, "let's look at him!" The father began to speak about the child's illness, but the Doctor cut it short by taking the candle in the bottle and holding it to the boy's face. A wan, white face,—the dry lips open,—he gently felt the forehead, and the pulse. "Shall I wake him?" "No!" said the doctor,—"you've called me in late to-night. Have you had advice for him?" "I took him to the Dispensary two or three times; they told me that he wanted fresh air, and good food. But what can I do? he's not strong enough to be about with me, and too heavy to carry. The streets about here don't seem to have good air in them, and in the better streets there are no seats, and the Police tell us to 'move on.' " The man mentioned to the Doctor having lost his wife, and their child. The latter listened to all. "You say this one had been ailing for five months, and nothing seems to nourish him; well, if you ask me what is the matter with him, I should say it's poison;—want of fresh air, and sunshine;—sometimes it takes the form of Typhus, at others decline, but the bottom of it all is over-crowding in these old properties, and horrible courts; if I'd my way, I'd blow them all up sky high!" "My wife was born in the Country," said the man,—"what she seemed to die of was decline. There are fewer dwellings now in London suited for the very poor,—they have taken thousands down for the Railways and Improvements, and so the poor crowd together more and more; it's more difficult to get very cheap lodgings." The Doctor could not gainsay it; he saw that the man was evidently intelligent and above the usual type of the "very poor." "You've once been in better circumstances, I suspect," at last he said. "Yes! Five years ago I was a good workman, making my 35s. a week easy; then came that dreadful rheumatic fever. I was laid up for months, and lost the proper use of my hands. But about the child, Sir,—will he get through it with care? Will he get better?" The Doctor knew that so far from getting well

the little boy's life was quickly drawing to a close. He was a kind-hearted man, he doubted whether the child would live another day, and at first hesitated what to say. But he was a plain-speaking man ; so, after a pause, he had made up his mind, and said,—“ Well, you want to know the truth ; I'm sorry to tell it you,—for I see you value the child,—(and that's more than many Parents seem to do about here) —but the fact is he *will not get well* ;—I saw it the moment I looked at him,—you've called me in at the last.”

“ *He will not get well,*”—repeated the father,—seemingly unable to take it in. “ That's what the good ladies said, Father,—they said they thought I should be taken to Heaven ! ” This interruption,—quiet as it was, came upon them with a surprise ; they both turned quickly,—the Boy was lying awake with his eyes now open. “ What ladies, my little fellow ? ” asked the Doctor,—all the quick decision in his tone gave in a moment,—speaking as gently as if the child was his own. Without waiting for an answer, he put some powder in a teacup, asked for some water, and gave it the child to drink. It seemed to revive him,—he held up the beautiful flowers. “ When they gave me these they said, ‘ there were far more lovely flowers in Heaven.’ ” “ Ay ! ” answered the doctor, “ there are, my boy,—thank God,—the good ladies were right.” Then turning to the Father, he added,—“ I'll step in first thing in the morning,”—and giving a few other directions, he took his leave.

The man lighted him into the court, and said,—his Child was Dying, but he did not forget his honesty,—“ The ladies left us two shillings, but there will be little things to get for the child, I will pay you out of the first money I get.” “ Don't say another word,” said the doctor, “ I *know* you will, I would not take it now for the world ! I only wish I could have saved the child, I came too late ! ” He hesitated,—paused,—at last he added, “ I may as well tell the truth ;—I said I'd call to-morrow just to cheer the little one,—and so I will,—but I don't think he'll last till the morning ; I wouldn't fret if I were you ; you've done your best ; you've been a kind father and husband too, I warrant ;—they will be in a better home than this ! ” And away went the worthy doctor down the dark court, sniffing the odour about him wrathfully. The man hastened back to the dark room, where the child was dying peacefully. The boy did not seem inclined to sleep now, so the man sat down on the stool close to him. He had put his hand into his father's, and the trifling action was too much for him ! He had been striving in silence, with the shock of grief, and now, very much to

his discomfiture, he burst into tears ! It was foolish,—he had not done it since his poor Wife died.

“ Is it for me, Daddy ? Don’t cry, Daddy ! ” “ It seems hard, Charlie,”—he sobbed, “ the others taken too ! ” “ But you’ll come, Father. It’s such a sweet place,—Jesus has made,—Mother’s there, and little Jack,—I’m not afraid to go. Jesus took them home because it was better than this. The good ladies told me all about it,—and they *prayed so sweet*, Father ! ” He saw it all now ;—others had discovered what he had not ;—the approach of death ! Yes ! and the Blessed God had sent two of His sweet messengers,—in these good pious ladies,—even to that dark court,—to speak to His dying little one, of the *precious Saviour*,—and the *sweet Heavenly Home* !

“ SIMON, SON OF JONAS, LOVEST THOU ME ? ”

READER ! There may be in you also an aptitude,—a gift,—a blessed “ talent ” of kindly visits to the Poor ! There may be in your power a work for God which *you alone can do* ! Do not turn away,—should you feel that call of God to a Christ-like life of charity, and sink into a vain, frivolous,—selfish life,—and let “ another take your crown ! ”

“ Not suited for a lady ? ” What ! are not the names of ELIZABETH FRY,—once a lady of Fashion,—then a quakeress visiting the Convicts,—and FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, at work amongst our dying Soldiers in Russia,—names the most honoured in our day and generation ? “ Great danger in visiting amongst these dreadful places ! ” But when the noble JOHN HOWARD was warned of the Gaol fever in his frequent visits to Prisons in former days,—more terrible and frightful places than anything now to be seen,—the Philanthropist replied,—“ The Misery I have seen is such that,—*come what will*,—I will, with God’s aid, *never rest* till I see the terrible evil ended ! ” He sacrificed his Life at last in visiting Foreign Prisons at the request of their Governments. His Report produced a sensation never to be forgotten ! A generous Nation *rose to his appeal*, and those frightful places were swept away for ever ! These are the true “ Heroes,”—the true “ Conquerors ” amongst Mankind ! Well may we use the lines written for another, and different conqueror—

“ Tears such as *Nations* weep,
Hallow the Hero’s sleep !—
Calm,—be thy rest and deep !—
JOHN HOWARD the brave ! ”

The boy slept at length, but would wake up,—startled,—and ask for water. It was just getting light when the boy waked up with a look on his wan face his father had never seen before. “What is it, Charlie, the water?” He looked about, as if bewildered, till his eyes caught the flowers. “I’ve seen others,—father; *oh! such flowers!*” He sank back, as if to sleep, with his face to the wall, and was very still,—so still that his father feared the sounds of the coming day. Two Women in the Yard were talking loudly and quarrelling, in the Court below. He looked over at the still face, and saw what had happened! It was *quite still!*—yes! it was *still for ever!*

Dear Reader, did you ever ask yourself, “*When, and under what circumstances, shall I also die?*”

Whatever be our Wealth, the hour shall come when you and I will be lying *utterly helpless* before our God! I ask you, will it not be then all the World to us to hear the gracious words of joyful welcome,—“Come ye, blessed of My Father! For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat,—naked and ye clothed Me,—sick and ye visited Me. Even as ye did to the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me!”

Leaves have *their* time to fall,
And Flowers to fade, beneath the North wind’s breath,
Seasons to change,—but *thou!*—
Thou hast *all Seasons* for thy own, O death!

RICH “CHRISTIANS” (?)

“The Will has been proved of the late Mr.——, the personal estate being sworn at £441,811 1s. 7d.” Then follow the details to whom he left it all. “There are *no bequests to public or charitable institutions*, but the testator has left a few legacies to a few of his servants.”—Extract from Daily Paper, 1890.

“Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?”—Luke vi., 45.



NOTE.—When a Slave was killed on a Plantation there was no Legal Proof, as there was an infamous Law that the Oath,—or Evidence, of any Coloured Man should never be allowed against a White Man in a “ Court of ” (so-called) “ Justice ” !



“ Well, then, you shall have your Reward ! ”—roared the inhuman tyrant.

CHAPTER LX.

THE BOY MARTYR.

ILLUSTRATED BY A FLOGGING AT SEA.

“ What can Jesus Christ,—they talk so much of,—do for you *now* ? ”

AS probably the reader has never witnessed a flogging,—before he can appreciate the story of the Young Martyr in the West Indies,—the following description

by the late Captain Hannay, of the Royal Navy, of an ordinary "couple of dozen," administered with the "cat," may serve to illustrate a mode of punishment once very common both in the Army and Navy.

We must imagine Singleton Fontenoy, a young Midshipman, witnessing "punishment" for the first time. "Seven bells" striking, all hands were tumbled up to witness punishment. The ship's company were gathered together in the gangways;—the officers, with swords on, were on the Quarter deck. A grating was lashed to the bulwarks. Near this stood the Master-at-Arms, with a cup of water for the victim, and two burly Boatswain's Mates were in attendance, with canvas bags, containing the two implements of punishment, called the "cat-o'-nine-tails."

Take away God's blue sky, and the free blue sea around, and you might have felt yourself in the Inquisition of the Catholics in their palmiest days!

"All ready, sir!"—reported the Master-at-Arms, touching his hat to First-Lieutenant Modell. The First-Lieutenant, looking very gloomy and pensive, moved aft to the Captain's cabin; the Marines on duty fixed bayonets, and out came Captain Pannikin, with cocked hat and sword on, moving, in awkward pomp, to the scene. Captain Pannikin was, in his way, a kind and well-meaning man; but he had no talent for governing the ship without flogging. He did not *like* it, but he found it established as a System, and availed himself of it.

The prisoner was a fine young sailor—Williams—a fore-castle-man—one of those stolid, thoroughly valuable,—but, at the same time, untamable sailors, who will do any work—care for no danger—but can with difficulty be subjected to any discipline. Men who are constantly exposing themselves to be flogged, but whom it is no use flogging. On this occasion he had been drunk, and when a similar temptation came in his way he would get drunk again.

Love for a Captain like Nelson might have kept him dutiful; flogging he despised.

Captain Pannikin looked very red and uncomfortable; he felt it necessary to make some sort of speech. He never could say six words well in his life. It was pitiable to hear the attempt; he stuttered, turned red, and grew confused. "Sorry to have to do it—necessity—your third offence—drunk—*strip!*" The last word alone saved Captain Pannikin's poor, paltry, address from seeming contemptible. Strip!

The young man stripped as coolly as a man going to bathe! His bust was a model for a Hercules! He was secured to

the grating in the usual way. The Senior Midshipman handed Captain Pannikin the warrant, and the Articles of War; the Captain having read them, motioned to the first Boatswain's mate, saying, "four-and-twenty." The latter stepped forward, and drew from the canvas bag his "cat;"—he was really proud of it; and had fancifully covered the handle with green baize;—the tails were brilliantly white! Poor Singleton, the young Midshipman, grew very pale; the young sailor in question had once been got out of a scrape through him, and had given the boy a silk handkerchief brought from India, which, from its gorgeous appearance, when placed round Singleton's waist, had excited the envy of the Midshipmen's Mess. The boy had not expected to see this sort of thing when he went to Sea; he fumbled nervously with his Midshipman's dirk, and drew his breath as if the blow was about to fall on himself!

There was a moment's silence, only disturbed by the low sound of the ship's wheel, turned by the helmsman.

The Boatswain's Mate stepped forward;—planted himself firmly; and moistened the palm of his hand. A whistle! Down came the lash!—"One!" cried the Master-at-Arms. On the young man's white flesh appeared a row of crimson lines.

Singleton gasped, but the sailor, who had received the blow, betrayed no more emotion than if he had been made of granite! "Two! three! four!" were called up to "One dozen, sir." It had become first flushed, then bloody, but the young man uttered no word,—gave no symptom of feeling; in fact, the man was rather losing his temper at the tardiness of the punishment; and stoicism began to give way to anger. "Come! go on! go on!" he called out,—Oh!" you're a *poor* old fool; your wife told me you was!" "Who are you speaking to?" cried Captain Pannikin, getting very red in the face. "Any one who likes to take it up!" said the young man.

There was an uneasy movement amongst the officers, and Captain Pannikin said no more. It is always difficult to know how to deal with words spoken by a man undergoing punishment; it is not usual to notice them.

The Second Boatswain's Mate had now brought out the fresh "cat," for the tails of the first had become clotted with blood. The new "cat" was adorned with red baize; a suggestive contrast to the first! The Sailor seemed on the point of roaring out some fresh insolence, when there was a sudden confusion among the officers,—a rush, a crowd, and long whisps! "What's the matter?" said the Captain,

turning round eagerly. "One of the Midshipmen,—young Mr. Fontenoy,—has fainted, sir," said the First-Lieutenant. On hearing the name, the young Sailor under punishment gave a sharp, sudden look round, and became suddenly silent! He received the last few strokes quietly, and even respectfully. Why? Because someone, it seemed, cared for him;—felt for him; it created a sudden revulsion of feeling; he went off to air his wounded back in the sick ward; and Singleton was carried down to the First-Lieutenant's own cabin.

Singleton had never had occasion to regret the incident, for though some of the "Mids" made some good-natured fun of "Fon showing the white feather," it made Singleton very popular amongst the men; they talked it over afterwards. "You see, sir,"—they would say—"the young gentleman was brave enough, when we had that sharp brush with the Pirates in the boats, you see he could not bear to see one of us flogged!" And when Fontenoy went ashore in charge of a ship's boat—Williams, the forecastle man, always managed to be one of the crew; and what he could do to serve and please the bright-eyed young Middy that Williams never failed to do!

THE BOY MARTYR.

Having given an illustration of an ordinary flogging of a "couple of dozen," with the "Cat," the reader will be able to appreciate better the following account of the young Martyr, in the West Indies.

Although, through God's providence, slavery has received its death-blow in the United States—after, however, one of the most desperate struggles history can furnish—it is still carried on openly in some of the West Indian Islands, and in parts of Africa. Our English Consul at Mozambique—Mr. McLeod—speaks of a slave nearly beaten to death by order of his cruel mistress, merely because the young man had refused to flog his own mother. And when a Portuguese lady had a slave boy of 16, actually *beaten to death*, the jury returned a verdict of cruelty; but Mr. McLeod said—"Nothing more was done." Is the "Congo," in 1908, much better?

A sad illustration of the power a Slave Owner possessed,—and how they sometimes exercised it, will be found in the following anecdote.

A Slave boy, about 17 years old, went to hear the preaching of a noted missionary amongst the slaves, and became a convert to the Christian religion. His master—a brutal,

Godless man—had the greatest dislike to religion, or to any of his slaves attending these meetings. He would say indignantly, that it *actually* put notions of *freedom* into the slaves' heads,—made them *discontented* ;—in a word, he swore that if he caught one of them going to a "Camp Meeting," as these Religious gatherings are called in America, he "would have him *well flogged* ; and those who knew the man's desperate character, knew that he was *the man to keep his word* : The poor boy knew it, too, but he could not keep away ! The hopes that had dawned upon him from what he had heard the good Missionary say, had opened to him a new life ! It was not *always* to be toil, and blows, and slavery ! He heard of *another world*, where sorrow and sin would be no more, of an Almighty God, of a loving Saviour, who cared for him. He must hear more, and accordingly attended another meeting. His brutal master heard of it, and on his return he was summoned into his presence ! He was an intelligent boy, but, unhappily for him, intelligence in a slave was the very last thing an owner like his master cared for ; a strong, healthy, stupid, field hand, who could work well in the cotton fields, was what *he* wanted in a slave. The boy was, besides a weakly one, never likely to prove of much value on the Estate, so the wicked man resolved to make an example of him, to keep the other hands on the Estate from ever attending a Camp Meeting again : the example, the Wretch thought, would be well worth the dollars the boy was worth. He therefore ordered him to receive fifty lashes ;—a dreadful punishment for a mere boy, as those can testify who have seen the effect of two dozen on a man, however strong he may be.

Then, in a tone of blasphemous ridicule—(secretly hoping to get some excuse for continuing the punishment)—he exclaimed, "So much for attending Camp Meeting ! I should like to know what Jesus Christ—they talk so much of—can do for you now ?" "He enables me to bear it patiently !" said the boy. "Oh ! He *does*, does He ?"—roared the wretch "Then perhaps He will enable you to bear a little *more* ! I suppose you'll be for going again ! You shall not set an example to *my* slaves for nothing. Give him fifty more !" He was obeyed. "Well ! Let's hear what Christ can do for you now," said the monster—(after they were finished, and the blood ran down the young slave's back like water)—"He doesn't seem to do *much* for you !" "He enables me to look forward to a future reward !"—gasped the sufferer. "Oh ! does He ? *Well, then !* you shall have your reward !" roared the inhuman tyrant, in a

paroxysm of rage,—“ Give him a hundred *more* ! ” And as he listened with savage delight to the groans of his dying victim, he once more demanded, “ What can Jesus Christ do for you *now* ? ” There was a long pause ; the boy was evidently trying to say something : at last the youthful martyr managed to say, with a last effort,—“ He bids me *pray* for you, Master ! ” and a few minutes after breathed his last.

Who that has any faith in the life to come, or has any belief in the existence of a now merciful, but one day *inexorable*, and *unchangeable*, Lord God,—would not far rather be this poor boy, expiring in agony, than be the wretched man who caused his death ? The boy’s Sufferings were but for an hour ; but when a brutal sinner has swaggered, and sworn his last in this World, and Eternity—that *awful word* which God alone can understand—approaches, and the man has to go out *alone* to meet his God—what imagination can conceive the result that must follow ? “ If the righteous ”—(covered by Christ’s garment of righteousness—sheltered by His atonement—forgiven for Christ’s sake)—“ if the *righteous* scarcely be saved, *where* shall the *sinner* and the *ungodly* appear ? ”

In that *other* phase of God’s character, God tells us plainly that “ He is not a *man* that He will repent ! ” Endless ages will pass. Worlds, like ours,—in the Counsels of Almighty God,—may come out of Chaos,—last, like ours, for nameless Epochs and immeasurable Time,—and then slowly pass away, but “ *Eternity* ” will not *even have begun* ! The Boldest Sinner forgets that he goes out to “ meet his God,”—*entirely alone* ! Sinners are emboldened by the presence here on earth with their fellows. They can talk, and bluster now. But alone,—as if no other Human Being existed,—they will go out to meet an *Angry God* ! What *that* must mean *who can tell* ?

One of the Roman Emperors—noted for having invented the most exquisite tortures for the early Christians—*shortly* before his death was heard by the attendants of the Palace,—*getting up in the silence of the night*. They heard the Emperor striding about from room to room, saying, in a frantic tone,—“ Why, it was not *I* that *did it* !—Why, it was not *I* that *did it* ! ”

What was this but the miserable, shuffling, excuse of a guilty sinner—that “ certain looking forward to a fiery indignation,” which the great Apostle speaks of, who knew something of “ the terror of the Lord ”—for Paul had been himself a persecutor. So that when you listen to the bluster and the swagger of a Godless man, remember that you hear

him now while God's anger slumbers, while God supports him in health and being; but after a Saviour's love has been rejected, and a long life has been spent in opposition to Him, and to His cause, there appears to be *another phase* in God's character, which the Bible merely hints at—"Fear Him"—a loving Saviour three times warns us, "who hath power to cast into Hell." "I will *laugh* when their *fear* cometh." Now, He is an indulgent, long-suffering, Heavenly Father, but He is not a Being who can be mocked! Let us then remember the words with which the Great Apostle concludes his last letter to the early Christians—"Let us serve God with reverence and Godly fear, for our God is a consuming fire!"

"Vengeance is Mine: *I* will repay! saith the Lord!"

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."—*Heb. x., 31.*

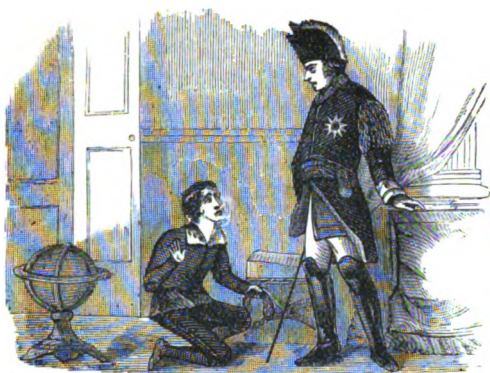
The Tiger.



A Tiger,—misjudging his spring from the Jungle on to a young Sailor,—falls into the very jaws of a huge Alligator.

In "fallen" Human Nature "the Tiger" only needs rousing to show what is in the unsanctified,—unchanged,—Human Heart.

THE GOOD SON.



CHAPTER LXI.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, AND HIS PAGE.

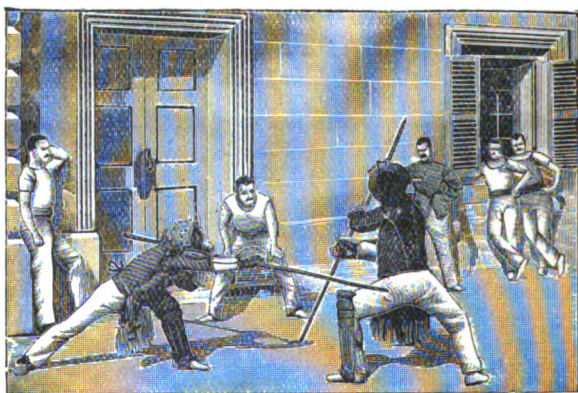
“ Honour thy Father, and thy Mother.”

FREDERICK, King of Prussia, one day rang his bell for his Page in waiting, and, nobody answering, he opened his door and found his Page asleep in a chair. It was late at night, the King had been writing despatches, and the boy, overcome with fatigue, had fallen asleep. Knowing he had good reason to be sleepy, instead of being angry, the King was going to awake him gently, when he saw a letter on the ground, which the boy had let fall. The King took it up, to see what it was, and found that it was a letter from the good youth's Mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her so much of his wages, to relieve her poverty, since his father died, and finished by telling him, that “ God would surely reward him for his dutiful affection.”

The King, after reading it, went softly back to his Chamber—took a bag full of ducats, and slipped it into the boy's pocket. Returning to his chamber he rang the bell, this time so loudly, that it awakened the Page, who instantly made his appearance. “ You have had a sound sleep ! ” said the King. The Page confessed that he had, but begged the King to excuse him this once, as he had been up very

early that morning. Putting his hand,—in his confusion,—accidentally into his pocket, the boy, to his astonishment, felt the heavy purse of ducats! The boy took it out, and turned very pale. "What's the matter now!" said the King, "and where did you get that purse from? Why it looks like one of mine!"

The poor boy burst into tears, saying, "Oh, Sire! some one seeks to ruin me, I never took the purse!" and the boy threw himself at the King's feet. "My boy!" replied the King, "God often does things for us even whilst we are sleeping! Send that to your poor Mother, salute her on my part, and assure her that while you continue the good youth you have hitherto been, I shall take good care both of her and you."



The Gymnasium. "Quarter Staff." A good stop, with a good opening for the "Counter"—or "Return." (See page 655 for the "Counter.")



“ Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth :

“ But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil : but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

“ But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.”



“ Willie the Conqueror.”

CHAPTER LXII.

KITE FLYING WITH A KIND BROTHER HAROLD.

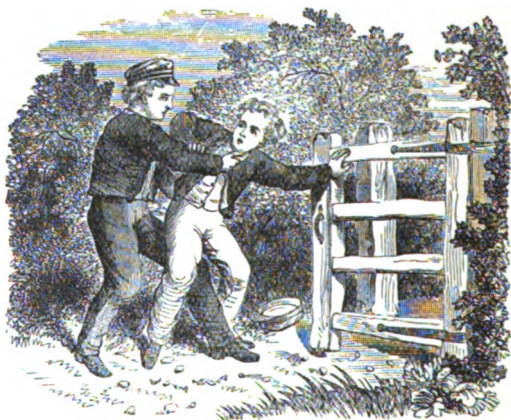
THE MURDER IN BLACKWOOD, BY ROGER.

THERE are two boys, Frank and Willie. I have frequently been a guest in their father's house ; and have often talked to them about revenge and forgiving injuries, for Willie was once under my care at the Sabbath School, and they had not been taught to consider it wrong to fight.

They are active Boys, quick and clever at sport. Willie, the younger, is the more gentle and kindly ; and Frank is generous, clever and intelligent, but like many more of his class, is proud and vindictive, and very easily provoked.

I was passing along the street one day, and saw the two boys at a little distance before me, coming out of their house ; and, nodding to each other, I saw them run towards a gate leading to a field by the house, trying which could reach it the soonest. Willie came first to the gate, and in pure fun and frolic, he shut the gate and placed himself against it to

stop Frank opening it. Frank laughed, and tried to force it open ; they were both merry, and in play, and joked and laughed about it. Soon, however, Frank began to get excited and angry, and being older and stronger he succeeded in half-opening the gate, but in doing so he hurt his hand against a nail, and the gate flying back he stumbled and fell ! Willie saw now that his brother was angry, and gave up the struggle. But Frank was in a passion ; his proud and vindictive nature could not bear that his brother should appear to have got the victory, and only wished to give up in consideration of his hasty temper ; besides he was angry at his fall ! The minute the gate was opened he flew at Willie, and being older and stronger, after a short struggle they fell—Frank on the top, and Willie on his back, in the mud and stones, while his brother held down both his arms, and pounded violently on his chest with his knees !



As I hurried up, Frank rose, but poor Willie was so bruised and stunned, that he could not rise without any aid ; and had to support himself with one arm round Frank's neck ; his lip was badly cut, but he did not show any signs of resentment.

"Why, Willie," said I, "I thought you two loved each other !"

"I love Frank !" said Willie, as he stood panting with his arms round Frank.

"Does Frank love you ?" said I.

"Well ! Frank always gives me his good things !" said Willie.

"But did he not, just now, strike and beat you ?" said I.

"Yes," said Willie, looking at his brother, "but then he was angry with me!"

Frank looked wretched and sullen. "Willie vexed me!" he said.

"Did he do so on purpose?" said I.

Frank was too noble to tell a lie, and was silent. Willie seemed to share his brother's shame, and to be grieved at it, and said, "I am sorry I held the gate, Frank; I did not mean to vex you; I only held the gate in fun."

Frank had hardly got over his resentment; it was a hard struggle with his pride to feel himself in the wrong. If Willie had struck him again he would not have felt ashamed; he would have been pleased to have proved the stronger. But he felt pained because Willie had not attempted to strike him in return, though he had evidently been much hurt. Frank's resentment was gone, and love to his brother returned to his heart; he could not bear the thought of having hurt him who was so gentle towards himself! For these brothers loved each other very much! Willie loves Frank, and thinks that whatever Frank says and does is right; and when anything happens to Willie, Frank feels it as much as he does, and always goes to share his punishment, and comfort him.

Willie saw that his brother was ashamed and sorry, and wished to hide his disgrace, for he tried to smile—though it was enough to touch any one to see him try to smile with his cut lip,—and said with sweet and generous affection, "Don't mind, Frank; *I know you love me*, and you did not hurt me much!"

Frank was a very proud boy! He would have laughed to scorn the idea of being made to shed a tear under any punishment, but he was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for his blows. No man can stand it, much less a boy like Frank. I wished I had not been by, for he looked uneasily at me, but it was more than he could bear, and he sobbed on his brother's neck, as if his *heart would break*! I saw I was in the way, indeed I was glad to go! I knew Frank had been taught a lesson deeper than any words could ever give! I knew he would now take every care of his Willie. It was no small thing that had softened that proud and passionate nature. Who can deny that Willie had not proved the "Conqueror"?

An example of the power of that patient forgiveness, and generous love, our Saviour taught from the Mount! That law of forgiveness He taught, which all find it *so hard* to learn—some even say *impossible*.

No doubt, "with man it is impossible,"—unless assisted

by Him to Whom "all things are possible," for it was not merely by natural sweetness and gentleness that Willie gained this victory. His father,—who, although he had never thought much about the subject, nor taught his sons the duty of forgiveness, and returning good for evil, was an earnest Christian man,—had told me he had great hopes of Willie, for he seemed to show the same pleasure and heartiness in the duties of the Sabbath and the Sunday-school, and was as earnest in family prayer as he was in his sports and pursuits. Who can doubt that he obtained that moral courage and strength from a higher source, than mere natural sweetness of disposition ?

The good, excellent, Henry Martyn, in his youth, often gave way to a most violent temper : on one occasion, he threw a knife at a friend at College, in a fit of passion ; it narrowly missed his forehead. "Henry !" exclaimed his friend, "if you do not conquer that temper you will commit murder some day !" He *did* conquer it ; and where can there be a more striking example than in his after life ; the self-denying, meek, but noble Missionary, wearing out his life among the heathen Hindoos, and the cavilling, bigoted priests of India ?

When boys are, however, never taught to bear injury ; when they learn, from early years, to "stand up for their rights," never to submit to insult or injury, without showing a "proper, and manly, resentment,"—"manly resentment" becomes the habit of life. They become quick to resent an injury, and are selfish, unforgiving, and revengeful ! "From their earliest days,"—I remarked to a gentleman who took great interest in all literary and religious progress, and in Public Institutions, and Education,—"our boys learn to avenge themselves, to recompense evil for evil, and to hate their enemies, rather than to love and forgive them !"

"Well," said he, "we were pretty much apt to do the same thing,—how teach them differently ?"

"I would teach them," said I, "to return good for evil ; to try to love, forgive, and even to pray for those who dislike and injure them !"

"But would you not," said he, "in doing so, teach boys to submit too tamely and meanly to insult and injuries from any worthless fellow who might take advantage of them ?"

"It must ever need two to make a quarrel," I replied : "no one would stand by to see another injured, who was known never to return evil for evil ; they would be exposed, as a rule, to no danger on that ground ; and I have not seen that such are at all less firm and courageous in danger ; they

are generally the most brave and determined. To say one does not approve of fighting, in order to escape pain, is indeed cowardly ; but to resolve to return good for evil, to overcome evil by good, because we hope in doing so to please God, Who commands it, is the highest moral courage."

"Still, War is needful," said he ; "and the Soldier's profession is an honourable and glorious calling."

"To *kill* your *fellow men* an *honourable* calling ?" I exclaimed ; "to make Widows and Orphans, by destroying their only support ; to deprive thousands of Parents of their joy and pride—he who was to have soothed their passage, that rugged, downward path to the grave—to fill the world with sorrow, and groans, and imprecations, for at best a few shillings a day—seems to me not a *very* honourable, nor a *very* glorious calling !"

"But what sort of 'Citizens should we make if we would not fight ?' " said he.

"They would be generous Boys and Men, daring to receive an injury without returning it ; what would you have them to be ?"

He was silent,—after a time, then he said, "I do not know how we should do without Soldiers, but as a Christian man you are probably right. I have a Son," he continued, "a dear, good lad he is. The other day, however, he came home from School, with his face bruised and bleeding from a blow. 'Who did that ?' I asked. 'One of the boys, sir !' 'Did you thrash him ?' 'No, sir ; I could have beaten him !' 'Did you try ?' 'No,' said he ; 'I thought it was wrong to return evil. I did not strike him again, as we *had been friends*. I did not care for the blow, only the other boys thought I should have returned it !'"

"That was a noble answer," said I.

"Do you think so ?" said the gentleman. "*Well, I am sorry I said it*, for my boy is a fine fellow, and I knew it hurt him more than all, to think I took him for a Coward, but I did not like my Son to be thought so at School, so I said, 'I should not have thought, Harry, you were the lad to let any one strike you like that, without making him repent it ; if you do so, you will be taken for a Coward.' He seemed so sad, that I remember adding, 'Mind, I know you are not one, but others would not understand it.' *I may have been wrong*, but I could not bear his being laughed at as cowardly ; besides, we must have some spirit to go through this world with ; your plan is too tame and submissive for me,"—but I saw he was sorry for *the lesson* he had *taught* his boy.

"We must have spirit," I said, "but I would it were the

spirit of the true Christian! Tame and submissive! Was our Saviour tame and cowardly when He took upon Him our sins, and died under their load? Would He, who was all that was noble and brave, have warned us to do anything that was otherwise? I think your Boy's answer was a noble one; it showed a generous, daring disposition, and, let me add, one which Christ loves to see! The boy could not have known why he would not fight, else he would not have injured him! The words of Him who "spake as never man spake," are—"For if you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses."

We parted, and my friend, I think, felt the truth of what had been said.

Thus, boys are even censured for obeying the dictates of God's Holy Spirit, Who strives to lead us to forgive our enemies! It was probably enough for Harry to do to restrain his *own* desire to retaliate, but too much to think that even *his Father* thought him in the wrong!

How much more generous was his conduct, and Willie's, to those who are ever ready to resent an injury! How dear was Willie to Frank when his own evil passion had subsided! How many a time, when tempted to give way to angry feelings, would he picture Willie to himself, as he said to him, "Don't mind, Frank, *I know you love me!*" What is the pleasure felt when your enemy is beaten and injured, or killed, in comparison to that felt by one who has conquered him by love? Heaven bless such dear, noble fellows! and God will bless them, for He tells us,—"*Blessed are the peacemakers.*"

One word more on Temper: showing how ill-humour should be borne with; and returned, not with provoking, teasing words, but with kindly forbearance.

KITE FLYING WITH A KIND BROTHER HAROLD.

"Here comes the breeze! There they go! Higher and higher! Steady, Harold, and don't let yours spoil sport! and don't run so *very fast*, old fellow. Your legs are a great deal longer than mine. Take care the lines don't cross! This is something like a rise," continued Ernest, panting with exertion, flying his new brilliant kite, pausing for a moment to take breath, close by his elder, and more orderly brother.

"They go on the wind steadily," said Harold; "I wish Charlotte and Annie could see them, and Mamma; they would be pleased!"

"And Papa, too!" said Ernest, pausing beside his brother; for a lull in the wind permitted the kites to float instead of rushing along with the wind. "I do not think Annie and Charlotte care for kites," said Ernest; "Girls are so *stupid*, they don't understand things like us."

"Why, no, not quite," said Harold; "and yet Annie helped to make my kite's tail, and it certainly does look very pretty; it's a very long tail, and balances well!"

"I made mine myself, and fastened it on myself. Lotty and Annie both asked me if they could help me, but I would not let them! It's longer than yours, Harold, and I think it's much handsomer!" replied Ernest, with a little self-conceit.

"But it *wobbles about* a good deal," said Harold; and before Ernest had time to vindicate the dignity of his kite's tail, the breeze freshened, and both were up and off again! Never was there a better neighbourhood for kite flying, or cricket, or ball playing, or pony riding, than the Chase where the brothers resided with their Parents! Once the wind tossed off Harold's cap, and his dark hair waved in the air; but he had a strap on it, so it only dangled at his back. Then it made an attempt upon Ernest's. He had not taken the precaution to strap it on, and off it went, to the astonishment of a black ram and a score of ewes and lambs—a family-party browsing on a green spot. They scampered off; but the cap followed them, and the sheep dog set off to see what was the matter, and to capture it: he seldom barked, but he snarled a good deal, and sometimes bit; he was a stern, taciturn Dog, but faithful to his trust; the lambs looked upon him as a deputy Parent!

Ernest was sadly perplexed by anxiety to regain his cap and desire to follow the fortunes of his kite, which, mounting higher than his brother's, became more unsteady than it had been before. It did not rest on the wind, and seemed uneasy in its exalted station.

"It's going to part company with its tail, I fear!" said Harold.

Ernest grew angry, and in broken accents accused Harold of envy, saying that from the first he was jealous of his tail!

Harold mastered an inclination to laugh at this: but in a very little time his prediction was verified, for away went the tail, twisting and twirling, as if in joy at being released!

The brilliant frame, being no longer able to keep its balance, after some awkward jerks and ungainly tumbles, came down edgeways, and at length stuck in a group of stunted oaks!

With a little patience, it might still have been preserved,

the tail regained, and all set right ; but Ernest, almost weeping with mortification, pulled at the string, and, in his impatience, shattered his beautiful kite ! As it must ever happen when violent temper is given way to, ruin is sure to follow ! It was evident that the kite, which had been the admiration of the household, was doomed to rise no more !

Harold, who had passed on with his kite, looked back occasionally, and saw the catastrophe.

He called to Ernest not to pull, and took in reef after reef of his own string, until with considerable difficulty—for the wind was high—he brought the kite to the ground, and came with his usual good-nature, to the aid of his brother. “ Dear Ernest, how provoking ! ” he exclaimed ; for he knew the disappointment must be a great one.

“ No ; not at all provoking to you,” answered Ernest, angrily. “ Not at all provoking to you ! Laugh on ; don’t be a hypocrite ! ”

“ Ernest ! ” exclaimed Harold, in a reproachful tone.

“ Why, you *are* glad ! You made ugly remarks on its tail, and said it ‘ wobbled. ’ You are always speaking to me about being independent, and yet you let Annie help in making your tail, and laugh at mine for not having proved so good.”

“ Ernest, you do not give yourself time to think—to understand,” expostulated his elder brother, kindly and patiently ; for he remembered his brother’s disappointment, and that tempers are not like iron, to be struck when hot. “ Papa says we should not refuse all assistance, but yet learn to do without it when we can help ourselves. I am sorry I smiled at all ; ” and his kindly eye sought to make amends.

“ Oh, it’s all very fine,” said Ernest, sulkily ; “ please let the string of my kite alone. I can get it down myself.”

“ You had better go and look after your cap,” said Harold, “ and let me manage this for you ; ” and he gently took the string from his brother.

Ernest put his hand to his head, for he had forgotten his cap ; shading his eyes with his hand, he looked back, and saw the sheep dog stretched at full length, apparently scrutinizing the cap more closely than its young owner liked ; and it was not until it had been sadly torn that he regained possession of it. Ernest walked slowly homewards, carrying the tattered remnants of his cap and kite. Harold vainly tried to make friends with him, and to console him with the thought of how they would make him a kite to surpass all he had seen yet. But Ernest was sulky ; and what a disagreeable companion had the poor boy to commune

with, instead of his cheerful, generous, affectionate brother ! The day was lovely, and the birds were singing in the sunshine ; but Ernest walked along silently. Every now and then Harold glanced at Ernest, feeling none the worse, none the less brave, because of the forbearance he had exercised towards his young brother—for there was some years' difference in age between them. At last a good-natured sunbeam showed a tear standing on Ernest's cheek.

Harold hailed it as a good omen, and drew a little—*leette*—bit closer to Ernest, who wiped it away hastily ; but there came another larger and more bright. "He'll soon come round," thought Harold ; "poor fellow, he should learn to overcome vexation, for he can enjoy nothing while giving way to his tempers."

Ernest *siddled* a little more towards Harold—Harold *came closer* ; they had a long way to return, and without speaking, Harold relieved his brother of the kite. When they got on the smooth downs again, Ernest stole his soft hand into his brother's.

Harold pressed it kindly.

"You are a *good fellow*, Harold !" said Ernest, "and we are not 'out' now."

Harold answered him with a bright smile, and so warm a squeeze that Ernest trembled, and held up his face for a kiss, which Harold was not too old to give, nor Ernest to receive, in token of reconciliation.

"Mamma will be vexed about the cap," said Ernest ; "it was the one uncle bought me with the tassel."

"Oh, tell her the truth about it, at once," said Harold.

"Well, that is the best way. Will you tell her, Harold ? and you are not at all out with me now—are you ?"

"Not I, Ernest ! Only do not be sulky, there's a dear boy ; we ought not to quarrel."

"You never quarrel with me," said Ernest sadly ; "but I have forfeited the new watch papa promised me. Do you think he'll bring it ?"

"He never breaks his word, you know," said Harold.

"Well," said Ernest, "I must in honour tell of losing my temper, and it will hinder my having it three months longer. Harold, I *wish* I could keep from getting angry three months longer. Would you tell of my temper ?"

"Papa would not ask me ; but, whether I did or not does not signify : *you would*," replied the truthful Harold, confirming his brother in the right. "But at all events, you gained the new bat, Ernest, and when one victory is gained, there is every hope of another."

Oh! that boys would exercise this kindly forbearance towards their brothers and friends, instead of vexing, exasperating, teasing words; how many a poor lad, with a naturally quick temper, requiring the gentle care of such a brother as Harold, has been confirmed in ill-temper for life by the conduct he has experienced from his companions when a boy?

THE MURDER IN BLACKWOOD, BY ROGER.

As a contrast, showing what *sullen hatred* and *evil temper* lead to when encouraged, let us take an anecdote of that gentle pleasing writer, Mrs. Sherwood.

A father takes the opportunity of a quarrel to teach his children, while young, to dread the effects of giving way to anger.

"I will take the children this evening to Blackwood, and show them something there which I think they will remember all their lives. I hope they will take warning from it, that they may love each other."

"If you go to Blackwood," said Mrs. Fairchild, "I cannot go with you, my dear, though I approve of you taking the children."

"What is there at Blackwood, papa?" asked the children.

"*Something very shocking*," said Mr. Fairchild. "There is one there," said Mr. Fairchild, looking very grave, "who hated his brother."

When they were ready, Mr. Fairchild set out. They went down the lane nearly as far as the village, and then, turning off, crossed a very long field, and through a shady lane, they came in front of a very thick wood.

"This is Blackwood," said Mr. Fairchild, getting over a stile; "the pathway is almost grown up, for no one cares to come here now."

"What is there here?" asked the children; "we are afraid it is something very shocking."

"There is nothing here that can hurt you, my dears," said Mr. Fairchild. "I am with you, and you do not suppose I would lead my children into danger?"

"No, papa," said the children, "only Mamma has always said there was something *very dreadful* in this *Wood*." The Children drew behind Mr. Fairchild, and walked close together.

The Wood was very thick and dark, and they walked on for half-a-mile, going down hill all the way. At last they saw from a light through the trees that they were come nearly

to the end of the wood. As they went further on they saw an old garden wall, one part of which being broken down, they could see, beyond, a large brick house, which, from the fashion of it, seemed as if it might have stood there for many years, but had been let fall to ruin.

The Garden was covered with grass and weeds ; the fruit trees ran wild ; and it could hardly be seen now where the walks had been. One of the Chimneys had fallen down, breaking through the house in one or two places ; and the glass windows were broken. Near the place where the garden wall had fallen, just between the garden wall and the wood, stood a Gibbet, on which a body hung in chains ; the Skeleton had not yet fallen to pieces, though it had hung there for some years.

It had on a blue coat, a silk handkerchief, round the neck, with shoes and stockings, and every other part of the dress complete ; but the face was so shocking that you could not look at it.

[When Mrs. Sherwood wrote her book, this plan of hanging a Murderer in Chains on a Gibbet had not been abandoned. In the memory of many living, these dreadful exhibitions were to be seen. They were considered useful as deterrents to crime.]

"That is a Gibbet," said Mr. Fairchild, "and the man who hangs upon it is a murderer—one who first hated and afterwards killed his brother ! When people are found guilty of very atrocious Murder, in some particularly Wicked cases, he is hanged, and then hung in chains from a Gibbet, till his body falls to pieces, that all who pass by may take warning by the Example."

As late as 1830 this spectacle might be seen, in the case of pirates, on the banks of the Thames, and in most parts of the country they were still to be traced—sometimes standing for many years after the deed had been committed.

Whilst Mr. Fairchild was speaking, the evening breeze shook the body upon the Gibbet, rattling the chains by which it hung. "Let us go away !" said the children. "In a minute or two," said Mr. Fairchild ; "but let me tell you the history of that wretched man before we go from this place."

So saying, he sat down on the stump of an old tree, and the children gathered round him.

"When I first came into this part of the Country, before any of you, my children, were born," said Mr. Fairchild, "there lived in that old house which you see before us, a widow lady, who had two sons. The place, though old-fashioned, was neat and flourishing, the garden being full

of fine old fruit trees, and the flower beds in beautiful order. The old lady was hospitable, kept an excellent table, and was always glad to see any of her neighbours who called upon her. Your Mamma and I used sometimes to go and see her, and should probably have gone oftener, for we did not like to seem unneighbourly, only we could not bear to see the manner in which she brought up her sons, nor to witness the constant quarrels of the boys. She never sent them to school, lest the master should correct them, but hired a person to teach them at home ; this man, however, was forbidden to punish them, and only tried to keep himself in favour with the foolish, indulgent mother. They were allowed to be with the Servants in the stable and kitchen. Rivalry between them, on every occasion, the servants were accustomed to, and used to apply it to their own purposes. But the servants were ordered, by the unwise mother, not to deny them anything ; so that they could call the servants names, swear at them, and even strike them ; and the servants did not dare to answer them, lest they should lose a good and liberal place. The consequence was, that no really good servants would stay to be abused by such wicked, self-willed Children. They were constantly quarrelling ! As they grew older, James, the elder, despised Roger, because he, as the elder, was to have the house and land ; and Roger, who was the stronger, in his turn despised and hated his brother James. As they grew up, they became more and more wicked, proud, and stubborn, sullen and undutiful. Their mother still loved them, in her way, so foolishly, that she did not see their faults ; hoped they would improve, and would not suffer them to be checked, and they had early learnt to despise her. At length, when they became young men, their quarrels and hatred of each other rose to such a height, that they often would not speak to one another for days together ; and sometimes they would have dreadful quarrels, and almost come to blows before their mother's face.

THE EVENING OF THE MURDER.

One evening, in Autumn, after one of these quarrels, James it is supposed, met Roger returning from shooting, just in the place where the Gibbet now stands ; they were alone, and it must have been nearly dark. Nobody knows what words passed between them, for the murderer never told ; but the wicked Roger stabbed his brother with a case knife, and hid the body in a Ditch, in the garden, full of stagnant water and weeds. A year or more passed, before it was discovered, and it was traced by the knife, with Roger's

name on it, being found. He had gone to live for a time at a distance ; but the servants remembered, when his brother was missing, and supposed to have gone off to sea, or left the Country, that Roger used to be frequently looking about for something near where we stand, and these things came up when the body was accidentally found. Roger was condemned, and hanged upon that gibbet ; and the poor old lady, thus deprived of both her sons, became deranged, and is shut up still in a place where such people are confined. The property is hers, but since that time the place has been left to decay : no one likes to come round this way ! ”

“ O, what a shocking story ! ” said the children ; “ and that man who hangs there is Roger, who murdered his brother ? Pray, let us go, papa.”

“ Willingly, my dears,” said Mr. Fairchild ; “ but I thought it well you should see for yourselves the end of anger, envy, and hatred. I wish to point out to you that when you quarrel, as you did this morning, you may not, like these two brothers, think that death, and even hell, may be the end of such quarrels ! ”

“ Our hearts, by nature, my dear children,” continued Mr. Fairchild, “ are full of hatred. People who have not yet received new hearts, from God’s Holy Spirit changing their natural dispositions, do not really love anybody but themselves : they naturally hate those who have offended them, and also those whom they think in any way better off than themselves. By nature I should hate Sir Charles Noble, because he is a richer man than myself ; and you might hate his children, because they have more things than you. And could we take our natural hearts into Heaven, we should hate every Angel above ourselves ; and even the glory of the Almighty God would be hateful to us ! But when, through faith in the Saviour, we receive a new heart and nature, our hatred and selfishness towards God and our fellow-creatures is turned into kindness and love ; we are then able to “ love our enemies, bless them that curse us, do good to them that hate us, and pray for them that spitefully use us.”

“ Papa,” said the children, “ shall we kneel down in this place, and pray for new hearts ? ”

“ Willingly, my dear ones ! ” said Mr. Fairchild.

So he knelt down on the grass, and his children round him ; and they afterwards all went home.

It was a *very different* scene to what had once happened by that deserted wall ! And the breeze of the summer evening still shook the chains of the murderer, as the place was left, once more, to *solitude* and to *decay* !



The House in Ruins.

There is a Coldness, a Distance, and Pride, too often felt by English boys, which, if not striven against, will shut you out from much happiness. There is something Shy and Reserved in the English Character, which Foreigners, accustomed to warmer social intercourse between Relatives, remark with surprise. Is there anything you can condemn as unmanly in a kindly, affectionate manner between brothers, such as Harold and Ernest? Pity those perpendicular, frigid, accurate people, who never betray an emotion, never express an affection! Dry as a diagram, Cold as a Stone, entirely passionless in manner, yet never wittingly holding a wrong principle or doing a wrong thing! It was not always thus with some of them! They were once full of gentle feeling, *but they stifled it*, and it was chilled through being too shy, or too Proud, to give it expression! By this Reserve they *inflicted upon themselves a fatal injury*,—they put their *own hearts to death*! Though this may not be your case, we have all need to guard against that false shame and that hateful pride which seal your lips against the expression of duty and affection towards your brothers and friends, which make you affect being more cold towards them than you are in reality, and sometimes, I fear, have tempted you to repulse by indifference those kind and loving friends, whom God, in His providence, has *made to pass your path* in Youth. The day may come when you will Repent this bitterly,—when those Faithful ones,—are gone,—and their *loving Voices* will be *heard no more*!

If you keep your social affections secret, if you hide them under a cold reserve, they will wither and die, like flowers

in the dark. Give them free, light-hearted speech ; bring them out into the fresh air and sunshine, that they may send forth a sweetness acceptable and well-pleasing to God and to man ; for you must ever remember that "He that loveth not, knoweth not God ; for God is love."

"He prayeth best,—who loveth best,
All things, both great and small ;
For the dear Lord who made us,
He made and loves them all."—*Coleridge*.

Lay not up for yourselves Treasures upon Earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal :

But lay up for yourselves Treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal :

For where your Treasure is, there will your Heart be also.—*Matt. vi. 19.*

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the Earth.



"Break through." The Houses in the East are frequently of clay, or mud,—similar to the 'adobe' houses of Mexico, &c.,—so that 'Thieves' could silently 'Break through and steal.'



THE CHAMELEON.

It changes Colour to suit the foliage,—catching unwary Flies,—like lightning.

These remarkable Creatures,—met with in Syria, Egypt, Morocco, etc.,—cannot stand our cold Climate. Brought over here they only remain in a torpid condition, and soon die. There are three varieties, varying from 5 to 7 inches in length, with a tongue almost as long as their Body. Sluggish in movement, they wait patiently amidst foliage, changing their Colour to suit their surroundings, and to disguise their presence from Flies, etc. Shooting out,—like lightning,—the long tongue, a Fly is struck, and at once conveyed to its interior. It has the unique power of moving its eyes quite independently of each other,—thus *one* eye may be looking *behind* the other, in *front*, or *above*, at the *same* time.

Belzan's Work (1821) upon his Discoveries of Egyptian Tombs, describes the Chameleons. A number were caught,—but too clumsily,—by the Arabs,—and, being bruised on their delicate bodies,—soon died. The Nubians were more successful, and patient. They would wait till the chameleons came down from the Date Trees and caught them by the long tail so as not to injure them. One lived in the house, and was observed for 8 Months. A remarkable specimen from Jerusalem. It walked slowly about the Room, a very beautiful,—sagacious,—cunning,—creature,—fond of flattening its body, changing its colour, and hiding itself till it deceived the Searchers till lights were brought in. It kept a cunning eye, all the time, on the latter,—and when found resumed its usual shape, and

changed to a beautiful orange spotted back, brown body with darker blotches. This colour came on the first thing in the morning, and appeared to denote satisfaction. But if annoyed,—and a little thing put it in a bad temper,—such as stopping it when walking across the table,—it would then puff its body out with air,—hiss slightly,—and change to a very ugly black colour. The Chameleon appears able to live for days without food. This specimen would not drink for 4 days,—then, resting its hind legs on the person's hand, and its forefeet on the rim of the glass,—it would drink, like a Fowl, for several minutes.

It seems to approve of broth, with rice in it,—walking into the plate, and rolling the grains of rice to the edge, getting them, curiously, into its mouth.

Being full of air, one could feel the Flies it caught,—buzzing about for some time, inside.

It always enjoyed fresh air, inhaling it when taken to an open Window, and changing to very bright colours, which were remarkably increased if a little Marjoram was put on its body.

This specimen got lost,—it is thought it found its way into the Garden. Though only costing 3d., a Sovereign would have been given to recover it.

When observed in the Room, its colour would change, at times, every 10 minutes.

THE CHAMELEON. A FABLE.

Never be too Positive that you *alone* are right, there are two sides to every Question.

Two Men,—“B” and “A”—were disputing one day,—of a Lizard they both said they'd seen,

But who would suppose,—the Debate that arose,—was whether 'twas Scarlet or Green!

Said “B,”—“If *you're* right,—I'll own Black is White,—or two with two added makes Eight.”

“And so will I, too,”—replied “A,”—“when you show, that the Lizard is Green as you state.”

“Nay! That can't be true,—when I saw it 'twas Blue,”—declared “C,”—who happened to hear it.

“No,” said “D,”—“My good Fellow! I'm sure it is Yellow,—I think you have none of you seen it!”

“Oh!” said “E,”—“THAT'S ABSURD! If you'll credit *my* word, the Creature's as *Brown* as a *Berry*.”

“Not *Brown*, Sir,”—said Jack, “I say it was Black,”—then the Neighbours began to be merry.

“Come,” said “F,”—“end your Fight,—you are all of you Wrong,—at least, you are none of you Right!”

Then a box he displayed,—where the creature was laid,—and this Wonderful Lizard was WHITE!

THE HONEST WOODMAN.



A FABLE.

A Woodman with a hearty *Stroke*,—was cutting down an ancient oak,—
when as he struck, his Axe's head, from off the handle quickly
sped !

And, to the good Man's deep dismay, to the deep River found its way.
He sat him down in deep distress, but had not long bemoaned
himself,

When there appeared a Spritely Elf,—who asked the reason of his Grief.
The Man explained,—the Sprite withdrew,—resolved his Magic
Powers to shew.

At once he dived below the Stream, the poor man's Hatchet to redeem.
Soon he returned, but now behold ! he brought up one of Solid
Gold !

" Is *this* the one you lost ? " asked he,— " No, no ! That *ne'er* belonged
to me ! "

" Well ! " quoth the Merry,—Kindly,—Sprite, we'll try again to get
the right.

Once more he dived,—once more emerged,—but now a *Silver* hatchet
urged, on our good Rustic, too honest still e'en that to own,

" Well ! " said the Fairy, " I'll *persist*, till I obtain the one you've missed.
Once more withdrew,—once more returned,—the Man his axe with
joy discerned !

" Thou art,—dear Sprite,—a Friend indeed !—that is my *very* Tool
indeed ! "

" *Then*,—honest Man,—the Elf replied,—thou shalt have *both* the two
besides ! " and ere our Friend found ought to say, the kindly " Fairy "
flew away ! "

Truth, and Honesty,—in the End,—will ever be found to be the " best
Policy."

THE TRAVELLER AND THE "SATYR."



A FABLE.

Blowing "hot," and "cold,"—with the *same* Breath. That is,—
 "Double-faced,"—insincere,—*"double tongued,"*—treacherous, Folks.

NOTE.—In Ancient Times it was believed that "*Satyrs*,"—or
 "*Fawns*,"—beings half Man, and half beast,—inhabited the Forests of
 Old,—but were not, always, badly disposed Individuals.

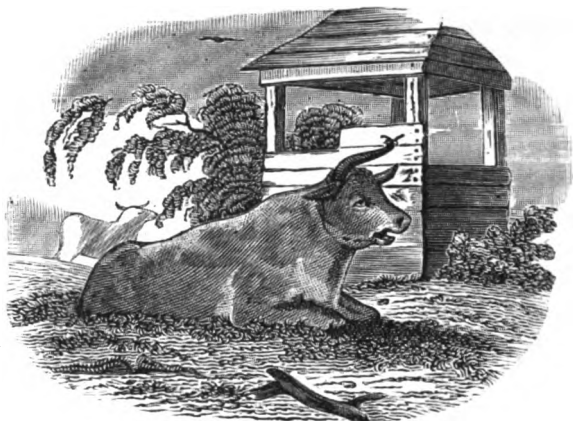
A Traveller,—one Snowy Winter's day, in a Dark Forest lost his Way,
 began to despair,—and thus did say,—
 "No friendly Cot,—no cheerful Fields,—no Food this howling Forest
 yields!"
 "Not *quite* so bad,"—a Voice replied,—quickly our traveller turned
 aside,
 And saw a "*SATYR*" of the Wood,—who close before his dwelling
 stood,
 "For here's my Cave,—hard by," said he,—*"Walk in,—you're welcome,*
—pray make free!"

Our Traveller thanked the kindly "*FAWN*,"—saved from a Fate he
 judged forlorn,
 And followed,—to his heart's content,—but *blew his Fingers* as he went.
 "Pray,"—quoth the Satyr,—*"may I know,—for what you blow your*
Fingers so?"
 Well!" said the man,—*"if Truth be told,—to warm my fingers numb*
with Cold."
 "Indeed!"—his worthy Host replied,—intent some Potage to provide,
 Which,—heated well, and good to taste,—before his Guest was quickly
 placed.
 So hot,—that though he longed to eat it,—our Traveller found it best
 to *blow* it.
 "Why!" said his Host,—kind,—but rough,—*"is not the Potage hot*
enough!"
 "It is indeed!—full well I know it,—that's why I find it well to *blow*
it!"

" Oh ! ARTFUL VILLAIN !—can you so ?"—his Host replied,—with
angry brow !
" My Cave shall then no longer hold,—a Knave who "blows both hot
and cold !"

NOTE.—Although the well-meaning Satyr misunderstood the case,—
and was deceived,—he teaches us a lesson,—
" Let all Beware,—both Old,—and Young,—of that *mean* Vice a
' double tongue,'
Which flatters well,—with cunning knack,—then slanders one *behind*
one's back."

A SELF-IMPORTANT GNAT,—AND THE OX.



A FABLE.

A small,—but Consequential,—Self-important,—Gnat,—lighted, one
hot Summer's day on the horn of an Ox,—without the latter being at
all aware of the arrival of this Important Personage. The Gnat expressed
his great concern at the inconvenience his excessive Weight must be
causing.

" But if allowed a short space,—on his horn to remain,
He would fly to some Tree his vast Weight to sustain,"—
" Oh,—Prythee be Silent,"—replied the huge Beast,—
" Your weight does not incommode *me* in the least !
I was not aware of your coming,—and so,—
Shall not know,—when you choose to think proper to go !"

Thus the most Insignificant Persons,—we see,—oft think themselves
Folks of Importance to be.

A "SOCIALISTIC" YOUTH,



A FABLE.

No more "Work," or "Trouble,"—everybody to live upon some body.else. Everything to come from the Skies.

The Lazy Youth who did not like Honest Work.

Said a Youth to the Clouds,—as he turned up his eyes,—“How I wish Soup, and Pudding, would rain from the Skies !
How fine it would be, ready Cooked if they'd Fall,—and let us all Dine with no Trouble at all !”

When so it fell out,—says my Fable,—at last,—the Sky with most STRANGE looking clouds was o'ercast !

The South Wind blew up a most savoury Smell,—while direct from the Sky the Cooked Condiments fell !

They fell on the Sheep,—and the Pigs on the Plain,—who never could hope to regale such again ;

Though greatly astonished they did not forget,—in Amazement to find they had leisure to Eat.

“GOODNESS ME !” quoth our Youth,—“Yet I'll benefit by it !” So he took up a piece of Plum Pudding to try it.

But the Puddings were so covered with Gravel,—and Grit,—that the Youth could not manage a portion to eat,

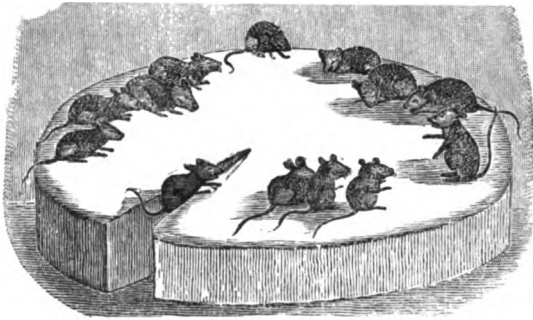
A Dish, then, he brought to catch some as it fell,—when once more this Strange Story has something to tell,—

For a large piece of Pudding,—much more than a Pound,—dashed the plate from his hand, and himself on the Ground !

“Well !” said he, “I have had quite enough of this Game ! Let it Rain what it will to us it's the Same !

Good Things how abundant, however, they be,—are *not* to be had without *Trouble*,—I see !”

"Expert Advice."



A Private Meeting of well-known Judges of Cheese, "sitting" on a "Cheddar,"—at the Grand Hotel, at 1 a.m. They are awaiting the Report of their "Expert," who is "sampling" it. His decision will probably be a favourable one. —————

"BOARD AND LODGING,"—OR THE SARCASTIC MOUSE.
THE MISER,—AND THE MOUSE.

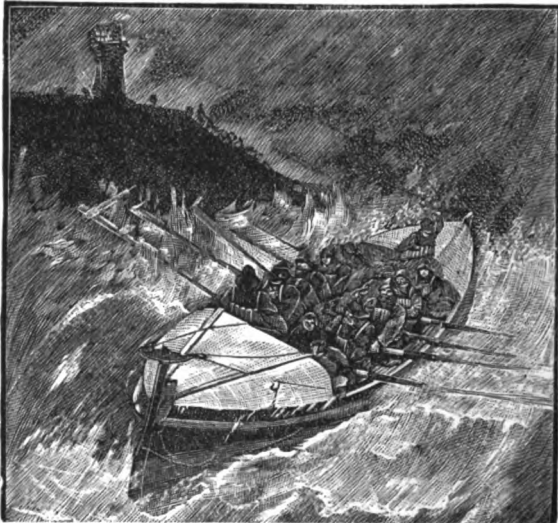
Said a Miser,—one day,—on espying a Mouse,—

"What are you doing *here*,—my Small Friend in *my* House?"

Quoth the Mouse,—with a Smile,—to the Man fond of **Hoarding**,

"Oh,—we come *here* for 'Lodging,'—we don't **expect** 'Boarding!' "

A Ship in Distress.



A Vessel sending up Signals of Distress,—The Brave Lifeboat Men going out.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

WHAT DO BOYS AND GIRLS READ IN 1908 ?

What are the Books that the Young in 1908, really enjoy reading ? The question is suggested by the complaint of a Speaker at the National Union of a Teachers' Conference at Hastings that the selection of books in most School Libraries is absurd.

But to prove what the Young really want to read, the issue of Books at one of the " Special " Libraries which have been opened for the Young must be consulted.

DICKENS NOT READ.

THE " AMERICAN " PLAN.

Chelsea is one of the few London Boroughs to have a Reading room on the Americanised plan for the Young. The ages of its habitués vary to Sixteen years. They have about 1,000 volumes to choose from, and they make *their own selection*.

In a visit to this Reading Room " The ——— " was found on the shelf in its original scarlet covers, looking as though it had just left the binder's. Yet " The ——— " has been in the Children's library for a couple of years ! *Dickens, too, is never asked for.*

Henty, and Ballantync, Jules Verne, Hans Andersen, the brothers Grimm, and Mr. Andrew Lang's fairy tales, however, are much read, and every Night these well-worn Volumes are handled.

On 305 evenings on which the Library was open, books were applied for as follows :—

Stories	13,617
Magazines and periodicals	11,204
History, biography, and travel	2,781
Science	1,141
Poetry, drama, essays	952
Sociology	564
Language	186
Useful Arts	104
Fine arts	89
Religion	55

Why only 55 Books on " Religion," against 13,617 " Stories," or " Fiction " ? Is it not that Books on " Religion " are not rendered attractive by judicious Pictures, and readable Articles ? The Writer's conviction is that if a Youth was left to *himself*—he would take down, and read the present Work,—though upon " Religion," quite as soon as nonsense " Fairy Tales." The worst of it is some fussy, narrow, Parson, or Manager,—unless the Work agrees precisely with his notions, and the interests of his " Profession,"—will not permit such free choice to obtain. The " Village," etc., Library must be under rigidly " Clerical " control.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Books for the Young Fifty Years ago.

READING.—YOUTHS' LITERATURE IN 1840,—SIXTY YEARS AGO.—A STORY WITHOUT AN END, BY "PETER PARLEY," THE ONCE GREAT AMERICAN WRITER.—THE BLUNDERBUSS.—MAN TRAPS.—SPRING GUN.—THE GAME LAWS.—THE CONVICT SHIP.—HOT SUMMERS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS AT RUGBY.—DICKENS'S SNEERS AT RELIGION.—"DOTHEBOYS" HALL,—ALL BOGUS.—OVER-RATED WRITERS,—EXAGGERATION, VULGAR CHARACTERS. "NOVELS," MERE WASTE OF TIME.

NOTE.—A Friendly Critic regrets the Introduction of "Peter Parley's" Story, as "lowering the Tone of this Work." But it gives opportunity for instructive "Notes," and, as in U.S.A. and Canada, their Libraries wisely possess "Departments for the Boys and Girls,"—such cannot be expected to be attracted with a Book "all about Religion," without some change, or relaxation.

"FAIRY TALES" RUBBISH TO MANY.

NOW differently do our variously constituted minds "take to" different books, or reading! To some of us to read such works as Grimm's Fairy Tales, "Alice in Wonderland," etc., appears to be just waste of time,—sheer nonsense.

Yet what delight do such Childish books seem to afford some grown-up folks! It would appear that some minds are troubled,—or gifted,—with a critical faculty which must and *will* have Plan, Design, Intellect, and details worked out to Nature and Natural life, else we throw the book aside.

COUNTLESS HOURS SPENT ON WORTHLESS FICTION.

Preserve us all from the vast Deluge of Modern Fiction! To some of us a *game of marbles*, would be *instructive*,—*Excitement itself*,—*Elevation*,—to the dreadful task of wading through the deluge of Modern Fiction.

The Habitual Novel Reader debilitates, and enfeebles, his, or her, Mind, by wasted Sentiment over impossible,—bogus,—Heroes, or Heroines,—who never existed. Gradually the habit renders Sensible, instructive, useful, Reading, and worthy

Books insipid,—the Victim of meretricious “Sentiment,” and bogus “feelings,”—must have “Sensation,” “Fiction;”—all else is “Uninteresting.”

“EROTIC,”—IN PLAIN ENGLISH,—IMMORAL,—NOVELS.

Worst of all, for the past 15 years, depraved, low tone, Novels have brought in such Money and Success,—that the temptation now is to see how the Writers,—many of them Women,—can go a little further than their last, immoral efforts, so as to compete with other “pronounced” or “erotic” unprincipled, coarse-minded, Authors, or Authoresses.

Anything for Money and Success! Such care nothing for the injury their filthy,—silly,—novels,—of no real literary merit,—produce upon the Young Readers in their most impressionable Period of Life. Money thus gained is the “Devil’s Bait,” “Fallen” Mankind, these Writers well know, will buy their immoral,—“suggestive,”—not to say, obscene.—Books, by the thousand, and bring them in a Fortune. A day will come to such Writers,—when they will Curse the day they ever issued these vile Books. It will mean, to them, a never-ending Eternity of Agony, and Remorse!

Whatever their Merit on the Intellectual Score, the Books for the Young of Sixty years ago may have been,—they were at least, Moral.



Tea in the Summer House with “Peter Parley.”

Such were the Works of the great American “Peter Parley” of Sixty Years ago. His real Name was Samuel Griswold Goodrich, born at Ridgefield,—Connecticut, in 1793,—died (67) in New York in 1860. He believed he was either the Author or Editor of 170 different Books for the Young, 116

of which bore the name of " Peter Parley." He estimated that of these,—including spurious copies not his writing, about *Seven Million Copies* were sold ! He usually represented himself as a benevolent old Gentleman in the Dress of the 18th Century, thus,



" Peter Parley " viewing Porcelain in Chira.

He took his Readers to every part of the World, and had much,—now obsolete,—to say upon every imaginable Subject, the Earth,—Sea,—Sun,—Moon,—and Stars. Sixty years ago the terrible modern Deluge of Fiction had not commenced ! We Youths were left to the tender mercies of the terrific " Mr. Barlow," in " Sandford and Merton," " Harry and Lucy," " Evenings at Home," Maria Edgeworth's capital Stories in " Parent's Assistant," also her " Frank,"—" Frank at Belomber," is the best volume of the three,—and last, but not least, the once ubiquitous, exhaustless, " Peter Parley."

The immense hits made, however, by such wish-wash, made up, rubbish as " The Murder in a Hansom Cab," (which we read a dozen pages of, in Sydney, on its first appearance, and threw away),—and " Called Back,"—which sold by thousands,—prove that the majority of Readers of our day, *do not care to analyse*, but are ready to swallow *anything* !

Yet the reader of a critical, logical, mind, amongst this Deluge of Rubbish, can fall back with pleasure, which never seems to tire, upon such works as Scott's " Guy Mannering," " Ivanhoe," " Last Days of Pompeii," Warren's " Ten Thousand and a Year," and " Tales of a Physician," " The Woman in White," " Vanity Fair," " David Copperfield," (Dickens, *for once*, let us off his lampoons, and caricatures of Pious People in this, his best work ; he never equalled it), " The Heir of Redcliffe," " Frank Fairleigh," " Louis Arundel," " Lost Sir Massingberd," a clever tale, Edgar Allan Poe's Splendid original story, " The Gold Beetle," which Stevenson in his " Treasure Island " so largely followed, and others have

obtained their schemes from. Also the excellent tales of Marryatt's "Wreck of the Pacific," and "Settlers in Canada," Howitt's "Boy's Country Book," etc.,—in all these there is *Nature*,—they will bear analysing.

Peter Parley's "Annuals" for 1840 to 1845, were our favourites of all his efforts; *after* that year they fell off altogether. His first (1840) "Annual" (we must excuse the "Bull") was issued in threepenny Monthly parts in yellow covers, commencing January, 1840. Several really good tales were continued for several Months. In the May No. of 1840 the "Life and Adventures of Neddy Bray" began to appear.

The Reader of this Work has had "Purpose" writing,—*"instructive,"—"Religious,"*—of the most *persistent* character. Now for a change, an interregnum of Relaxation,—a Story of 68 years ago, without any Purpose at all; a sample of Youth's Literature of that Period.

If the Reader can suggest any conceivable *purpose*,—*object*,—or *moral*, to be derived from "Neddy Bray," so much the better! As there appears no adequate reason why this Story ever *began*,—there seems no adequate reason why it ever *stopped*! Neddy had only to change his owner, then off we go again, in entirely fresh company,—and Scenes. The Story might with this judicious Management, have lasted from May 1840, to May 1908.

The Notes, are, of course, introduced. The Reader must not reasonably expect to be let off without, in this Work, some attempts at Instruction. In his "Life," "Peter Parley" speaks,—very sadly,—of his Conviction that his Writings were all ephemeral—would not live.

No doubt he was right. His Books have, long ago, disappeared,—would not, now, be read. But though we boys, never, probably, got much out of them, what innocent pleasure his multitudinous, sketchy, Tales afforded us sixty years ago! If they did not teach us much, they were,—what too many modern Fictions, are not,—*moral*,—and kept us out of mischief.

Dear, prosy, old "Peter Parley!" In gratitude for the many pleasant hours we spent with your Books, years ago, let the following Story,—(one of your best) be rescued,—a little while longer,—from the Scythe of all devouring,—all Destroying Time!

If Mr. Goodrich's Stories were less sensational than the "Dime" Stories, which made huge Fortunes, in America, since the Civil War, they were at least less Sanguinary. The popular tales of the "Dime" class, seemed dependent upon

Bloodshed, Shooting, Slaughter of poor Indians, killing something or somebody. Why on earth are Books for the Young always to be full of taking human Life ? It seems inhuman,—*immoral*.

EARLY DAYS.



"Sunsets Lost,—on Boyhood's Distant Shore" !

NOTE.—An admirable series, "Chambers' Miscellany of entertaining Tracts,"—1845,—in 20 1/- vols., is at times still to be met with,—second hand,—for a few shillings. Let the Reader never miss the chance of buying these. An admirable collection, very interesting. A Library in itself.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

NOTE.—The class of useful, "historical" Novels such as Bulwer Lytton's "Rienzi," the Last of the Tribunes,—"The Last of the Barons," &c., no one wishes to say a word against. Such Works may lead the Reader to consult Real History in standard books. Countless hours of a youth,—which, once lost, never come again,—is spent, by too many, on silly, if not depraving, literature,—play acting,—the "Concert Hall," with its low songs, and buffoonery.

A well meaning Christian youth utilizes this all important Period of his life by self improvement, useful Reading, and healthful Pursuits. See the two youths, "I can," and "I can't," Page 300, of Vol. I. of this Work.

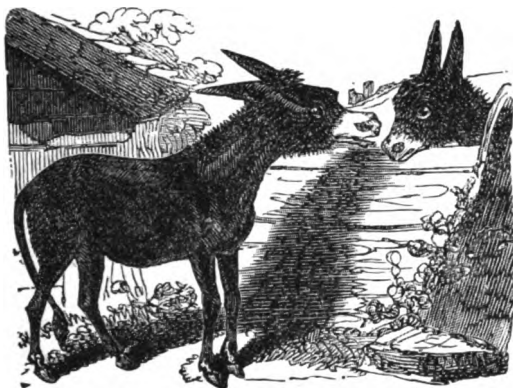
An industrious, — self-denying, — studious, — active, — youth, — blossoms into an honourable, useful, respected, manhood,—obtains God's approval, and blessing,—and leads to an Old Age, of Happiness, Contentment, and Peace.

"I am cheerful,—young man,"—Father William replied,—
 "Let the Cause your attention engage,
 "In the days of my youth,—I remembered my God,
 "And He has not forgotten my Age!"

An Interval of entire relaxation.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF "NEDDY BRAY."

PART I.

**A Story without a Purpose,—a "Story without an End,"****By "Peter Parley," of America. 1840.**

Woo-oo, Neddy! Here he is, and his Cousin Sam. taking leave of him over the Palings. Whoa! my pretty fellow!

"Neddy Bray" was the only son of his Mamma, who used to carry Crockery ware, such as jugs, pitchers, hand-basins, tea, egg, and all sorts of cups, and platters, her worthy governor, lord, and master being a hawking crockery man. Neddy's Mamma was called "Gipsy," for she was at times as full of tricks as a monkey, and Neddy, himself, before he had reached the years of discretion was as playful as his Mamma, —Neddy, during his juvenile years, was accustomed to follow his Mamma, or run beside the crockery cart to which she was harnessed. It was a low four wheeled little waggon, on which were arranged the dishes, plates, cups, saucers, and Crockery aforesaid.

Jaffer,—for that was the Master's name,—and his wife, Mrs. Jaffer, used to go to the markets and fairs, with the crockery all piled up in such a manner on the sides of the shallow waggon, and so arranged within it, that everybody, by taking the trouble to look, could see exactly if there was anything in the waggon they were likely to want. To attract their attention, Mr. Jaffer was accustomed to bawl out as loud as his lungs would allow him,—he had a voice like a Boatswain in a gale

of wind,—“ Royal Victoria China ! Cheap as at the Potteries ; Sold again ! China Cheap ! Cheap, Cheap China ! ” Sometimes at the end of this, when he paused for breath, Mrs. Jaffer would say, “ Some of the right sort here ! ”—and would clash two plates together to show their strength,—while Mrs. Gipsy would occasionally conclude the argument by braying very loudly, setting the dogs all a barking, and helping to draw the attention of the Public.

It was one fine Spring morning, the 1st of May, when even the Chimney Sweeps are merry.

NOTE.—In 1840, and for some ten years after, the “ Chimney Sweeps ” on the 1st of May, dressed themselves up in female attire, with coloured papers, &c., and would dance in front of the houses, to the accompaniment of rattles, &c., holding out a wooden spoon to receive coppers. At times, “ Jack in the Green,”—a man covered with ivy, greenery, &c.,—would be in the centre. Very forced must have been the poor Boys’ merriment. Their dreadful life will be found under the “ Climbing Boys’ Miseries.”

The Mail Coach display on the 1st of May, is described by those old enough to remember it, as a splendid sight. The men all had new Red Coats, the Horses New Harness, and they all collected at St. Martin’s Le Grand, the Coaches newly painted. It is said that in 1820-25, some 200 Coaches came into,—and left,—London daily. On the Railways coming in, this custom must have also fallen through about 1830.

On this beautiful, sunny, morning, Mr. Jaffer and his wife having set their crockery in order, entered a Village where they hoped to dispose of some of it. Gipsy was tolerably quiet ; and Neddy would have been so too but for the following untoward circumstance.

On the first of May,—(Note.—Another old custom of that day it would appear)—a Stag was turned out in the vicinity of the Village, for the benefit of the cruel feelings of various persons in red coats, and the apprentices, butcher boys, ostlers out of place, and such like persons who had nothing better to do. It happened that the Stag after making a circuitous movement, took his course directly through the Village, with horses, ponies, dogs, aye and even *donkeys*,—some on *two* legs,—after him ! Mrs. Jaffer, seeing them coming, ran to Gipsy’s head, and endeavoured to pull her out of the road. Before she could do this, however, the Stag bounded by, and making a sudden spring, jumped clear over the crockery cart ! Gipsy greatly excited gave her usual bray, and the pursuing crowd passed in full cry,—the hounds in front. Poor Neddy

Bray scandalized at seeing a four-legged creature springing over her respected Mamma, not knowing what else might be coming, with all this shouting, yelping, and confusion, thought he had better take care of himself, and, on the principle that there was "no place like home," made a spring, after the fashion of the Stag and leaped clean *into*,—not over,—the crockery cart.

My goodness! What a smash! He alighted amongst the table dishes, slipped, and began floundering and kicking to such a degree that unfortunate jugs, tea cups, and such like, flew about somewhat in the proverbial manner of "a Bull in a china shop." Poor Mrs. Jaffer stood speechless, horror struck, as if an earthquake had taken place, and then shouting "murder," seized a large stake,—but Neddy, taking the will for the deed, leapt out of the cart, with as little ceremony as he had leaped into it, and scampered off!

Next day, to repair the damage, Neddy was sold, and being now old enough to work, was purchased by a Laundress, to carry the clothes, to and fro, to the wash. For several days Neddy behaved tolerably well, a little frisky sometimes, but this was soon cured by the use on Neddy's back of a crab stick, and so things went on very fairly for several days.



But the weather, at last, grew very warm, the Summer set in early, and the days became very hot.

A PEACH WALL WARM AT 8-0 P.M. IN APRIL, 1840.

NOTE.—The Young Reader must know that those of us who can remember the "forties" and "fifties," agree that there has been a change in our English Climate! Indeed there appears to have been a change throughout Europe. Weeks of

skating on six, or eight, inch ice, every Winter, were followed by real Summers, commencing quite early. For years past we have had no Winters at all. Wonderfully mild, and but little skating or Snow. The Summer of 1840,—when this Story was issued,—was sultry by the first week, of May. The Father of the present Writer going out into the Garden, after 8-o p.m., the last week of April, 1840, after three weeks cloudless days, found that the Sun had been so warm all day upon the Peach Wall, that the bricks were too warm for his hand. Rather a contrast to 26th April, 1908, with 6 inches of snow. Wines, of "1840," especially "Port," became noted.

There is little doubt that the Climate of Europe is becoming colder.

M. Flammarion, whose statements are based on actual figures gathered in every part of France and the Continent, asserts that for years past the temperature of Europe has been falling. The whole of France has been suffering from an excess of cold weather for years, the thermometrical readings in Paris being almost one degree centigrade below the normal heights, while other stations show even more unfavourable results. A fall is more noticeable in the Spring than during the other seasons. A similar phenomenon is recorded in Great Britain, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Austria, and Germany, while strange to say, the really cold countries, such as Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, during the past four years have enjoyed a temperature slightly above what is usual. The popular meteorologist does not confine his argument that our climate slowly and surely is becoming colder to dry scientific facts and figures, but draws some highly interesting illustrations from history in support of his assertions. Thus he points out that in the days of Philippe Auguste the wines of Etampes and Beauvais were the drink of Kings, and that Henri Quatre—that most bon vivant of Monarchs—had a strong liking for the product of the Suresnes grape. Nowadays there is not a vineyard north of Paris, and as for the *petit vin* now produced at Suresnes, and consumed only by Parisians during their Sunday outings, the less said of it the better. Again, history tells us that in the middle of the Sixteenth Century Macon was celebrated for its Muscat Wines, whereas now that luscious grape can scarcely be grown there for wine-making purposes. Ancient chronicles mention the cultivation of the vine in Northern Brittany, where nothing less hardy than the apple can be grown. Many trees which once flourished in the North are at present only found in the South of France, while others have disappeared altogether. Thus Languedoc no longer grows the lemon; there is not an orange left in Rousillon; and the Lombardy poplar is nowhere to be found on French soil.—*Daily Paper*.

HOT SUMMERS IN ENGLAND.

At rare intervals we have had remarkable Summers, even in England. 1852,—from 13th March a "June" like week,—people sitting out in their Gardens. Next Month a still hotter week, 10th April 1852, to 15th, was like August. Yet 1852, though warm, proved the wettest year of last Century. It has now been surpassed this Century, however, already, by that wettest Summer upon Record, 1903, which began with a wonderfully early Spring: the "May" Hawthorn was in flower 15th April. But the apple, etc., blossoms were all cut off, and unlike 1852, the coldest Summer followed, with the Wet.

1852,—1854-5-6-7 were all lovely Summers. The culminating one being 1857 (the Indian Mutiny year). This is admitted to have been the "longest and most delightful Summer in England, in Living Memory." It followed a prolonged, brilliant Autumn of 1856. Once an "old-fashioned" two Months of Frost broke, a wonderful Summer set in without a check till February, 1858! Butterflies were about in numbers on Good Friday, 10th April, 1857. The Hedges were green. This lovely Summer lasted all through December, January, to 15th February, 1858 (the "Great Comet" year). We had Strawberries in October,—Roses in December, Primroses and Crocus in Flower on Christmas Day. New Year's Day, 1858, was like Spring. We had on an unprotected,—open,—Garden Wall 350 splendid Peaches, and Nectarines, within 2,000 yards of Broad Street, Birmingham, and 275 in 1855, finer in flavour than those the Writer has since tasted in California, Australia, Italy, etc. But this lovely Sequence of the Sweet, Early Fifties then broke up. No more Wall fruit against the open Wall!

1868,—this "broiling" Summer,—the "hot" "record" for 60 years,—first shook the Supremacy of the highly respectable "tall," or "chimney pot," black hat. Multitudes,—for the first time, were forced this Summer,—to adopt the "Straw," or "Wideawake." It was 87° in the Shade on the 18th May, 1868, and 91° on the 7th September!

1893, the "Great Drought Year" began the first week of March. There was no Rain in Paris for 103 days! Weeks of Cloudless days in Great Britain. The fields were cracked by the baking heat, water sold at 6d. a can in the Isle of Wight. The Harvest was a Month earlier than usual,—splendid quality. "A *Lovely Easter*,"—a *Tropical Whitsuntide*,—and a *Melting August* "Bank Holiday"!

This Year, an experimental Vineyard, in the South of England, produced such a quantity of really good Wine that it paid the entire expenses of the previous years of its existence!

1903, already referred to, as a record early spring, turned out a terribly cold,—as well as the *wettest Summer on Record*,—there was ice in Norfolk on 15th June, which bore a small Child,—rain lasted 59 hours, fires needed on 19th June, and snow fell on 20th June.

Dean Hole, the great Rose Grower, said the worst year for them in his 60 years' experiences, after a wonderfully early Spring, the blossoms perished, and there were hardly any apples, etc., seen in English orchards. The Rain beat 1852,—the previous record wet year,—completely. In 1903, the wettest year upon Record the Fall amounted to 37.95 inches,—or 13½ inch above the average!

Still, in England, we have had for 10 years, no old-fashioned Winters at all. Wonderfully mild, with only 3 days' skating each year.

TWO WHEAT FAILURES IN 100 YEARS.

To prove the goodness of the Creator,—the all-important "Wheat,"—on which our lives may be said to depend,—only partially failed all last Century, twice in the Hundred Years. Its roots sink,—it is said,—6 to 7 feet into congenial soil, so that, *no weather* is able to greatly injure it. The first failure was in Great Britain, 1816, the year after Waterloo. In the Memoirs of Sydney Smith,—then a poor Vicar, who had a small Farm,—we read, "Owing to the failure of the Harvest, this year (1816)

the distress of the Poor was excessive. The wheat was generally sprouted throughout the Country, and unfit for food."

NOTE.—The dough would not bake,—ran in the oven,—and,—if you threw it against the Kitchen Wall it would stick!

"Foreign Flour was, then, too dear for most, if indeed it could hardly be had at any price." The Continent was prostrated by the twenty years of Napoleon's Wars. "We,—like our poor neighbours,—being unable to afford it, were obliged to consume our own grown sprouted Wheat, and had to go for a Year without tasting Bread. We had only thin,—unleavened cakes, sweet-tasting, like frost-bitten potatoes,—the only way the damaged flour could be eaten.

"The Luxury of returning to Real Bread again, can only be imagined by those who never have been a Year deprived of it.

"All this produced much illness, amongst our poor neighbours, and Fever of a dangerous and infectious kind, broke out in our village."

His daughter adds—"My Father was unceasing in his visits,—as Clergyman,—going from cottage to cottage with Food, and Medicine,—his Medical Skill standing him in good stead. But at last he found it very difficult to obtain any to help, or even to carry the Dead to the Grave, for fear of Infection,—until he shamed them by threatening to become a bearer himself. He was greatly struck with the quiet, heroic, conduct, of some worthy Quakers in the Village, who,—amongst the general Panic—were indefatigable in the care of the Sick.

"Are you aware of the Danger?" he asked. "We have no fears,"—was the Reply. "We are in the hands of God,—thou knowest."

NOTE.—This must have been instructive, for it is well known that Sydney Smith, the noted Humorist, at aristocratic Dinner Parties, etc., afterwards, in London, etc.,—was *terribly* bitter, and *sarcastic*, against Dissenters,—especially the good "Methodists."

The Second Failure of the Harvest was in that Autumn of weeping Skies, and Floods, up to the ears of the Wheat,—1879,—the commencement of the "Agricultural Distress," and terrible depreciation of Agricultural Land in England. The wheat could not ripen. They tried even Kilns to dry it in. "Free Trade," with all its faults, now, had, however, abolished the "Corn Laws,"—and abundance of Foreign Wheat was now available to use, or to mix with our own flour.

Only some 20 per cent. of English Wheat is now used in our Flour, or Bread.

Returning from our long digression—

During these hot days Neddy was turned out loose,—when not wanted,—at the back of the Laundress's cottage, and he would find sometimes a dry, and at others a dirty spot to lay down, and roll in; this seemed to give him great pleasure.

The good Laundress was just getting up a very heavy Wash; it was the Summer Season, and she was overburdened with bed furniture, counterpanes, and such like, many of which were hanging out in the warm sun to dry, among other articles of wearing apparel.

Neddy had often amused himself in the manner I have related, and oftentimes he had been forewarned by the logic of the crab stick, that he was to keep to his own end of ground,

and field, and never come over the low hedge and ditch, of the drying ground. Neddy understood this perfectly, and it is probable that he would never have transgressed in this particular had it not been for the following circumstances.

There was a Man who used to go about the Country amusing folks by playing upon bells, which were fastened on various parts of his person; some on his head, some on his hands, elbows, knees, and feet, he could also play well on the Fiddle, sing a few good songs, and in fact used to amuse the Country folks amazingly.

On this particular day this man happened to come into the neighbourhood of the worthy Laundress, and immediately the Laundress,—and all her Washerwomen, ran out to join the crowd. The music to them was delightful, and Neddy Bray, although he could not see the Performer, was no less pleased, he pricked up his ears, and seemed inclined to indulge in a dance.

Neddy had just been at his favourite play,—a good rolling over, and,—making a towel of an ash heap in the vicinity, to dry himself,—began to get extremely lively at the music. There were several other "Neddies" in the neighbourhood, who also heard the strains with pleasure, so much so that one of them set up an accompaniment in one of those well-known sounds for which donkeys are noted.

"MAY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION NEVER ALTER FRIENDSHIP."

NOTE.—Music depends much upon associations; to the Scotch ear the Bagpipe is *delightful*. It is related that a Donkey had to decide between the merits of the two birds, the Nightingale, and the Cuckoo. He decided, at once, for the Cuckoo. An Owl was Referee, and confirmed his decision, "The Donkey,"—said the Bird of Wisdom solemnly,—"*is right.* Give me *consistency*; let us have *distinctness, method*. The Nightingale is bizarre, fickle, uncertain, no one knows what is coming next! I prefer *method*!"

This decision highly pleased a Rook. "The *incessant* chatter, chirping, warbling, singing, and interminable noise, made,—throughout the Summer by the many Birds,—he remarked, "was extremely trying to Rooks, who considered that it showed a want of 'tone' and dignity, and was quite *unnecessary*. What all this chattering was about, Rooks failed to understand. The few remarks made by a Rook, with method and *distinctness*, were far preferable! Rooks made it a rule never to open *their* mouths without cause!" ("Caws.")

These Savants would have been pleased, this Morning, for the "methodical" strains were caught up by the next Donkey, another followed, till every Donkey within half-a-mile, repeated the chorus with decided "distinctness" and "consistency!"

Neddy Bray, hearing this, became greatly excited, and jubilant; he became frisky, he pranced, he capered, then he kicked, and, at length, he leaped right over the slight fence into the forbidden drying ground. Getting amongst the various articles of apparel, and linen sheets, hung up to dry and sweeten in the sun, he became quite disorganised, rolling and kicking about amongst them, leaving the marks of his dirty coat and feet in all directions. He at last became very violent, so that stockings, shirts, &c., flew about much in the same manner as the Jaffer crockery had done aforetime.

What with rolling, what with kicking, and rubbing, and leaping over lines, knocking down props, creeping under lines, and overturning peg baskets, Neddy made no little confusion. The poor Laundress little thought, while she was enjoying the Music in front of the house, what a hornpipe was being performed to it in the rear! She, however, did find it out; for as soon as she came in, "the thing spoke for itself." She immediately dropped down in a swoon. Neddy, hearing her scream, by instinct, ran and hid himself between the only two counterpanes he had not paid his respects to; and there stood patiently waiting the event.

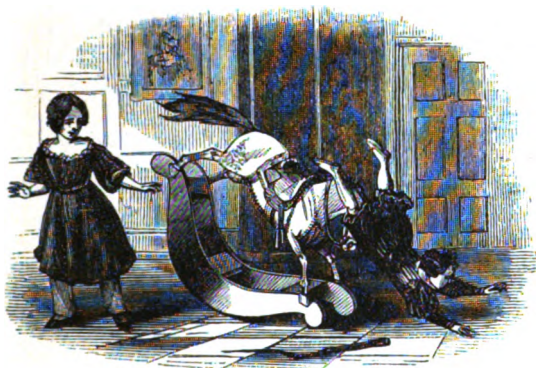


Away came the Washerwomen, with mops, brooms, sticks, pokers, fire-shovels, and all kinds of offensive weapons in their hands; and, to make bad worse, drove Neddy over his former work; which, to do him justice, I must say, he had not scamped; but he nevertheless gave it a few finishing touches and bounded back again to his retreat in the duck pond.

Here I shall leave him ; but in my next may perhaps give an account of his other adventures.

The poor Washerwoman suffered almost as much as our King John,—who,—upon one occasion “lost all his *things* at THE WASH.”

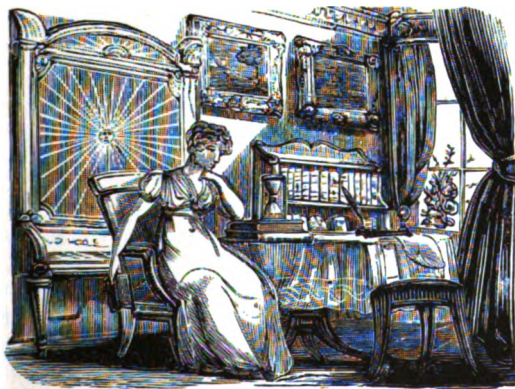
Learning to Ride.



Not much hurt ; and he will make a bold Rider.

A well-known Riding Master,—considers the old “Rocking Horse” excellent Practice for teaching Children to Ride.

An Interior of 80 years ago. (1828-48.)



The Reader will notice the “hour glass,” in lieu of Watch,—the “quill” pens,—the costume,—and the “Upright Piano” of our early days. For *conscientious*,—or Sacred,—Music, some one says,—one ought still, to have an “*Upright*” Piano.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF "NEDDY BRAY."

PART II.

Poor Neddy ! He had sinned beyond all forgiveness ; the laundress was a long time before she recovered. They burnt brown paper under her nose, slapped her hands, tickled the soles of her feet, threw cold water on her head, and lastly poured spirits down her throat : this seemed to revive her.

She raised her head slowly from the ground, and when she beheld all her maids of honour about her, she cried out, " I hope the Copper has not boiled over." But it had ; and shirts and sheets, and such things, were flustering and fuming on the outside.

When the poor Laundress saw this, she immediately fell back into her former hysterics, and faintly ejaculated, " Run to the Copper ! "

It was a very pathetic scene, I can assure you ; and while Neddy stood quietly in the duck pond, rubbing his nose contentedly against the palings, he had no idea that his Mistress, to whom he was indebted both for food and fun, should be in hysterics about his doings.

The Laundress, after a few more recoveries, and relapses, at last stood upon her feet ; and in a few minutes got courage to walk over the field. It was, indeed, a cruel sight, to see so many lines broken, so many props smashed, so much fine linen soiled. The poor woman seized a prop, and ran towards the duck pond.

Neddy quite understood what was the meaning of the prop, and floundered about the water in fine style. He received several hearty thumps, and not having his hide quite so callous as that of old donkeys, he grew quite impatient under this treatment ; and, making a bold spring, leaped by the Laundress and flaunted and scampered again over the drying ground.

Another chase took place round and round, Neddy still being pursued by the Laundress, quite red with fury ; she ran and he ran. At last Neddy seeing no end to the sport except by making his exit, summoned up all his strength, and making an extraordinary leap, passed over the palings into the adjoining Garden !

Smash went something,—it was a Cucumber frame ; clatter went something else,—it was a stand of flower-pots ! Away ran Neddy into the centre of the Garden, and was obscured from the view of his persecutors.

If the Laundress felt herself in jeopardy before, what do you suppose she felt now ? Clothes were easily washed, lines

could be tied together, props could be spliced ; but cucumber frames and flower-pots were not so easily mended.

The garden into which Neddy had extended his hornpipe, was that of a Market Gardener ; and asparagus was just coming in. Neddy had not yet tasted this luxury ; and withal, being extremely hungry after his unusual exercise, and led by the nose, as most asses are, came in contact with the asparagus, which he begun to devour like an alderman ; never asking for mutton chops, or any other viand, as accompaniment.

The Laundress in vain attempted to get over the palings, but immediately ran round to the gardener's door ; she knocked,—no one answered,—again, all was still. Neddy went on browsing.

" Mr. Bean,—Mr. Bean," said she ; " let me come into the garden,—my Donkey is in your Garden." But Mr. Bean was not at home. Poor man ! he was gone to market !

The Laundress, accompanied by all her washerwomen, again tried to get over the palings, and at last did so, they ran after Neddy.

The poor donkey, expecting, of course, another edition of the prop stick, scampered away as fast as he was able.

He ran among the young beans, potatoes, carrots, and onions ; at every step doing a shilling's worth of damage. There was no catching him anyhow, and the ladies, old and young, gave up the pursuit.

Neddy was quite contented, for he had taken a fancy to some young cauliflowers, and began to feel himself in paradise ; when he had tasted these, he took a few mouthfuls of young peas, and then turned to the peach-trees, the young buds of which are very finely flavoured.

" Well ! Thistles are good," thought Neddy, " but there is nothing like Cauliflowers and Peaches ! " If a few thumps with a cudgel brings one into a place like this, I think I should not mind a few every day in my life."

Just as he spoke this, however, he heard a Click ; and in a moment found himself fast by the leg. He had been caught in a Man trap ; it was, however, not one of those cruel Traps that would cut the leg through : it did not hurt him, but it held him fast. NOTE.—See the " Man Trap," page 799-800.

Great was the joy of the Washerwomen when they beheld this !

Soon after, Mr. Bean came from Market ; soon after, he went to Mrs. Starch ; soon after, they quarrelled ; soon after, Neddy was in the Pound ; soon after, a Lawsuit was commenced ; and soon after, Neddy was sold to help to pay for the expenses of his repast and hornpipe.

Neddy was sold to a Widow Lady, who wished to learn to ride. She had kept a green-grocer's shop, in which she had made a Fortune, and had a great fancy for Donkeys : her name was Button, and she was very stout.

She advertised for a quiet Creature, and Mrs. Starch recommended Neddy as the *sweetest-tempered*, best, gentlest, most amiable, most beautiful, and most valuable, Donkey in the whole universe ; as being swift of pace, sure of foot,—meek as a Lamb,—a lovely one to look at, and a *sweet* one to go. If you had heard Mrs. Starch recommend her donkey, you would have thought she had served seven years' apprenticeship to the trade of recommending donkeys.

Neddy was bought—Mrs. Button fed him morning, noon, and night :—

Sometimes with grass, sometimes with greens,
Sometimes with hay, and sometimes with beans.

Besides this, she had a saddle made, and bought a bridle ; and, this done, prepared herself to take lessons in riding, by buying a riding whip.

Certainly, Neddy was a very pretty donkey to look at ; and much prettier did he look when he had his bridle on, with his little rosettes of blue on his forehead, and primrose-coloured saddlecloth.

Mrs. Button had a small grass plot, and Neddy was exercised on it every day ; and Mrs. Button exercised herself upon Neddy's back. A little at a time Neddy did not mind, and so behaved himself remarkably well. Mrs. Button was delighted ; and having gained courage every day, at last thought of trying her Jerusalem pony in the streets. Ah ! that was a fatal determination ; and led to a series of mishaps, which probably, have not yet had an end in Mrs. Button's connections. Donkeys are born to mischief as stones fall downwards.

Mrs. Button had dressed herself in "leg-of-mutton" sleeves, a lace pelerine, a straw hat and feathers, and a green veil to keep the sun off her face.

NOTE.—If the "leg-of-mutton" sleeves, &c.,—the fashion of sixty years ago,—seem now ridiculous, what would the ladies' fashions of our day have been thought of in 1830 ?



A lonely Pull.

REVIVAL OF THE "LEG-OF-MUTTON" SLEEVE, of 1830-40.

1891.



To show how "History" and "Fashion" repeats itself,—in 1891,—Fifty Years after this Story was issued in 1840,—Ladies' Sleeves began to form at first "Epaulets" at the Shoulders. These protuberances rapidly increased to an alarming extent, till by 1891 we had,—happily for a brief Period,—the 1840 "Leg-of-Mutton" Sleeve once more.

About this time also terrible fears were felt in Paris lest the "Crinoline" of the "Sixties" should again come into Fashion.

It is confidently said if several leaders of French Fashion had taken it up the dreaded Crinoline would have re-appeared! What an absurd bondage does "Fashion" exercise over the World! Its Victims have to follow each other into any outrage, like a flock of Sheep!

Mrs. Button mounted Neddy in her garden, and had him led out of the side gate, and trotted him towards the Village.

At first Neddy went on very well; but the day was very hot, and Mrs. Button was very heavy, and Neddy was rather overcome—at least he thought so. "Is there no way to get this load off my back," said he to himself? "It is a strange thing to me if there be not." At all events he determined to try.

They came to a part of the Road in which there was a long wall on one side. Neddy thought grazing might suit his mistress, so he grazed her knee against the wall; in return for which he got a sound thump, which made him stand stock still: waiting, I suppose, to see if any more were coming.

"Go along, Neddy," said Mrs. Button. "Tutch—tutch, come up, come up;" and then she gave him another touch with the whip. Neddy turned his head round in the direction of home; as much as to say, "if you can't behave better than this, you had better go home, Mrs. Button."

Mrs. Button pulled the bridle, and Neddy turned back again, and, for the sake of variety, turned himself round, and round again, and again, but going forward seemed quite out of the question.

Mrs. Button began to grow timid; and just in proportion as she grew timid, Neddy grew courageous and determined to have his own way. So he first threw up his head, and gave Mrs. Button a blow on the nose, then he ran into the hedge on the other side of the road, then he went against the wall; at last, with a shy, a twist, a kick, and a kind of summerset altogether,—off went poor Mrs. Button,—and what with the fall, and the fright, off she went into a swoon. Neddy seemed quite unconcerned, as if nothing had happened; at last, however, he went to his mistress, and being attracted by the colour of the green gauze veil, and by the glitter of a large bunch of artificial flowers the lady had in her bonnet, began to make a meal of them.

Just, however, as he was about to ascertain that gauze was not grass; and paper, and calico, and wire, were not so eat-



able as asparagus, sweet peas, and young cauliflowers, a lady and gentleman came laughing up the hill, and Mrs. Button came to herself. Her bonnet was rumbled, her dress was

crumpled, her leg of mutton sleeves were flattened ; and her feathers and all the rest of her finery ruined,—in the eyes of men, if not of donkeys.

Mrs. Button never mounted a donkey again as long as she lived ; nor was Neddy called upon to teach her the art and science of riding,—he led a gentlemanly sort of life, not being disturbed either by too much work, or too much victuals. Mrs. Button carefully concealed her disaster from all her neighbours ; and pretending that donkey riding did not agree with her constitution, signified her intention of giving up her establishment on the first opportunity ; and as a prelude to such a change in her circumstances, wrote a bill and put it in a neighbour's window,—the straw bonnet maker's close by. " A genteel donkey and harness complete, to be sold,—a bargain. N.B.—Warranted to drive or carry."

This notification was in the straw bonnet maker's window many a long day ; there did not appear to be a person in the world in want of a donkey—not one. Donkeys were going out, and Railroads were coming in ; Mrs. Button could not find a purchaser.

It now became a matter of serious reflection to Mrs. Button, as to whether she should keep a donkey at half-a-crown a week expense without any returns ; or whether she had not " better have him killed for his hide " as the butcher suggested, and so get rid of him and his mischievous tricks.

Humanity, however, prevailed, and Mrs. Button said to herself, " I will give the tiresome creature away. I will give him to anyone who chooses to keep him,—except a chimney-sweep ! " So the bill in the straw-bonnet maker's window was altered, and ran as follows :—" Any person wanting a Donkey can have one. A Donkey to be given away."

Even this, however, had no effect. No one applied. There really seemed no one in the village who wanted a donkey. The Butcher, who was the " funny man " of the Place, stated that, " In *his* opinion there were enough Donkeys in the Village of Little Puddle, as it was ! " at which remark his neighbour, the *Publican* laughed heartily ; no one knew *that* better than *he* did !

Thus, Neddy remained on hand, the bill was taken down, and Neddy was sent out on rural excursions round the fields and lanes, to save provender at home, and for many weeks was, perhaps, the freest donkey in the freest Country in the World ; but one Monday morning he was missing. The donkey that could not be sold, nor given away, had found out the way to be stolen. It was just like Neddy.

The gentleman who had taken a fancy to Neddy, was a

Gipsy, and Neddy was not the only thing he had taken a fancy to in the Village. Sundry articles of wearing apparel, a sheep or two, and many odd matters, had decamped with Neddy, who lent his aid to carry them off.

"SOCIALISM."

The Gipsy was called Giles, one of the "Unemployed,"—of "Socialistic" tendencies,—not given to "Work," but given to travelling all over the Country in search of things *in want of an Owner*. When he purloined Neddy he was determined to make him go,—and he *did*.



He was quite at home, as you see him, when on Neddy's back ; and he used to smoke his pipe and look as innocent on his stolen ass, as if he had paid a Pound for him.

The gipsy carried Neddy about with him, or rather Neddy carried the gipsy about with him for some weeks ; and was witness to many roguish tricks, I can assure you, if he could have told of them. Giles made Neddy a very humble, patient, donkey, and broke him of his wild mad tricks.

The gipsy,—in his perambulations,—had formed a design to rob a house in the neighbourhood ; one reason for his doing this was because it was inhabited by a very great coward.

Simon Stickery, that was his name ; he was one of the Volunteer riflemen, and was a Corporal. He lived just outside Little Puddle.

Now the good people of Little Puddle were a very spirited set of folks ; it was a large Village ; it boasted of a School, a Church, a Market Place ; and held at certain seasons large Wakes, or Fairs. Occasionally large droves of Cattle, Pigs, &c., came through the Village to, and from, the neighbouring Seaport

Town, and these would sometimes run up the lanes, and even into the houses of the Villagers, thus "invading," as the Schoolmaster told them, "the domestic rights, and sacred privacy, and privileges, of Free Born British Citizens."

The Little Puddlearians forthwith called a Council of War,—the Schoolmaster being voted into the chair,—to see if they could redress their Wrongs, and compel the Drovers to go round some other way. The Butcher solemnly proposed the formation of a Volunteer Corps, or Vigilance Committee, to repel all invaders; the Publican seconded him, offering *his Public House* as the most suitable for their Meetings.

The Schoolmaster,—who had the reputation of great learning,—was deputed to draw up what he termed a "Propaganda" (which the irrepressible Butcher,—the "Wit" of the Village,—would have it, was spelt "A Proper Gander," at which the Rustics roared as usual). The Schoolmaster felt that his reputation was at stake, made his effort, and the following spirited Bill was posted on the Walls of the District, and even sent in defiance to the neighbouring Town, and to its Mayor. It ran as follows:—

ENGLISHMEN, PROTECT YOUR VESTED RIGHTS!!

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE VILLAGE OF LITTLE PUDDLE.

GENTLEMEN,

A base attempt having been made to deprive you of your ancient privileges, and a reckless and lawless faction having made an attack upon your Rights and Liberties as Englishmen,

A MEETING

For the purpose of resisting, by all Legal and Constitutional means, the usurpation of a dominant faction, will be held on

TUESDAY NEXT, AT THE MARKET PLACE.

Vivat Rex.

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

MEN OF LITTLE PUDDLE,

The eyes of both hemispheres are upon you! Defend your liberties as Englishmen: do not bow down to the manners of wickedness in high places; let your tyrants know that the liberty of an Englishman is his birthright; and let your tyrants feel the sharp edge of your moral Steel. War to the Knife is our Watchword!

COME IN YOUR MASSES,—AND WORKING CLOTHES.

THE CRISIS IS IMPORTANT.

LIBERTY OR DEATH!!!

COME TO THE MEETING.

Who would have thought there would have been such Eloquence and Bother about nothing? But the question seemed to be one of vital Importance to the Community of Little Puddle.

NOTE.—By the “Vivat Rex” it is evident that this Tale speaks of a time before Queen Victoria.

Amongst others, Simon Stickery was enrolled on their Volunteer Corps as a Corporal; there were no Privates, all were Officers of some kind or other, and felt they were heroes!

Simon Stickery lived some little way out of the village, in the direction of the Town,—and therefore felt the first brunt of the Invasion of the Cattle and Pig droves. The Village looked at his house, as the Castle commanding the Frontier. Simon was not by nature of a Military or Heroic mould, in fact, he was a Shoemaker, who had the reputation of having got together,—or been left,—some money,—and valuables, of which not being of a courageous temperament he lived in constant fear of being robbed. He lived with his Sister,—an Ancient Maiden lady of uncertain age!

Stickery, one day, suddenly came upon the Gipsy Giles, as he rode along towards the Town on Neddy Bray,—and from that moment, all his Martial ardour vanished! That the man meant robbery, both the valiant Corporal and his ancient Sister,—who had seen the Gipsy from a Window,—felt sure. What was the man riding about on that donkey for? *Clearly* to spy out the most likely houses, and to bring his comrades to attack it, and, of course, the first house would be *theirs*! Except that the Gipsy had no comrades, for once they were not *far wrong*!

Stickery hastened home! That night the valiant Corporal's house was placed in a state of Siege. Whatever the fate of the village, their “frontier” castle was secure. He warned his old Gardener, or factotum,—went to bed early,—secured the Windows,—barred the doors,—set the Man Traps,—and Spring Guns,—all over his Garden,—loaded his Blunderbuss, and prepared for the *worst*!

NOTE.—It soon came. Even up to the “Fifties” notice boards were often seen on poles,—or garden walls,—“Man Traps, and Spring Guns, set upon these Premises.”

A DIGRESSION.

THE BLUNDERBUSS,—MAN TRAP,—AND SPRING GUN.
THE BLUNDERBUSS.

In the old coaching days, the Guards in charge of the Mail Bags were provided with a “Blunderbuss,” a clumsy piece, rarely now seen, not unlike a small brass cannon, with a “bell mouth” or a muzzle gradually enlarging at the mouth,

being designed to spread the "slugs," or lead pellets, it was usually charged with, among the "highwaymen," or naughty People, who might venture to stop the "Mail" Coach. The Writer was offered a single-barrelled one, in *beautiful* condition for £4 (1908).

As they came into London, at dawn,—(See Page 746 for the "General Post Office" in 1820),—the Guards were accustomed to empty their blunderbusses into the air to see that they were in effective condition.

RUSH, THE MURDERER.

The old "Blunderbusses" were, at times, but *very* rarely, "double-barrelled." It was with one of the latter that the Murderer Rush, of Potash Farm, shot dead with "slugs" the two Mr. Jermyns,—Father, and grown up Son,—in the Porch of Stanfield Hall, Norfolk, on the night of Tuesday, 28th November, 1848,—also wounding Mrs. Jermyn, —and a Servant,—with his Pistols,—after several nights *watching his opportunity*. Could the Jermyns be got rid of before a certain date (the 30th), Rush would probably have obtained possession of some valuable Properties, by means of forged agreements, which he had prepared, and which they alone could have proved fictitious. The difficult path to the Hall had been strewn, in parts, with straw, to guide the eye on those dark nights. Over banks, ditches, and mud,—along this Path,—the Murderer rushed, disposing of his pistols (never found), and—secreting his Weapon in a Dungheap,—entered Potash Farm, calling attention to the hour, in the hope, if suspected, of proving an "*alibi*," that no one could perform it in the time; a Witness,—a farmer,—familiar with the locality,—succeeded, however, in accomplishing it.

Rush *fought to the last*,—conducted his own defence,—if reviling the Witnesses,—innumerable appeals to the Almighty,—endless cross-examinations which lead to nothing, and incredible statements, could be called a "Defence." Failing to shake the Evidence, on the fourth of the five days' trial, Rush, that night, "*behaved in the Cells, more like a Demon than a Man!*" He was *thirteen hours* at a time, on his legs, *talking!* Baron Rolfe was a *Miracle of Patience*. Rush screamed "Murder!" on the Scaffold. Yet the Jury were only out *five minutes*, —and no living creature ever had the slightest doubt that he did the deed! Some months after the Execution the double-barrelled "Blunderbuss" was found under a Dunghill, in Potash Farm, the only thing needed to complete the Evidence,—the Ramrod found in the Hall exactly fitting it. A picture of the Weapon appeared in the "Illustrated London News," of that date. The "Blunderbuss" usually had a "Spring Bayonet" attached to it. The Guards of the old Mail Coaches were provided with them, and fired them off before entering London. They were usually of Brass, "bell-mouthed," to spread the "Slugs" amongst the Robbers of "His Majesty's Mails."

THE MAN TRAP.

"*Man Traps*,"—now only seen as curiosities, having together with "Spring Guns,"—in the more Christian, and humane days of about the "Twenties," been condemned by

law as illegal. The "Man Trap" had a large plate of iron, and two large iron jaws,—like a huge rat Trap. Placed on the ground and cunningly concealed in grass, &c.,—the jaws being held down by two powerful springs,—nothing suspicious would be seen, especially in the dusk. The moment a foot trod on the plate the two jaws came together with a crash ! There were two kinds, one without teeth which merely held firmly but still terribly painfully,—the other with frightful teeth, which would inflict wounds which would probably result in necessary amputation, perhaps death, if the "Poacher" was caught in woods where his cries would not be heard perhaps for hours ; *possibly* the keepers might not choose to hear too soon !

There is a Specimen of this horrible invention in the Torquay Museum, another was in the Lapidary's Museum, on Eastbourne Parade,—now in the Writer's possession,—both have sharp iron teeth, three inches long, (!) rivetted to the jaws of the trap.

To open it, a man must stand alternately on the Springs, and keep the jaws open by a slip ring. Such teeth would penetrate to the bone, and probably cut a youth's leg off ! No one but a Surgeon could stop the bleeding !

The Grandfather of a gentleman at Torquay stated that he remembered that identical Man Trap being sent to the Village Smith's, in 1800, to have the teeth sharpened, and that these frightful engines were actually set in those days ! They became illegal about 1825 (?) The Writer never, however, could learn of any cases where a victim had been actually caught in one of them.

Fancy, Reader, a Child, or School Boy,—probably after an apple,—being caught in such a frightful machine, then fainting,—falling with the leg broken, or frightfully maimed and dislocated.

THE SPRING GUN.

The "*Spring Gun*," or "*Wire Gun*,"—although, of course, now only loaded with powder,—is still set in "Preserves" and Woods, to give the Gamekeepers notice that Poachers are in the Plantations.

Mounted on a Swivel, the gun is attached to Wires running out amongst the grass in various directions. The foot catching any one of these wires not only pulls the gun round like a Weathercock, but discharges it in the direction of the person who touched the Wire. Poachers who once found the wires would, it is said, at times trace the wire gently up to the Swivel, unship the gun, and bear it off in triumph !

Another kind,—of which a Specimen is in the Torquay Museum,—resembles a small Cannon, to be fastened at a proper height to a tree, with Wires across the Path to discharge it!

But some terrible things doubtless were done in those inhuman old days by these murderous devices. Such a state of things when, as too often a brutal, selfish, class of Squires,—Magistrates, &c.,—ruled the country districts, would now seem incredible. No Newspapers, no Publicity, no "Public Opinion," they would have it all their own way. The Labourer could neither read nor write, so that the Country Squire, with the Parson—generally the Magistrates—were Potentates who could do almost anything in the old days of the shameful "Game Laws." The preservation of their "game" for the first half of last Century seemed of more importance to the old school of Country Squires than human life itself! The whole state of Society was, and had been, for a Century, coarse, selfish, and brutal, to a degree! Till the saintly Wesley appeared, true Religion and the claims of the Poor (which always go together) seemed alike ignored. Kingsley, himself a "Country Parson," but representing the Modern School, which thank Heaven, has replaced the old one,—writes:—

THE BAD SQUIRE. (THE POACHER'S WIDOW.)

A Labourer in Christian England,
Where they cant of the Saviour's name,
And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's,
For a few more brace of Game!

"You made him a Poacher yourself, Squire,
When you'd give neither work nor meat,
And your barely-fed hares robbed the Garden,
At our starving children's feet.

"We lived like the brutes, and who wonders?
What self-respect could we keep?
Worse housed than your hacks, and your pointers,
Worse housed than your hogs, and your sheep!"

She looked at the long tufts of clover,
Where rabbit or hare never ran,
For its black, sour haulm covered over
The blood of a murdered man!

And she thought of the dark Plantation,
And the fight—and her husband's blood,
And the voice of her indignation
Went up to the Throne of God!

"There's blood on your Conscience, and Soul, Squire,
There's blood on your pointers' feet!
There's blood on the Game you sell, Squire,
And there's blood on the Game you eat!"

It must also be remembered how many brave Keepers have lost their lives,—or been *injured* for *life*,—in preserving this wretched "Game."

These Country Potentates, "The Justice,—with fair round belly, with fat capon lined" (Shakespeare), would, in those dark days of the "Game Laws,"—Laws made for the Rich,—sentence many a fine country Youth to *Transportation* for Seven Years for taking a hare, fishing, etc.,—do you doubt it? Then read the Official Records of Australia! The Colonists expostulated at the number sent out merely for "*Poaching*." The Writer has a noted Collection of Australian Books. Read the "History of Tasmania," by John West, 2 vols., 1852, a calm, authentic, exhaustive, Work on Van Dieman's Land, of course, dealing largely with the Lives, Punishments, and usual Fate of the Convicts. For years the Colonists struggled desperately with our Government, imploring and petitioning them to send out no more Convicts. In 20 years some 75,000 Convicts passed through Van Dieman's Land to other Colonies. Vast numbers, not originally depraved, but all demoralized by living exclusively in Convict Society, amongst desperate men perfected in every Crime, contaminating all within their reach!

THE CONVICT SHIP.

Fancy, dear Reader, sentencing a Country Youth to Transportation for killing a hare, or some birds!

Consider what it meant! Conceive the Ships of that day,—the "Convict Ship" of the old brutal times, the horrible characters,—habitual criminals,—beyond the Pale of Humanity, and the Youths huddled up together for Months on the slow, miserably small Ships of that day, with desperate Criminals, and the vilest characters. A Firm of London Merchants, contracted at first with our Government to transport 1,000 Convicts at £17 7s. 6d. per head. No interest then existed to land them *alive*, or for their preservation, the more there died the less provisions were consumed, the Contractors drawing the above sum just the same. The *deaths* in four vessels amounted to 271 out of 1,000!

Again,—151 died on board the "Neptune." On board the "Hillborough" 95 died, in 1799.

These wretched old Tubs would get becalmed in the sweltering heat of the tropics, and the distemper carried off numbers.

Captain Grant, in the "Lady Nelson," was "becalmed" from 15th February to the latter end of March,—a dreadful time,—the like of which, I devoutly pray I may never again experience!"

No condensing apparatus for converting the Sea Water for drinking purposes was then known,—the water was all spent, the food almost gone, and they were only saved by another ship providentially drifting near them, and sending in inadequate supplies. But it was always observed,—as perhaps suggesting a well-known Proverb,—that although these vessels were frequently wrecked in those early days, for over 30 years not a Single Convict Ship was lost. Some are not "born to be DROWNED" whatever OTHER end is in store for them!

Thomas Reid, Surgeon Superintendent of Convict Ships, 1820, an excellent man, gives in his now rare book an account of taking out 120 Female Convicts; dedicated to the excellent Mrs. Fry,—the Quaker Lady,—who came down with other good Ladies to pray with, and give Bibles, Books, materials for giving the women work for themselves during the Voyage, etc.

This excellent man also gives a graphic account of his previous voyage in 1817, with 170 Male Convicts, the Stores, the Crimes of the Criminals, their Characters, the Boys, all are detailed. 85 were "for life," 33 for fourteen, and 52 for seven years. Terrible men!

How the worthy man struggled with that mass of human misery, vice, and crime! How the Boys were found to be more corrupt than even the adults!

He found the Boys "so rife in knavery, and fraud, so ready, and fluent, in their own form of speech, were *unable to read*, and were totally ignorant of the contents of the Bible, few of them could distinguish the letters of the Alphabet!"

What an idea of those days do we obtain from the plain, simple, descriptions of this worthy Surgeon of 1817!

Speaking of the Felons awaiting "Transportation" he says, "No Friendly Counsel to hold up to their view the enormity of their crimes, no sort of Industrial Employment to fill up the time of the Convicts before their departure. The order for their Transportation,—always desired by their Keepers, was, also, in a sense dreaded; for it was their practice to give way to frantic violence, tearing up their beds, breaking the prison windows, and destroying everything within their reach! Handcuffs and Chains were indispensable to restrain their fury, and the use of them a regulation invariably observed in the case of Male Convicts. Reid's Convict Ship in 1817 was the "Neptune." Owing to the efforts of that noble man, JOHN HOWARD, the Public Conscience had been roused, and proper food and supplies were now provided, and a reward per head given to the Captain

for every Convict landed, in health, at Botany Bay. Half the Convicts under his care, it will be observed, were "lifers," many spared the capital sentence through the humanity of the Juries "recommending to mercy." As late as 1817,—a Convict Youth only 17 years was hung. Seven fine Young Men were hung altogether for a Rebellion at the Station of a Squatter well known for his severity. When they were attached to a Squatter they were liable to terrible Floggings, etc. Twenty-five were Boys of 13 to 20.

It was a most dangerous service in those days ; transportation to New South Wales had commenced in 1787. The "Lady Shore" had been seized in a successful revolt of the Felons, the Captain murdered, and the Ship taken to La Plata River. Into this terrible society went the good man, however, resolved to do his duty ! "I had always been impressed," says the worthy Surgeon Superintendent of Convicts,—a Christian Philanthropist in advance of his time,— "that the Good Creator implants in the minds of all men the Seeds of Virtue, which seldom totally perish during his lifetime,—and an experience of Criminals,—perhaps unusually extensive,—has only confirmed me in this conviction !" In simple words the good man narrates his trials, his encouragements, his efforts on this voyage,—how, before they landed, all the Boys had learned to read their Bibles,— "some quite fluently : " how he started a School,—how he preached and prayed,—saw to their health,—and how he proved that, even in that awful Society there was hope !

The older Convicts,—treated with humanity,—patience—and consideration, noticing his unwearied efforts, and incessant desires for their good, became *softened* ! They were *terrible* men, but *they were human* ! Yes ! the good man prevailed ! The Faithful God, in Whom he believed, never *deserted* him ! When has He *ever* done so ? Who doubts, dear Reader, that when good Thomas Reid set sail, early in December, 1817,—there was ANOTHER on that floating Prison with its awful Cargo of Human Misery, and of Sin ! Yes ! Christ was *there* !

The terrible "Lifers,"—no doubt poor Creatures,—with desperate efforts,—curbed their Passions for the sake of the Worthy Man, who had gained their respect ! The abler of them even volunteered their aid to his Scheme, they read his Bibles, and his Tracts, and before he brought them all in health to Sydney on May the 8th, 1818, there was already *a change* !

All honour to this obscure, little known, long forgotten, Man ! The terrible men, before they parted, presented him

with an excellently worded Address, expressing their undying gratitude! Many men have made more noise, but when the Supreme holds the Great Assize, who doubts that the joyful welcome shall come to good Thomas Reid?

"Well done! Thou good, and faithful Servant! I was in Prison, and ye came unto Me! Thou wast my faithful Witness in a lonely, darksome time, and a *very dark* place! I will make *thee* Ruler over *many* things! Enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord!"

But how few Thomas Reids were there in 1787-1830!

Then, when the Convicts did survive the four Months' Voyage, what a life of Misery followed! For Years in the dreadful society of the Road Gangs, and terrible Convict Prisons. Flogging, and Punishments incessant, the Convicts let out to the Squatters who worked them as they liked, and could have them flogged for even a saucy word!

Now fancy all this for "Poaching!" Imagine a Young English Labourer,—brought up in the Country,—with the strong, national, love for Field Sports,—common to our Nation,—surrounded by the Rich Man's Game,—constantly exposed to temptation,—sentenced to Transportation for taking a Hare, Rabbits, or a Bird or two!

The Squire, and the Parson, usually the Magistrates,—no Newspapers, no Publicity, no Appeal! Such infamous sentences meant,—in those dark days,—a blasted,—utterly ruined life! For who could go through seven years, uncontaminated by such a Life,—no other Society for years,—but Convicts?

Even in 1891, amazing sentences passed by "Country" Magistrates, have to be exposed by that safeguard to the Public the "Press,"—and their decisions reversed by the Central Authority. For "trespassing" in a Corn Field, three respectable young Excursionists, who erred through ignorance of their whereabouts,—were sentenced to "fourteen days hard labour" (!) at Sevenoaks, this Summer (1891). Fines,—which would at once have been paid,—being refused! A "Major" and an "Admiral" being the "Justices" in the case. They were released at once, through agitation being made, by the Home Secretary. But how would they have fared in 1800? No Publicity, no Newspapers!

The state of the Labouring Population of this Country, at the commencement of this Century, can only be imagined! Every imaginable article "taxed" to supply the precious Millions needed to support the terrible Continental War (1793-1815). Wages were at a starvation limit! Even the Wages of the Miners (1790-1816),—(men working without the modern appliances, at frightfully exhausting toil,—working

in those un-inspected,—rude,—unscientific days,—in constant peril of their lives.)—were only about 12s. per week (!)

Now, in 1908,—with ample Laws,—Inspection,—Scientific appliances, double Shafts, etc.,—to protect them,—their wages average 26s. per week to 60s.

Then the price of provisions in those terrible times! No Millions of Quarters of cheap, foreign, Wheat coming to England in those days. A Gentleman,—a well-known Corn Merchant,—Mr. Chas. Sturge, of Birmingham,—(Brother to Mr. Joseph Sturge the Philanthropist),—who died not long ago,—had documentary evidence that the price of Wheat, in September, 1799, was 160s. (£8) per quarter, for his Father sold some at 20s. the Bushel, that Month, in Warwick Market!

But,—the poorish Harvest of 1800, following that of 1799,—a bad one,—saw (1801) the "Record" price of Wheat reached for this Country. In January, 1801, Wheat was selling at 139s. per quarter, the owners holding for a rise,—and, before the Harvest of 1801 (no railways, and carriage being expensive), Wheat sold in London, at 180s. (!) Say that there are 118 to 120 (4 lb.) Loaves in a Quarter, this gives 1s. 10½d. each,—or, adding cost of making, and Retailer's profit,—at least 2s. per (4 lb.) Loaf!

At Spalding Union, good "seconds" sold at 2½d. in 1894. Best bread sold at 3d. the 4 lb. loaf.

Now we have wages doubled,—and Wheat at 30s. to 40s. per quarter, or 4d. to 5d. per (4 lb.) Loaf.

Fancy, dear Reader, wages at 10s. a week, the loaf at 1s. 6d. to 2s.,—and "Game" of all kinds constantly running all round the Cottagers, and eating the produce of their little Gardens! With the "Game Laws," made for the Rich,—passed by a wealthy "Class," who were *supposed* to represent "the People" in our Parliament!

The Political administration was divided between the King and the Great Families. Not one person in 500 had a vote! Even up to 1831,—150 Persons returned a Majority in the House of Commons (!) Down to 1832 large towns like Birmingham had not a single Member to represent them. It was indeed about time for the "Reform Bill," and "Free Trade!" Fancy, Reader, what Wheat at 160s. per Quarter meant per acre to the wealthy Landowners, or Farmers, with long Leases! On July 18th, 1801, the official return in Sussex was 153s. per quarter!

ARMED NIGHT POACHERS, 1908.

It must be distinctly understood that the above remarks merely deprecate the terrible sentence of Transportation

awarded in those days, to young Poachers, brought up in the Country, half-starved, Game all around them, and when they had committed no Assaults upon the Keepers.

A *very* different thing is the cruel Murder of brave Keepers by modern, organized, armed Gangs of Night Poachers, in 1908. Within three Weeks (December, 1891) two cases occurred, in one of which two Keepers were brutally murdered;—in another a Keeper was found shot dead, on the edge of a Wood;—whilst, shortly before, two Keepers were so terribly injured about the head, that one is in a Lunatic Asylum.

These modern Gangs of night Poachers,—like night Burglars,—are actuated by the desire of money,—theft,—alone; they have not the excuse of the Cottagers of eighty years ago, under constant, and sudden, temptation, to allay pinching hunger, on the part of their Families.

They add, also, the Crime of premeditated violence upon the unfortunate Keepers, who are merely bravely endeavouring to do their duty,—against desperate odds,—as Englishmen, in defending their Master's Property.

In these 1908 Gangs, we have no poor Countrymen driven, by hunger, to kill a stray Bird, or Rabbit, to take to his Family. We have now men coming from a distance,—organised bands of thieves,—after Money alone,—a Gang with costly outfit,—guns,—nets,—in fact Capital embarked,—like modern Burglars,—in the business.

Not the slightest defence is intended for these! Let the extreme penalty of the Law be exercised upon any such when convicted of the savage Murder of a Keeper, by all means!

But, dear Reader, does it not strike you as a pitiable thing that the valuable lives of Citizens should be thus sacrificed,—Keepers or Poachers,—for the sake of "Game," for ninety years past?

Some Fifty years or more have now seen the Game Laws repealed,—vast improvements made,—and it is the real desire of every true Englishman, and Englishwoman, in 1908, that the social condition, education, and moral elevation of the English country Labourer, may have the constant attention of the Members we send to Parliament. Undoubtedly the Public Conscience is now roused, and if they insist upon it, a brighter future will soon dawn upon the Working Classes.

CORPORAL STICKERY FIRES HIS BLUNDERBUSS.

Returning from our long digression (from Page 798), we left Stickery's house closed for the night. There was an iron gate, and a sort of private Drive which cut off the bend in the road, and this gate was usually left open. Stickery's old man-servant, gardener, and factotum, had, however, this time, locked the Gate, and to make matters secure, had put a few peas in at the key hole.

Half an hour after, horses' hoofs were heard striking the hard road, in the stillness of the Summer night, and,—at a swinging trot,—came up our friend the Butcher in his cart,—his friend the Publican, by his side, and his man behind. They were coming home late from the neighbouring Town, drawn at a good ten miles an hour, by the Butcher's noted Trotting Mare "Black Bess."

Seeing the gate closed, they pulled up: the man rolled out of the back of the cart, and tried to open it.

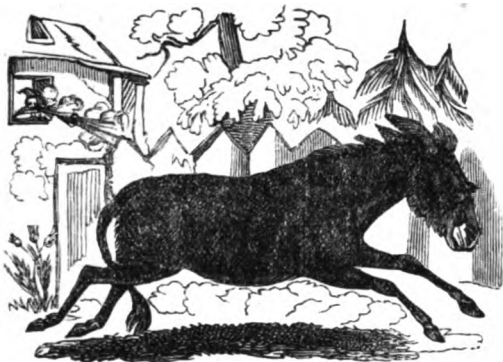
"Gate's locked," he called out, fumbling at the lock,—“and, Master, there be *peas* in the Key hole!” “*Peas*,”—cried the Butcher, who was the “Wag” of the Village,—“then send for the Justice of the Peas!” (Peace.) The Publican went off into his usual roar of laughter,—and the Butcher,—highly pleased at his joke,—ordered his man to get in,—shook the reins,—and away went Black Bess with the three worthies the other way round to the village!

About twelve o'clock, that night,—as the valiant Stickery lay in bed unable to sleep,—he heard a noise in the path close to his garden palings,—he listened, intently,—yes! there was a scuffling of feet, then they ceased!

“They are coming!” he thought,—“they are getting into the Garden.” He slipped out of bed,—seized his Blunderbuss,—threw up the Window, but the night was dark; he could see nothing. Again he heard the noise, however, nearer than before. “*Who goes there?*” he cried. No one answered; but the noise continued. “*Speak! or I'll fire!*” cried Stickery,—he was almost as much afraid of his weapon as of the thieves,—“*One!—Two!—THREE!*”—cried Stickery,—BANG!

He discharged his Blunderbuss,—which being heavily loaded knocked the valiant “Corporal” back into his bedroom,—and who should scamper off,—quicker than even “Black Bess,”—but our friend Neddy Bray,—who, having been left by the Gipsy to his own devices that night, had taken a fancy to some thistles in the path near the palings of Stickery's garden.

Here he goes, quicker than he ever ran in his life !



" *Speak,—or I will Fire !* " " *One ! Two ! Three !* " *Bang !*

NOTE.—It was usual to "count three," to give the Robbers a minute's grace to escape, before firing.

In the next Chapters we may have Neddy Bray's further Adventures.



" There is a Fish not unlike a pair of Bellows,—and it *tastes* not unlike one ! " —*Isaac Walton.*

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NEDDY BRAY.

PART III.

We left Neddy Bray scampering along as fast as he could after being shot at by the brave Mr. Stickery. Indeed, so nimble was Neddy on his legs, that the shot from Stickery's blunderbuss never came up with him,—at least it never struck him: The sound, however, being quite of an unusual character, and Neddy not being the bravest donkey in the world, and his Mamma having taught him how judicious it is to run away *before* we are hurt—as there is *very* little use in running away *afterwards*—Neddy went off like a shot !

He ran and ran. Never did he think of looking behind him. He was too frightened for that. But along the road he ran, not wishing to do any mischief ; he was, however, born to it, and therefore it is no wonder if disaster followed in his footsteps.

You know it was night when Neddy was fired at. The reason of his being in the situation of so much danger arose from his having strayed away from his master, the Gipsy. He was now nobody's donkey, and had a right to run as far as he liked.

And he did run—on and on—gallop, gallop, gallop, down one road and up another—and all in the dark too.

Neddy made light of the distance, and cared not for the darkness. It was so much the better : he could see no danger ; and therefore scampered along as if he had left it all behind him.

Not far from the spot in which Neddy was trying his speed, perhaps a mile, or two, from the house of the valiant Stickery, was what is called a Decoy Pond, if you know what that is : perhaps you do not, and so I must tell you.

In some parts of the kingdom the Wild Fowl are caught in a peculiar manner. A place is constructed near some Rivulet leading to the moors or marshes, for the purpose of securing ducks and geese, and such wild fowl.

First, the Rivulet is stocked with a few decoy ducks, which are always fed at a certain place, which I shall describe to you. These are allowed to swim about at the lower part of the rivulet. The Wild Birds seeing them, flock together at the same spot, and the old decoy ducks, as they are called, decoy them up into the meshes prepared for them.

These meshes are at the upper part of the stream, and are first made by gradually twining the boughs of the trees that overhang the rivulet. As the stream becomes narrower, the enclosure is made more secure, forming a Tunnel of bent osiers, and Nets, so low that a man would have to stoop to

go up it, and at the last portion, which opens into a little pool, nets are intermingled with the branches, so that any Fowl proceeding so far finds it impossible to get away. ("A Fowl" (*fowl*) proceeding.)

Now, to construct these "Decoys" is the work of a great deal of time, and requires a considerable degree of ingenuity. Holes were left in the osiers at various points, to look through, and, as soon as the Fowler saw the wild fowl mixing with the Decoy Ducks, he whistled to the latter, as a signal for them to *come and be fed*.

Now, as the Decoy Ducks were always fed in the little pool, *at the top* of the tunnel, and *nowhere else*, the "Decoys" proceeded to the entrance, the Wild Fowl accompanying them. As soon as they were all safely in, the Fowler pulled a string, which caused a door to fall, and closed the entrance of the tunnel. He then went round, got on to a path on the side, and proceeded up to the fowls, which could not, owing to the low roof and nets, escape; the wild fowl were thus easily killed, and the "Decoys" being fed as usual, the trap door was opened, and they are let out again into the open pool.

It sometimes happens that the decoy pools are robbed during the night of any fowl that may have taken refuge there after dark, and of the decoy ducks themselves, which are said to turn on a spit, quite as well as any other ducks, and to eat a great deal better.

So at least Giles, Neddy's master, thought; and while he had turned out Neddy to saunter where he pleased, and while the poor creature was very proud of this, and was running away at the risk of breaking his neck, Giles was on an expedition to the decoy pond, with a large stick to knock down the fowl, and a bag to put them in.

Giles proceeded on foot to this spot, as donkeys are sometimes apt to be talkative; otherwise he would, no doubt, have made use of Neddy's back. He reached the decoy pond about twelve o'clock.

Giles listened and listened; all was silent,—the fowl, if anywhere,—were asleep. He ascended the stream, keeping close by the side of it, and worked his way through the willows and various branches of hazel, which had been planted to over-arch the way.

At last he came to the spot in which the fowl might be expected, and, taking a dark lantern from his pocket, Giles surveyed the place. There indeed reposed on the bosom of the pool fourteen or fifteen ducks, so fat and plump that they delighted Giles.

"Decoy Ponds" seem to have "gone out" about 1825 or

so; on old County Maps the spots are marked with the word "Decoy."

He now threw down his sack, and prepared to seize the fowl, and waded silently into the water: a little gabble was set up, but in a moment Giles had a duck by the neck in each hand. Just as he was about to give their necks a twist, he heard footsteps.

Footsteps! hasty footsteps! He paused,—he was discovered! He dropped the ducks, which began to flutter and scream. Before the Gipsy could recover his presence of mind, something dashed into the decoy ground; away it came: what it was he did not know; but, with a tremendous bound, it darted through boughs, nets, and hazel twigs, and came floundering into the pool.

Giles was struck down,—the lantern was jerked from his pocket,—the Candle flew out, and set fire to the dry grass, and some of the tarred net-work. Neddy, more frightened than ever, began kicking without any regard for his liege lord and master. The ducks and fowls set up violent screams, fearing, I suppose, that they should be consumed. The flames from the tarred net-work rose above the trees; and by its light, which made everything as clear as day, Giles discovered his own *Neddy*.

It was no time for a cordial welcome; however, Giles could not refrain from giving him a few hearty thumps with his cudgel, as a matter of duty, and then darted off with the swiftness of lightning. Neddy at the same time scampered away in an opposite direction.

The light from the burning spot, and the cries of the feathered creation, soon brought some persons to the place. The lantern was found, and a search commenced after the incendiary, in all directions.

Giles was soon taken and brought before the magistrates, and denied all knowledge of the transaction. Neddy was also taken, and brought up as a witness against his master.

The result was, that the dark lantern, Neddy, and the Gipsy, were proved to be old acquaintances, and alike adjudged to be guilty of arson. The dark lantern was given to the Constable, Giles was taken to the tread-mill, and Neddy was put in the Pound, as the best place, "Under all the circumstances of the case," as the Judge said.

It is a very hard thing for a poor donkey to be in a Pound: Neddy did not relish it, I can assure you. When he got in, he in vain looked for a blade of grass or a wisp of hay, and long before night began to feel so hungry that he could have eaten his own tail off, could he have got conveniently at it.

He paced round the Pound and round the Pound, poked his head through the high rails and the low rails, rubbed the great padlock with his nose, and took a taste of the oak post, but that was very indigestible.

"Well," thought Neddy, "it is a very easy thing to get into a Pound, but a plaguy difficult one to get out. What shall I do?" And so he placed his two fore-feet on the middle rail, and put his nose over the top, and looked wistfully over the Village Green.

It was now about ten o'clock at night, and a beautiful moonlight night it was. Neddy kept his attitude for some minutes, but most of the villagers were abed. He began to despair of supper, and would have given his tail for a thistle.

Poor Neddy! He did not stand so a great while. The chimes of the Village Clock played melodiously; and when they were ended, some other music saluted his pricked-up ears.

You must know that Little Puddle, the place to which Neddy was again brought, was not a very great distance from a Seaport; and as it lay in a direct road to the principal town in the county, numbers of seafaring people passed and repassed through the place continually.



A "Jack Tar" of the former days, of "Pigtail," "Grog," "Flogging," and the "Pressgang."

NOTE.—Fortunately,—what with Naval Schools, Training Ships,—Miss Weston's, and other Temperance Sailors' Homes, and infinitely improved surroundings, the lot of the "Jack Tar" in our Navy of 1908 presents a great contrast to that of the neglected Sailor, in those old, dark, heathen times!

The sounds that broke upon Neddy's ears were the strains of

two sailors, who had just been paid off from the *Arethusa*. They were singing,

“Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the Waves!
For Britons never, never, never shall be Slaves!”

“No,” said one, “*never*,—as long as we have a Shot in the Locker! There shall be no Slaves anywhere, and no Foreigners if I could help it. I say, Harry, that precious French prison, four years and a half of it, was no joke, was it?”

“No, indeed! Bless that old boy that got us out!” said the other; “I’ll drink his health as long as I live:” and here the half-tipsy sailor put the rum bottle to his mouth, and from the time it was there, one would have thought he never intended to take it away again.

“Hurrah!” said he, when he had finished; “Good luck to every unfortunate!” At this moment he saw Neddy’s head in the Pound. “Hulloa, Messmate, what is here? A Ship in distress. What, in limbo? Why bless your old heart, what do you stare at me so for?”

“Ehewh! Ehewh? Ehewh!” said Neddy.

“Then I’m blest if I don’t. ‘Britons never shall be Slaves,’—lend a hand, Harry,—no, as I am a Sinner. Why look here; the place is as dry as a biscuit box, and never a biscuit in it. I know what sort of thing this is, don’t I Harry?”

“I should think the pair of us are not much in the dark in that way! and therefore, young scraper, we will have you out of it, if Jack tars can do it. Bear a hand,—‘all hands on Deck,’—we’ll have him out in a twinkling!”

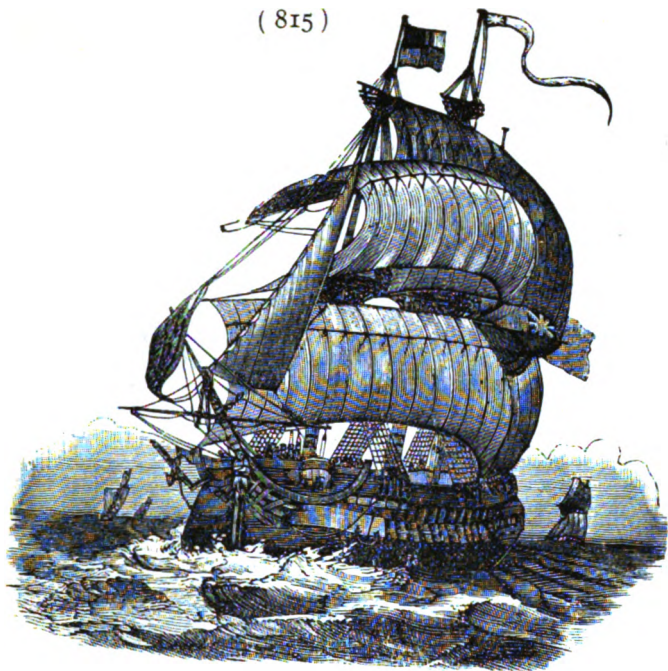
And so into the Pound scrambled both the Sailors; they could not bear to see a fellow-creature in confinement. One got under Neddy’s belly, and lifted him up, while the other, making a bight in his pocket handkerchief, hauled and hauled, till by some means or other, in spite of the violent struggles of Neddy, who did not understand this kindness, the poor Ass was dragged over the Gate of the Pound.

“And now for a Supper for ye, my Hearty! for I daresay you haven’t forgotten the way to eat. What do you say, Harry, to turning him into old Farmer Skinflint’s bean-field?”

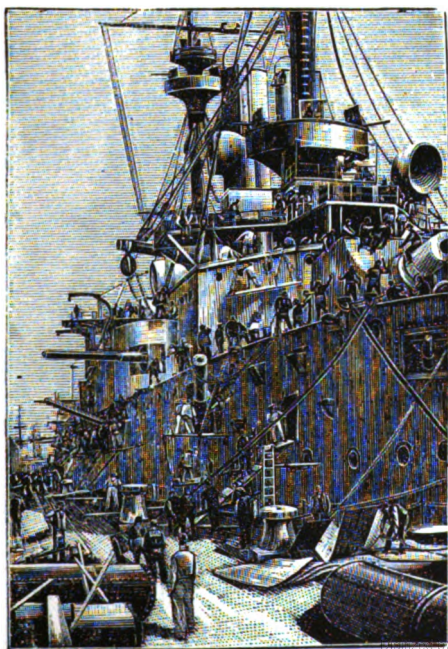
This was no sooner thought of than the sailors put it in practice. Neddy was led along the Road till he came to the field; but as the gate which led to it was locked, there was no other alternative than to lift Neddy over it, as he had been lifted out of the Pound.

This good action performed, the Sailors had another drop of rum, and Neddy was left alone in his glory; and I can tell you that he considered himself translated to a perfect Elysium.

(815)



The former " Wooden Walls " of the Old English " Arethusa " (1808).



A Contrast, 1908. A Century between them.

Beans, beans, beans ! nothing but beans—ripe, real, beautiful beans before him, behind him, right side and left side—was it a dream ? It could not be real ! Yes it was—they were *real* beans !

If ever a Donkey did eat, Neddy did that night : he eat and eat, and eat to such an excess, that soon after sun-rise he absolutely was forced to lie down in his provender ; but even then he fed on all that surrounded him, although he had eaten too much to stand.

By lying down, it so happened that during the day he was not discovered, for the beans were high, and totally concealed him from passers-by ; besides which, Neddy made his way to the middle of the field.

The whole of the next night he browsed, and part of the day after ; and a pretty hole he made in the beans. There had not been such a hole in any bean-field in the whole County ever known before.

At last, however, that day of gladness passed away, and Neddy was surprised by the presence of the farmer, honest old Skinflint, who, when he saw the devastation made, was in such a rage that he threw down his hat, and stamped with vexation.

Neddy not knowing what to make of the violence of the farmer, began to make off at his usual rate, the farmer following all the way, till they came to the edge or hedge of the field, where he made a pause.

The Farmer, when he found himself near the hedge, immediately thought of a hedge stake to apply to Neddy's shoulders ; and to make sure of giving him a good basting, after having obtained his cudgel, laid hold of the tail of the beast, that he might keep him from running away.

Neddy finding his tail held, and the weight of the cudgel upon his hams, began to run, the farmer close behind, applying the stick with all the strength he was in possession of. Neddy tore along beside the hedge, and once or twice gave a kick, but the cudgel prevented him from doing much damage : at last, finding no alternative, he suddenly made a desperate spring, and Neddy and the farmer went over the bank, and through the hedge, at the same time.

It is very well to be on one side of a ditch, but it is sometimes very ill to be on the other. This was just the case in this instance ; for the other side of the ditch was a mixture of nettles and mud, and Neddy and his tormentor went *clean* into it.

"And dirty out of it," you will say : and this is true. Neddy, however, came out first, and ran with all his speed over the

next meadow. I know not how many other hedges he went through, or how many fields he cleared, but at last he found himself in a gentleman's shrubbery.

Where he was, he knew not ; all he knew was, that young fir, ash, and elm trees, were not so eatable as beans ; and so, for want of anything better to do, Neddy laid himself down.

It so happened, that the gentleman to whom the shrubbery belonged, had a son, named Arthur, about nine years old, and an elder boy, Trollop, of seventeen, who took the name in honour of his grandmother. Arthur was a nice little fellow, his brother quite the reverse.

Arthur walking in his Papa's shrubbery, found Neddy Bray lying under one of the beech trees. "What are you doing here, Mr. Donkey ?" said the little fellow. Neddy, apparently from good manners, rose up and made a bow to the young master. The real fact being that some flies were teasing him, and he bobbed his head to catch them.

"Well ! that is a pretty bow for a donkey !" said the little boy, "but you have no business here," so he took up a stick to make Neddy move away.

Neddy, however, would not stir. He had come to stop. The various beatings he had received had rendered him pretty tough, and indifferent to the stick. The little boy had not the heart to beat him much ; and so he took hold of the hair on the top of his head, and began to pull him forwards.

This would not do : Neddy did not like to go that way, and he would not be forced to it. He pulled back more and more, and so the poor boy gave up the task.

He went away, but did not go far—only into a field close by—and soon returned with three or four carrots under his arm. One of these he gave to Neddy, which put him into a mighty good temper.



John the (1840) Footman.

Persuasion is better than force—and so, with the remaining Carrots he enticed Neddy step by step, till he got him into the stable-yard. In a few minutes he brought out John the footman, to look at him, and begged of him to ask his father to let him buy him.

John was very much surprised, for he thought he knew the donkey. At last the old gentleman came out. He was also quite astonished: "Why," said he, "it is the Donkey of that rogue Giles, the Gipsy, whom I committed, the other day, for setting fire to the Decoy Pond."

Whether the old Gentleman took a fancy to the Donkey because he was the Gipsy's donkey, or because he was a good-looking animal, or because he was entreated by his eldest son, Master Trollop, I do not know; but, after having spoken to the Constable, the donkey was purchased from Giles, though in prison, for thirty shillings—a fair price.

When Trollop had fairly got the animal into the stable, he began to devise how he should amuse himself with him. Now the Animal Fair of Little Puddle was near at hand, and there was to be a donkey race for prizes. So Trollop thought it would be a good opportunity to try the speed of his donkey; but, knowing his father would not approve of such a proceeding, he determined to conceal it from him by engaging Tom Wright as his jockey. This lad lived in the village, and Trollop found him a very convenient assistant in his various schemes.

Neddy was accordingly entered for the Race, and Tom's seat on his back joyfully accepted. Trollop procured him a blue jacket, boots, and small clothes, a jockey cap and spurs, and everything else to make him look fine; and, on the morning of the Fair, he rode through the village fully equipped.



The "Situation becomes Strained."

Just as he entered the Village Green, Neddy descried the Pound, from which he had been so kindly liberated. He made a dead stop at it, and refused to go any further. At the same time a wag blew his horn, which gave Neddy a very good excuse for turning back.

At length, however, Neddy was coaxed, and driven forward, until he was amongst the other donkeys entered for the race. Amongst these Neddy found his cousin Sam, whom he had not seen since they took leave of each other in our first picture. How the Race came off I shall tell you another time.

NOTE.—“Fairs,”—and “Fairing,”—seem dying out like “May Day,” and “Guy Fawks,” in England. Some of us cannot but remember the pleasure they gave us Boys,—“Wombwell’s Wild Beast Show,”—the “Penny” Theatre, the Rows of “Gingerbread Stalls,”—the three-cornered Pastry “Fair Cakes,”—the toys,—the “Swing Boats,”—the Shooting Galleries for nuts. But no doubt in the midst of our now crowded Towns a three days’ Fair became a terrible nuisance, stopping the traffic, and the Shop trade.



JESUS AT CAPERNAUM.

“And when they could not come nigh unto Him for the press, they uncovered the roof where He was: and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay.”

“When Jesus saw their faith, He said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.”

“But there were certain of the scribes sitting there, and reasoning in their hearts,”

“Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God only?”

“Whether it is easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk?”

“But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (He saith to the sick of the palsy,)”

“I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house.”

“And immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all; Inasmuch that they were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion.”—*Mark ii., 3-12.*

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NEDDY BRAY.
PART IV.



The Fair was held in September ; and a very fine Fair it was, at least so the Rustics thought it.

There were a great many Sights to be seen. Amongst the rest, was an extraordinary fat boy ; a marvellously lean lady, called the "living skeletoness ;" a learned pig ; a shaved bear, which was called "the *pig*-faced lady ;" then there was a Calf with two heads, and a Cat with three ; and, among other things, Billy Button, wild beasts, gingerbread-nuts, fried sausages, boiled eggs, and oysters.

The Village Green was thronged in every part, as the day advanced ; even the Pound, for which Neddy had such an aversion, was transformed into a shop or stall for the sale of *pound*-cake, by the slice ; and a Tight-rope was stretched across the upper end of the Green, upon which a Mr. Hengler danced in wooden shoes, with a long pole to balance him.

Then there was a Conjurer who ate fire, and pulled ribbons out of his mouth by yards. At length the Donkey Race was announced, and as the Crowd saw the Boys issue, each with his riding-cap, jockey boots, jacket and cap, they set up a loud shout, and clustered round,—even the Shows were left for this new fun, which seemed to charm all hearts.

Such a crowd gathered round him that Trollop was obliged to cry "Make way !" and as he was the Magistrate's son, each did as he was desired ; some, however, determined to have a little fun of another sort. It so happened that a mischievous

lad had provided himself with a pocket-full of crackers for his evening's amusement, and thought, I suppose, that it would increase the speed and mettle of Neddy, to fasten a bunch of them to his tail.

While Wright was preparing for a start, with a great many persons around him, praising his fine dress, boots, cap, and donkey, the bunch of crackers was tied on behind ; and " Make way, make way,—he is sure to go," resounded from all sides.

A piece of touch-paper ignited one of the crackers, and he had not got many yards in his course before it exploded. Bang,—Snap,—bang,—bang,—snap,—snap,—bang,—bang,—bang.—Indeed when they once began, there seemed no end to the snapping and banging.

If Neddy had not run fast before, he did so now,—the firing from Stickery's gun was nothing to this, for not only were his ears assailed, but his hind quarters smarted with every explosion as if he had been shot.

Away he ran through thick and thin ; and instead of following the course that had been opened for him, he dashed off at an angle, and capsizing oyster-stalls, gingerbread-nuts, apples, and old apple-women, made a terrible confusion. The mob hooted, the boys halloed ; in a few minutes the cry was raised, " A tiger has broken loose from the caravan ! "



It would be impossible to describe the scampering, panic and confusion which there were at this moment,—shrieks from the women and children, shouts from the men. All made a rush altogether : the show-men left their shows, the stall-people their stalls, and ran they minded not whither, tumbling over

each other in the mud, and knocking down stalls, stools, and shows of every description.

"A tiger is loose!" re-echoed again and again, from all sides; those who followed Neddy thought such a disaster had happened, and left him to take care of themselves; and the fields and hedges around the green were now full of people, making the best of their way off, till poor Neddy, as soon as the last cracker had exploded, left off kicking and stood patiently and quietly in one corner of the green.

Trollop, on the first alarm, had scampered away as fast as his legs would carry him, and really believed that a tiger had broken loose,—never for a moment supposing that Neddy could have raised such a panic; he reached home breathless. Soon after, terrible accounts came in of the woeful damage done by the ferocious beast.

The cook-maid, who had been suffered to go out that day, to see her grandmother, who was dying, as she said,—although it was herself who was dying to go to the fair,—returned, supported by the washerwoman, whom she met on the way; and when she reached the kitchen, fell down in a swoon.

As soon as she came to herself, she gave her version of the disaster. "Oh, Sir," said she to the worthy magistrate, who stood over her with a poker in his hand, "Oh, Sir, a real Bengal tiger, six feet long from the tip of his nose to the beginning of his tail,—such a Monster,—flew about the fair like a mad cat,—over the Booths, Sir, under the Stalls,—fourteen women wounded, seven small children eaten up alive, for what I know, and several men dead on the field of battle,—O, what a mercy I have been preserved!"

"But what has become of the animal?" said the magistrate.

"Oh, Sir, he is roaring about, and may jump in at the Window directly for what I know."

"Here, Mat," said the magistrate, "bar the gates,—shut the Windows,—barricade the doors,—bring down the fire-arms,—spring the rattle,—anything to keep him off."

The poor Cook was left to take care of herself, and all the rest flew about the premises with as much alacrity as so many squirrels. They listened for the roar of the Tiger,—but no, there was no roar. The house was now turned into a complete fortification at all points,—at last, however, Matthew, the footman, thought he heard a snuffing or sniffing at the outer gate.

He listened,—it was,—“The tiger! the tiger!” resounded through the house. “Here, Mat,” said the magistrate, “run to the Copper, and treat him with a pailful of boiling beer.”

It was brewing-day, and the wort was just in the copper,

boiling up with the hops. "Beer was made from *hops* in those days!

NOTE.—*Good wholesome Ale* was brewed from good *hops* fifty years ago,—for those who persisted in "drink" of any kind,—not the rubbish sold, too often, in 1908.

Matthew ran and filled his pail with the boiling liquor, with the intention of throwing it over the gate on the supposed tiger, but was intercepted by the master. "Give it to me,—give it to me," said he; and, taking the pail in his hand essayed to throw its contents over the gate; however, he somehow missed his aim.

"He will clamber over the gate. Run, Sir, run, I hear him getting up"; and away they all ran. After waiting a considerable time,—some barred up in the stable, some in the cow-house, some in the pantry,—the footman at last ventured to look out.

Not hearing any noise, he ventured to the gate; and, after much hesitation, unbarred it; he opened it very gently, and at last squeezed his head out between the latch and the post, and *there stood Neddy!*

Poor fellow! as he had found no one to take notice of him in the fair, he had taken to his heels, and made the best of his way home, as good asses ought always to do.

Poor Neddy! his time is short, for I can only give you one more of his Adventures.

Jesus raises the poor Widow's Son.



"Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her."

"And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not."

"And He came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise."

"And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother."

"And there came a fear on all: and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us: and that God hath visited his people."

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NEDDY BRAY.

PART V., AND LAST.

After the affairs of the squibs and crackers, and Neddy being mistaken for a Tiger, you may suppose that ever afterwards he was looked upon as "a Lion:" and in truth, if ever a donkey was "a Lion" he was. Everybody came to look at him,—and no one could look at him without laughing; and fewer could look upon his young master, dressed in his top boots, without laughing a great deal more.

After this, Neddy led a quiet life for some time; the only duty he was called upon to perform being that of conveying his young master about, down dusty roads, or dirty lanes. As to thistles,—not being a Scotch donkey, he had no national feeling towards them: as to grass, he cared little about it.—He was a gentleman's donkey now, and could afford to eat oats and beans.

He wanted to be free, and tried to gnaw the rope that bound him; so when he was caught at his tricks, he pretended to be very hungry; he was not, however. The young gentleman thought that he could not feed a donkey too much; and especially as he could take as much of his father's corn as he liked, without asking leave; so Neddy was fed with corn four times a day.

There was no end to Neddy's eating. He grew sleek and fat; he was no longer the rough hardy animal he used to be; his coat was combed, his fetlocks clipped, his hoofs polished; and the young gentleman copying the groom, polished Neddy on the feet with Day and Martin's Blacking till the chickens would come and peck at them, thinking strange fowls were in the yard by seeing the reflection of themselves.

So Neddy grew fat and impudent, and lazy, and independent; he cared for nobody—not he. He turned up his nose at every pony, and endeavoured to mimic the paces of the hunters and steeds of high degree. But, above all things, did he sigh for freedom; then, thought he, I *should* be a donkey.

But three weeks passed, and Neddy was still tied up,—a very stable donkey. He sighed for the air and green fields, and at last would have given up all his corn for a good browse on a bank of thistles. So one night he contrived to release himself from his stall, by gnawing the halter; and the door of the stable not being securely fastened, he found himself once more a free donkey.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the Cats were squalling upon the tiles; as soon as he got loose he kicked and pranced, he jumped and frisked, he capered and he trotted, and at last, in

the very delight of his heart, laid himself down and rolled, as he had been wont to do when at the Washerwoman's. Then he stood up, and, with a wistful look at the moon, and a deep-drawn sigh, began to he-haugh, he-haugh, to the great discomfiture of the equally melodious strains of Grimalkin above.

After frisking about a little longer, Neddy felt a strange sensation of green meat stealing over him. He sniffed up the wind, but there was no getting fat upon that.

He look'd to the east, he look'd to the west,
But could not discover which was the best.

At last he followed his nose, and went quite round the palings in the stable-yard; then he put his two fore paws upon the pigsty. The Pig gave a grunt, as much as to say, "Who's there?"—then he tried to lift himself up behind; at last, by a little manœuvring, he found himself on the roof of the sty, and, making a leap, was presently on the lawn before the house.



The Tool-house.

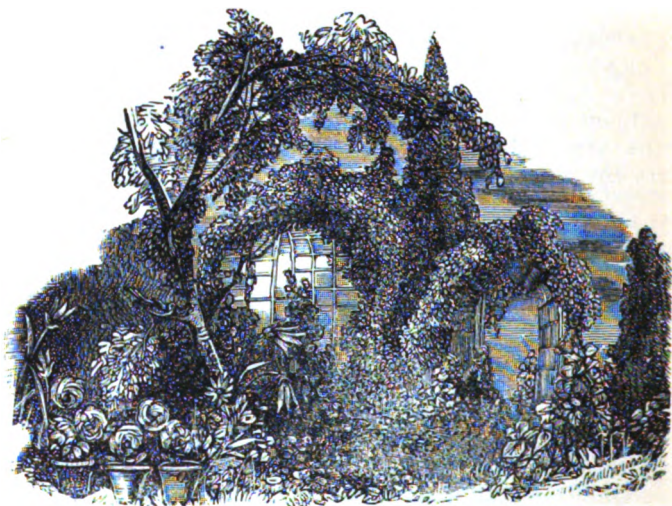
POOR MR. HUNT, THE GARDENER.

From the Lawn he passed into the Garden,—looked in at the door of a hut, or tool-house,—and at last came to the Green-house, which stood in the warmest place in the garden, as they usually do. It was built of glass from top to bottom; and, by the rays of the moon, Neddy could see green things innumerable growing up,—things not to be despised by daylight.

Alas! for poor Mr. Hunt,—the Gardener,—the lock being under repair, he had merely secured the Green-house door on that *particular* night as well as he could. Poor man! He forgot that "*The unexpected always happens!*"

As Neddy pushed his nose against the door,—it gave way, and the leaves of a vine made Neddy's mouth water ; he forced his head in, and eat a circle around it as far as he could reach. Wishing to extend the sphere of his operations, he now put one foot forward, and pushed and pawed away till he had made the door-way large enough to admit his body.

Neddy, no doubt, thought that he had been suddenly transported to the Islands of the Southern Ocean ; so sweet, so mild, so warm, so kind, was the atmosphere ! I can imagine he said to himself, " This is the land for me,"—and in he walked.



The Green-house.

What a delightful spot ! Asparagus pricking through the heated mould ; pine apples just springing forth ; grapes coming in and out of season ; peas in full blossom ; and even cherries in the bud. Time was too precious to think,—Neddy began to eat, and eat he did,—particularly of the pine apples.

When he had eaten of everything, and pretty well filled himself he began to think and reflect ; and, may be, moralize, for what we know : at all events he thought he would try a few experiments in practical botany. So he nipped the balsams, pruned the geraniums, made cuttings of the myrtles, and transplanted a few of the American heaths.

Pot after pot came to the ground,—smash after smash went through the place,—dash, dash went saucers, and at each step, being more foolish than wise, happened to take a mouthful of the prickly Cactus, which made him caper again and again, and brought down on all sides everything to the common level.

Had Neddy been an Auctioneer, he might have said, "Going, going, gone"! with effect, for his was now quite a knocking down freak; bad enough to all thinking, but what was worse the hot-house being heated with hot water, and Neddy by continually pawing with fore feet, managed to knock off a portion of the pipe which conveyed it, so that the scalding water spouted out upon him; this made him very frisky indeed, and he kicked and pranced furiously. The glass and pots flew about like Mrs. Jaffer's crockery some months before. At last Neddy found the door,—and thinking he had had about enough of this, for one night,—away he went down the Shrubbery, and so into the Meadow and Lanes beyond.

Note.—At this juncture the Story *broke down* altogether. We had now reached May, 1841. No more appeared until 1842, when an attempt,—pretty evidently *by another hand*,—was made, to bring the adventures of Neddy to a *very lame* conclusion.

In our opinion the tale was never ended: either the *first Writer* died, or gave it up.

Thus it may truly be called "A Story without an End,"—and if any Young Reader thinks he can produce another chapter or two, and will send it to the Writer, should another edition of this book ever be produced,—we might,—perhaps,—insert them.

"Vanity Fair."



"Fashions," and "Dress," Seventy years ago. It was feared in Paris, recently, that the terrible "*Crinoline*" of the Sixties was "coming in" again!

CHAPTER LXIV.

Tom Brown at Rugby School.
A Story with a "Purpose."



" Chums."

TOM BROWN AND ARTHUR AT RUGBY.

HAVING had in the last chapter, a Story of Peter Parley's, —without any " Purpose," or " Moral,"—let us have an Extract from a more Modern School, *with* a " Purpose," and *decidedly* a " Moral."

At this time (1840) the Great Schoolmaster,—Dr. Arnold,—had the charge of Rugby School, and brought its reputation up to the highest point it had ever attained.

Dr. Arnold died 12th June, 1842. (See Page 291, Vol. I.). " Tom Brown,"—an *excellent* Story of School Life,—was written by the late Mr. Recorder Hughes, who died,—suddenly,—on the Bench,—March, 1896 (70).

Dr. Arnold thoroughly understood " Boy " Character, and human nature. *He* was no Sentimentalist,—or " Namby Pamby " Schoolmaster. *Far from it.* He was,—very rightly,—a firm Believer in a good,—downright Flogging—the judicious Lesson of physical Pain to an overgrown Vicious, Cruel, or Immoral " Bully." Would that Modern Sentimentalists,—and our Judges,—took the same wise view, in the Punishment of cruel Child or Wife Beaters,—brutal assaults on the Police,

dangerous Burglars, etc. The brutal "Garrotte" Robberies were stamped out of England by the judicious "Cat" applied, by an Expert. A Convict guilty of more than one nearly fatal assault upon an unsuspecting Warder, was given a taste of what he had inflicted upon others. He subsequently attempted loud bravado, but he *never committed another assault*.

The Warders of a well-known Prison have noticed that when once a Criminal had been under correction at their locality, they never saw that man at *their* Prison again. He gave them a wide Berth.

Thus, Dr. Arnold would say to one of the Leading Boys,—through whom he usually Governed the School,—“Monitors,” or “Prepositors”—of the “Offenders” house in the School, “A case of gross Bullying,—Johnson! A *good sound flogging* Johnson”! and, as the Monitor left,—“Remember! Johnson, —a *good sound Flogging*”! And,—years after,—that Boy said that that “good sound flogging,”—for Master Johnson obeyed his instructions *to the letter*, and the bully had what our French neighbours call “Un Mauvais quart d’heure,”—before his School “house,” was the *best* thing for him that ever happened.

The Tyrant, “Bully,”—given to “Harrying” the weaker Boy, or rendering a younger Boy’s life at School miserable, should be made to *feel*. Nothing like pain to such! It leads them to “Conversion”!

Sad, indeed, it is to the anxious,—painstaking,—Father,—in spite of all his efforts, and precautions,—to see their Boy of many hopes, and it may be many Prayers,—after all contaminated by a brutal, or immoral, bully at School. There must, of course, be “Trial”! This World is a “Battleground,” a “Test,” a “Trial Scene”! But surely it should be a Parent’s aim to possess the confidence of his Boy. If it is understood that their Interests in Life are bound up together, the latter will not be behind hand in asking for his Father’s advice, and aid.

But the general tone, and Religious feeling at school, must not be reasonably expected to be above that of Society at large; of which it is *but the reflection*. When Truth is always spoken in Society, then we may look for it at School. If a Father fills his son’s glass at table, and listens with positive pleasure to the account of his scrapes at School; and pleasantly expresses his fear, that, “The Rogue will never love learning more than he did himself when a boy,” what can he expect to be the result? The Boy, even if kept at home, would surely follow the example of his Elders; and if a Parent expresses no displeasure at the way in which the wholesome discipline

of school in respect to certain habits was evaded, what can more encourage him to look upon these safeguards from temptation as objects fit only to be cleverly overcome? When Prayer is *never heard* at home, nor the subject of Religion even broached, why complain of Schools being "unfavourable to Piety?"

Let us now have a glance at the style and teaching in "Tom Brown's School Days," by Mr. Hughes.

THE NEW BOY, ARTHUR, AT RUGBY SCHOOL.

The following extract from "Tom Brown's" experiences at Rugby School, illustrates the difficulty a Boy finds in keeping alive his religious feelings, and retaining the habit of Prayer.

We must imagine ourselves at the great School in the time of the great and good Dr. Arnold. The latter had observed that Tom Brown,—a good-natured boy, very fond of fun, and games of all kinds,—was getting into mischief and trouble, in company with his friend Harry East. The good Doctor, reluctant to send him away from the School, places a new boy under Tom's protection and care, thinking that it would steady him. We must imagine Tom, and his friend Harry East,—(of whom he is very fond),—returned in high spirits, to Rugby School, at the beginning of the half-year, and, with other boys, they are in the Matron's room. In Dr. Arnold's time there were 400 boys in the School. Mary, the Matron, got them out of the way with some difficulty, telling them that cold beef and pickles are laid out in the hall for their supper. As they leave, she touches Tom's arm, saying, "Oh! Master Brown, please stop a minute, I want to speak to you!" "All right, Mary!" said Tom, "I'll come in a minute, East, and, I say, you fellows, don't finish all the pickles!"

"Master Brown,"—went on Mary, when the others had left the room,— "Mrs. Arnold says you're to have Gray's study, and the Doctor wishes you to take this young gentleman,—Arthur,—under your care. He's just come, and is very delicate; he's thirteen, although he does not look it; they thought, as he has never been to School before, that you'd be kind to him, and see that they don't bully him just at first. I've given him the bed next yours, in No. 4 room, so that Master East can't sleep there this half!"

Tom was a good deal floored by all this,—he looked across the room, and, for the first time, saw, in a far corner, a slender, good-looking Boy, with fair hair and large blue eyes, looking very timid and frightened. Tom saw, at a glance, that he was

just the boy whose first half-year at a great Public School would be a misery to himself if he had no one to care for him, and a constant trouble and anxiety to anyone who had to look after him. If he took him for his Chum instead of Harry East, what would become of all Tom's plans for this half-year,—such as making night lines for fishing in the River,—bird's-nesting in Caldecott's spinney, and other forbidden places, with East? And how he and Harry had planned to spend their evenings together after "locking up,"—till ten,—reading Captain Marryatt's novels,—sorting birds' eggs,—making slings,—and talking about fishing, cricket, etc.

Mary, the Matron, saw that he was undecided; she knew that he was too honest a Boy to undertake the charge, and then leave Arthur to shift for himself; so, like a wise negotiator, she threw in an appeal to Tom's heart. "Poor fellow!" she said, in a whisper, "he has just lost his father! he was a Clergyman in a bad part of the Country, amongst Roughs, and was worn out in his efforts to do them good. He has no Brother, and his Mamma—(such a kind, sweet, lady, Tom!)—almost broke her heart at leaving him this morning." "Well! well!" broke in Tom, with a sigh, "I suppose I must give up Harry East,"—and taking the boy's soft, delicate, hand in his—as a proper preliminary for making him his Chum,—he said,—“Come along! young 'un, and I'll show you our Study—(the room two boys share together at Rugby) and then we'll have some of the cold beef and pickles if East and the rest haven't eaten them all up. I've had both your things taken up to your room”—continued the Matron—“and Arthur's Mamma has had it newly papered, Tom, and new baize curtains over the door, and the sofa fresh covered; and,”—concluded the diplomatic little matron,—“Mrs. Arnold told me to say that she should like you both to have tea with her and the Doctor in the parlour, this evening, and the things have just gone up, I know.”

Here was an announcement for Tom Brown! Tea with the Doctor the first night—just as if he was a Fifth or Sixth Form Boy—instead of being a reckless youngster amongst the fags! Tom felt himself raised to dignity and promotion already, but he couldn't, nevertheless, give up without a sigh the idea of the jolly Supper in the hall with Harry East and the rest, and the rush round to all the studies of his friends to pour out the doings of the past holidays, and to gather news of who had left—who had come—and so on. After a pleasant tea, the boys left by the private door which led from the Doctor's house into the middle passages.

At the great School house fire a number of boys were in



The New Boy.

loud talk and laughter. There was a sudden pause, as the private door opened, and then a loud shout of greeting to Tom Brown, as the boys recognized him. "Hallo! here's Tom Brown! Why, Tom, where do you come from?" "Oh! I've been having tea with the Doctor," said Tom, with great dignity. "*My eye!*" said Harry East, "Oh! then, that's why Mary called you back, and why you didn't come to supper. You missed something. That beef and pickles was *no end* good. I kept a plate for you."

"Hallo!" cried Hall (catching sight of young Arthur) "what's *your* name; where do you come from? How old are you?" "My name is Arthur, sir, and I come from Devonshire," replied the boy. "Don't call me 'Sir,' you young muff; can you sing?" The poor boy, confused by the sudden questions, and the attention of the whole group of big boys thus drawn to him—trembled and hesitated. Tom Brown struck in—"You be hanged—Tadpole"—(Hall was called Tadpole, on account of that young gentleman being favoured with a head rather larger than usual)—"We shan't have singing these twelve weeks, so he has time enough for that!" "Oh! do you know him at home then, Brown?" asked one of the boys. "No! but he's to be my Chum this half in Gray's old study; come, Arthur, and let's have a look at it." "Well, *that's* a queer chum for Tom Brown," said Harry East, and it was the comment also of the other boys at the fire, and it must be confessed that Tom thought so too. But the wise and good Doctor Arnold *was right!* It was not long before Tom Brown—great man though he thought him-

self at Rugby School—had to learn something from the new boy, and this was “Lesson No. 1.”

After the School-house prayers, Tom led Arthur upstairs to their sleeping room: it was a huge airy room, with two large windows looking out on to the School cricket fields. There were twelve beds in this room. That in the farthest corner by the fireplace was occupied by the Sixth Form boy responsible for the discipline of the Room. The rest of the boys were in the Lower forms—none of them above sixteen—and all of them fags; the elder youths at Rugby sleeping by themselves. All the boys who slept in this room had now come up.

The younger ones went quietly to their beds, and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers, while the older boys, among whom was Tom Brown, sat chatting on each other's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off.

Poor Arthur had never been away from home before; it was all new to him; the idea of having to sleep in a room with a number of strange boys, had evidently not crossed his mind before. He could hardly bear to take his things off. Then he paused and looked at Tom Brown, who was talking and laughing at the bottom of the bed. “Please, Brown,”—he whispered—“may I wash my face and hands?” “Of course, if you like”—said Tom staring,—“that's your washing-stand under the window, second from your bed. But you'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all now.”

And he went on with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds to his washing-stand, thereby drawing on himself, for a moment, the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter! Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his nightgown. Then the boy looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, and the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor lonely boy,—but Arthur did not *this time* ask Tom Brown what he *might*, or might *not do*,—but knelt down quietly by his bedside,—as he had done every day from his Childhood,—to open his heart to that Almighty Friend who heareth the cry, and beareth the sorrows of the youngest boy who prays to Him, as well as He does those of the strong man when in agony.

" LESSON NO. I," FOR TOM BROWN,—THE LESSON FOR HIS LIFE.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed, unlacing his boots, with his back turned towards Arthur, so that he did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the *sudden silence* in the Room. Then two or three of the elder boys laughed, and sneered, and one of them,—a big, brutal, fellow,—picked up a Slipper and shied at the kneeling Boy, calling him a "snivelling young shaver!" Then Tom Brown saw the whole, and the next moment the boot which he had just pulled off, flew straight at the head of the Bully, who had only just time to throw up his arm, and catch it on his elbow. "*Confound* you, Brown! What do you mean by that?" roared he, stamping with pain. "Never mind *what* I mean," shouted Tom,—stepping on the floor, thoroughly roused, and with every drop of the blood in his body tingling,—“But if any Fellow wants the *other* boot he knows now how he may get it!” At this moment the Sixth Form boy, who had charge of the Room, came in, and not another word could be said! Tom, and the rest, jumped into their beds to finish their undressing there, and presently the old Verger,—punctual as a Clock,—came in, put out their Candles, and toddled off to the next bedroom, shutting their door with his usual speech, "Good night, Gentlemen!"

But there were many boys in that room, by whom this little scene was taken to heart before they slept, and as for poor Tom Brown, sleep seemed to have deserted his pillow altogether. The thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and pray to his Heavenly Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise, and when he thought how he had kept that promise, he laid his face quietly on the pillow, and cried silently as if his heart would break! He was but a boy after all!

It was no light act of courage, in those days, for a boy to say his prayers publicly at Rugby School; a few years later, when Dr. Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the School, in the School-house at least, and, I believe, in the other houses at Rugby School, the rule, before the Doctor died, was the other way.

"THE WORLD'S DREAD (?) LAUGH!"

But Tom Brown had come to the School in other times. The first few nights he came, he did not kneel down because

of the noise, but stole out after the candles had been put out to say his prayers in the dark, lest anyone should see him. So did many another poor little fellow. Then he began to think that it did not matter whether he said them kneeling or lying down. And so it had come to pass, as it must be with all those who *will not confess God before men*, Tom's prayers had fallen through altogether, and, for the last year, he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times. Poor Tom! The bitterest feeling which was likely to break his heart was the sense of his *cowardice*! The vice of all others which he loathed was brought home to his own soul. He had *been afraid*,—he had lied to his mother,—to his conscience,—and to his God! And here was the poor timid, new boy, now sleeping quietly close to him,—whom Tom had so pitied, and almost scorned for his weakness,—had quietly done what he, Tom Brown,—braggart as he was, *dared not* do! The first dawn of comfort came to Tom, in swearing to himself, that come what would, he would *stand by that boy* through *thick and thin*, and help, and cheer, and love him, and watch over him while at Rugby School for the good lesson he had taught them that night. [Note.—And Tom kept his vow faithfully, although it led to the fight with Slogger Williams.] And peace came to Tom as he resolved to follow Arthur's example next morning.

The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he must not let this opportunity pass. Several times he faltered;—the Devil showed him all his old friends calling him "Saint," "Hypocrite," "Square-toes," and a dozen hard names for a boy to bear.

However, Tom's good angel was too strong that night, and he resolved to follow the good impulse which gave him peace. So next morning he was up, and washed and dressed (nodding kindly to young Arthur when that young gentleman awoke), and had all but his jacket, and waistcoat, on, when the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then, in the face of the whole Room, Tom knelt down to pray! Not five words could he say,—the great bell seemed to be mocking him; what were they all thinking of him? But He Who, when Himself upon earth, had endured scorn and contempt from men, did not leave him without comfort, for Tom rose from his knees humbled, and yet strengthened, and ready to face the whole world. It was not, however, needed:—one or two of the other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and Tom went down to the great School with a glimmering of *another* lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has *once* conquered his own *coward spirit*, has

conquered the whole outward World besides ! And that however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord of all men, is *nowhere* without His witnesses ; for, in whatever place you may be,—however seemingly corrupt and Godless, there are always those who are His ! Tom found that he had greatly exaggerated the effects produced by his acts. For a few nights there was a sneer, or a laugh when he knelt down by his friend Arthur, but this soon passed off, and one by one all the boys in their room but three or four, followed their example. Some of the boys mentioned the new state of things to their Chums in other rooms, and, in several, others tried it on, but after a short struggle, the poor fellows were either bullied, or laughed down, and the old state of things went on for some time longer. But before Tom Brown and Arthur left Rugby School there was no room in which it had not become the regular custom. I trust it is so still, and that the old heathen state of things in, at least, one of our great Public Schools in England has *gone out for ever !*

“ Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven.

“ But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven.”

The above extract may serve to illustrate the “ natural ” style of writing. The charm of “ Tom Brown ” is its perfect truth to nature, no unprecedented, or *unlikely* incidents occur ; ordinary life at school seems photographed in its descriptions—yet the pleasure this book has given to thousands of English boys is proved by its amazing popularity, and the way it is listened to, if read aloud to a party of youths. The latter is perhaps the *best test* that a book can receive ; attempt to read in this way, others of the many works upon School life, and the difference will be felt at once ! Reading “ Tom Brown ” seems to have the same effect upon a boy’s mind, as a cold plunge has upon his body—it braces and strengthens all that is good, and brave, and manly, in him ! How many a Boy, for instance, in the great Schools,—Training Colleges,—Workshops,—Offices,—of England, and America, might set a similar Example, as Tom Brown and Arthur did at Rugby School ! And in so doing *perform a Work* for God,—and Christ,—which they in their position,—*alone can do !*

Reader ! If the Eternal God has sent *you* a Message,—if you are in a Position in which your Example will affect others towards Piety,—do not hesitate ! Boldly come out as a “ *Christian !* ”

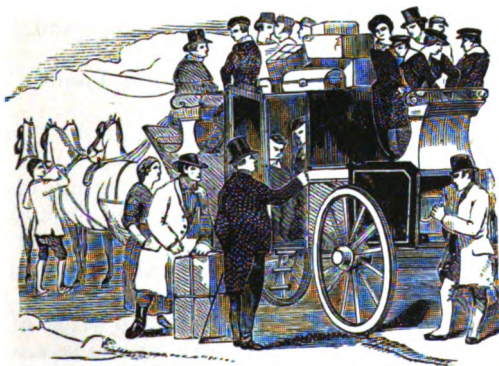
“ SUNSETS LOST,—ON BOYHOOD’S DISTANT SHORE.”

A DISPUTE AT SCHOOL.



Good-natured Harry,—trying to “ make friends ” with Sulky Tom.

“ All aboard, drive on, Coachee ! ” “ Home, Sweet Home.”
“ Let us be off ! ”




Going Home, for the Summer Holidays.

CHAPTER LXV.

The Theatre, Actors, Immoral Plays, and Novels.

PLAYS, AND NOVELS, WHICH NEVER INTRODUCE RELIGION, OR RELIGIOUS,—PIOUS,—PERSONS,—EXCEPT TO LAMPOON AND CARICATURE THEM.—THE “CHRISTIAN” DRAWS THE LINE ALTOGETHER AT THE “THEATRE,” AND VULGAR,—IMPURE,—BOOKS.

 CTORS, — Actresses, — Playwriters, — “Managers,” — Writers of Immoral Novels,—and Impure Songs,—Stories,—and Literature,—know well,—always have done,—*their Enemy*, viz., The Religious World.

They know that the True Christian Followers of Christ look upon them as the greatest opponent to a Pious Life,—the very choicest instruments for corrupting the Young,—and, leading them to a frivolous, thoughtless, Religionless,—not to say, immoral,—life,—which ever existed.

The very “Wall Posters” outside the Theatres,—a disgrace, and eyesore to our Cities,—are quite enough to prove this,—without having to go inside. Either vulgar Buffoons, distorting their bodies, and making Faces at £200 a night, or else Murders,—Immoralities,—impure, vile, Rubbish mixed up at times with religious (?) Scenes. Vile Songs and Plays,—steering as near to Indecency as the Police will allow,—follow each other from City to City,—draining the hardearned money of the silly Working Class,—corrupting their Minds,—and injuring their Health,—by hours spent in the vile atmosphere,—Mental,—Moral,—Intellectual,—and Physical—of our Theatres, and “Concert Halls.”

The Writer is no advocate of “Mamby-Pamby,” prudish, effeminate, Piety,—*not a bit of it!*

He is no Novice in healthy, Manly, Innocent “Sports,” (See page 677),—or “Hobbies.” He has, indeed, taken the First Prize at the “National Olympic” Gathering open to all Gymnasiums in England. Has never taken up any innocent Sports, or “hobby,” without Success in Prizes, but the time has come for boldly protesting against the Meretricious, depraving Theatre,—Play-acting,—and pernicious Literature, of our day. Anything to ATTRACT, and to bring in MONEY! A Deluge of “Erotic”—impure,—Novels,—Plays,—Songs,—etc., is sweeping over Europe, and U.S.A.

Our coarse-minded Playwriters, or Novel Writers,—often

Women,—trying to go a *little further*,—than their predecessors in objectionable, filthy, obscenity,—and thus gain notoriety and Money, are utterly callous as to the results upon the Young. Such, instinctively, feel dislike to the Religious World. They are aware that the Christian looks upon the Theatre,—Plays,—the Theatrical World,—Actors,—Actresses,—all artificial “made up,”—tearing Passion to atoms,—on the Stage,—Pretended Emotions,—Sham Feelings,—Pretence,—a life of Sensational humbug,—with contempt, and, equally, Instinctive DISLIKE. They represent two Schools,—*utterly* opposed,—warlike,—antagonistic! No true Christian Parents,—let our *Aristocracy* do as *they like*,—will ever allow their Children to become “Theatre-goers” while they have any control over their Families, or to attend that Sink of Gambling the Race Course.

No Parent of any pretension to Piety or Religion, would be seen in a Theatre, or encourage others to go to one, on any account, while they live. This explains the *Penchant* of the Playwriters for introducing Religion and the “Clergyman” on the Stage, in a ridiculous character,—or gross Caricature.

NOVELS WHICH SNEER HABITUALLY AT RELIGION.

Amongst the terribly over-rated Novelists,—whose vulgar books, seem to exercise an hypnotic influence over their devotees, and idolators,—Dickens,—with the “actor’s” usual Caricatures of Worthy, Devoted,—Religious Men,—“Ministers,” who have done,—and are doing more for God, Christ, and the welfare of Mankind, in one year than Dickens’ vulgar Novels will do in a Century, or at all,—may be alluded to.

His constant introduction of “Stiggins,”—“Chadband,”—“Uriah Heep,” etc., in the repulsive character of “Religious” men, show the animus of the born “Actor.” Having got the ear of the Public, and secured their silly idolatry,—the *dislike will out!*

It is the old, old Trick,—the Shabby,—“unsportsmanlike,” trick of the Christless,—or Unbeliever,—to dress up an odious Puppet out of a prejudiced mind, call it a “religious person,” and then knock it down!

Come, Reader, here is a Challenge for you! The Writer will put down £100 against yours (to go to a good Institution), whichever wins. Take 100 worthy, accredited, Ministers of *all* or *whatever* Christian Denomination you like. Examine their lives, their Characters, their Ambitions, and if you find a *single* “Pecksniff,” “Stiggins,” or “Chadband,” amongst that 100, the Writer will give in! Such persons existed only in Dickens’ prejudiced imagination!

"It is false!" *Is it?* Then down with your £100, and let us call the "Ministers" together! You will find them excellent, hard-working, self-denying, men; doing more for humanity, and for the Good Master, in a month, than Dickens, and his Books, will do in a Century!

NOTE.—To avoid misconception. The Writer is not a "Minister" himself. Never preached a Sermon in his life, but he has a great reverence for all Christ's true Ministers of all Denominations.

As a Comic Writer of funny, but too often, intensely Vulgar Novels,—all would have been well; but in prostituting his talents,—when he had got the ear of the Public, especially the Young,—and *going out of his way* to attack Religion, and bring it into contempt,—he opens his own life and writings to attack. Observe, throughout Dickens' works, the immense collection of sickening, vulgar characters,—often of the vilest type,—he systematically inflicts upon his Readers! The time will come when many of his books will disgust quite as many as they will amuse. "Copperfield" was his best, but even here he must have a "seduction." He never, for the life of him,—could portray the character of a true *gentleman*,—much less that of a noble, and truly religious, man!

He could no more have drawn the noble character of Thackeray's "Colonel Newcome," than he could have flown! *His* hero,—that impossible idiot "Pickwick" *gets drunk* in a wheelbarrow, in the congenial society of ex-boots and gamekeepers!

"But how true he was to Nature!" Nonsense! dear Reader! Dickens was a born "actor," the most exaggerated, artificial,—*"stagey,"*—and unreal of Writers! His "pathos" constantly slides into "Bathos," his "Virtue" seems curiously forced, theatrical, hollow, "got up;" no genuine ring about it.

Read his Works, critically, and it is *ominous* how *thoroughly at home* he is with *every* type of low cunning, vulgarity, deceit, and rascality,—but how *very* strained, and awkward are his efforts to produce a "high tone" character! The very man who systematically maligns religious people, and represents their lives as cant, and hypocrisy,—himself introduces "cant," false, unreal, mock sentiment, and theatrical effusive, twaddle, into his works, in the vain hope of disguising the fatal absence, in his books, of high tone,—principle,—and true Religion.

No one can wade through the scores of speechlessly vulgar Characters Dickens insists upon introducing into his Works,—without loss of *self-respect*!

Very different are the genuine touches of real nature, by the Master hand of Thackeray!

No one can rise from a perusal of the portrait of Colonel Newcome without a feeling of elevation. Thackeray is *genuine*, goes to the heart,—*he* is no comic buffoon, or superficial sentimentalist,—he goes by Nature! What truer picture was ever drawn than the closing scenes of the life of the Christless, prayerless, selfishly-good-natured, “old heathen,” Miss Crawley? *How many are there like her!*

“When in health, and good spirits, this now venerable inhabitant of Vanity Fair, had once as free notions about religion, and morals, as Monsieur Voltaire, himself, could desire. But when illness overtook her, dreadful fears of death took possession of the prostrate old sinner. Becky (Sharp) never told, until long afterwards, stories of that sick bed,—how peevish a patient was the once jovial old lady; how angry, how sleepless, in what mortal terror of death during long nights as she lay in agony respecting a Future, which she quite ignored, when in good health! The last scene in her dismal Vanity Fair comedy was fast approaching,—the tawdry lamps were going out one by one, and the dark curtain was about to descend. Picture to yourself, young reader, a worldly, graceless, religionless, old Woman writhing, in pain, and fear,—*in bed,—and without her wig!* and learn,—while you are young,—*to love and to pray!*”—VANITY FAIR, *Thackeray*.

MERETRICIOUS SENTIMENT.

Dickens' Works contain just enough jocose allusions to Jollity,—Eating,—Drinking,—Girls,—and Animal Pleasures,—“Country Gentlemen,” like Wardle,—Jovial, Godless, Free-living,—(the very type of the “Profane Person” of the Bible),—to hide the vice beneath, and to disguise from the (naturally) thoughtless Young Reader, the *Irreligion*, and *Immorality*, such a life invariably leads to! They contain just enough gross caricature of,—and sneers at,—Religious folk, to get up a thoughtless laugh, and please the Christless Reader, and yet just enough “gush,” “Natural Religion,” and Theatrical Sentiment, and “Philanthropy” (imitation twaddle) to please the Worldling. An *Atheist* may be a “*naturally*” good-natured, jovial, “drinking,” man, but *Spiritually* he is as dead to God and Christ as a *Corpse*.

“THEATRICAL” PHILANTHROPY.

Take Dickens' “Cheeryble Brothers” for instance; they seem to be actors in a “Religious Pantomime!” Did any Common-sense Christian Employer ever “carry on” as they did?

The *few* “virtuous” characters we are favoured with, all seem “playing to the Gallery.” A curious *unreality* and *sham* about them,—as if acting an effusive, demonstrative, part,—

before an audience. Here we have two London Merchants, theatrically taking off their hats in the Public Streets, thanking Heaven that they have got on so *remarkably* well! Then, —rushing into their clerk's arms who tells them of a case of distress,—saying, "Thank you, my dear man, for mentioning it, here is £20;—more to-morrow, and half-a-crown to the Boy if he takes it to them in twenty minutes!" General emotion, tears, etc.,—and one can almost hear the roar of applause *from the Gallery* above!

It is an incessant straining after theatrical effect! The "Religion of the Theatre!" The "Philanthropy of the Footlights!" And, with all this *talk* about Philanthropy,—what did Dickens himself *ever* do for the Poor, or the Working Classes?

Uncommonly fond of money,—he drew some £30,000 from his American Tour,—though warned, that in his state of health, it would shorten his life.

He was an actor, his Stage the Public. It is easy to satirize earnest, devoted, self-denying, religious men, by gross caricatures,—such as "Pecksniff," etc.,—~~what~~ did Dickens himself ever do for the Poor?

Desperately fond of Money he Lectured when he knew it was shortening his Life.

EXAGGERATION.

Well! "He exposed 'Dotheboy's Hall,' the Yorkshire School!" *Did he?* What are the *facts*? Mr. J. C. Brooks died a highly respected and retired Ship Agent of Newcastle-on-Tyne,—he was at the Yorkshire School, famed as having an imaginary "Squeers" for its Master. A greater Caricature,—or more monstrous exaggeration,—was never attempted. The real name of the School was "Bowes' Hall,"—ten minutes walk from the river Greta. The House is still standing; now occupied by a Farmer. Mr. Brooks went there,—a boy of 10,—in 1822,—and left the following year.

The Writer's old friend,—John C. Brooks, died (85) 13th March, 1897. The Writer possesses letters of Mr. Brooks' in 1895,—fully describing this School,—and his telling Dickens about it. Until he did so the latter knew *absolutely nothing* about Yorkshire Schools, nor ever would have. But the born Actor, and Novel Writer, saw here the opening for a Sensational Fiction. Mr. Brooks also enclosed cuttings of Yorkshire Papers,—sent by him,—years ago,—attempting to expostulate against Dickens' misrepresentation. The Writer has these also by him. But the Public would not listen to a

word against their *Idol* in 1840,—and they are just as *determined* not to do so in 1908.

It merely ruined and closed two Schools at least, which were doing, if in a humble manner, useful work cheaply.

There were about seventy Boys in the School (not “not wanted” children, as Dickens falsely described),—sons of respectable Parents, many of whom became,—like Mr. Brooks,—Respected, Wealthy, men. The Master’s name was Mr. George Clarkson (not Squeers), and as totally different a Character from that product of Dickens’ diseased imagination as can be conceived! “I never saw him punish but one Boy, or rather Young Man,” says Mr. Brooks,—“and that he did in style,—to the satisfaction of all, for it was richly deserved, with the object of putting an end to improper conduct.”

That the School was, like all Schools, throughout England, in the “Twenties,” rough, is not denied. Parents never thought of paying the sums for Education eighty years ago we are now accustomed to, and the Schools of that Period must be judged accordingly. What would Parents have thought in 1822 of paying the £150 a year now needed, when all is paid, to send a Boy to Rugby, or other good English School in 1908? How could Parents expect much when they only paid £20 a year to the Master? £20 was the Annual charge at “Bowes’ Hall.” Every Boy had to bring a certain amount of clothing, after which the School *provided that also!* Mr. Brooks thus had one new suit. It lasted so long, was of such durable material, that he says “he was quite sick of it!” Note.—(They *made good* clothes in those days.) Education could not be “done well” *at the price!* Still the Boys were, Mr. Brooks says, “fairly well taught, were hearty, and properly fed.”

Read “The Life of a Fag at Winchester School,” sixty years ago; those were rough times at our best Schools, but our worthy Fathers seemed to be *quite* as manly, and turned out *quite* as well with it all, as the Boys of our day! The Senior Usher at “Bowes’ Hall” was a Mr. Gregson, a worthy man; but, unfortunately, sums paid to Schools of that day did not permit of paying First-class Teachers, and the other Usher, named Alderson, a new arrival,—was a “Tartar” of the “good (?) old School,” and, in the Head Master’s absence was wont to use the Cane severely, so much so that on one occasion the Boys called “Shame!” This was construed into a Mutiny. The older boys shabbily denied having spoken, and threw the blame upon the younger ones, some of whom were unjustly and severely birched, Mr. Brooks being one of the victims.

Mr. Brooks’s friends Challenged,—and Resented,—the

cruelty, and removed him to a School at Chatham,—Mr. Wm. Giles's,—which Dickens had only recently left. Dickens came down from London now and then to see his old School, and joining the boys in their Country Walks, he selected Mr. Brooks as his companion on two occasions.

"It was on these occasions,"—says Mr. Brooks, "that I told him of my experiences at Bowes' Hall,"—not unfavourable ones. He little thought the exaggerated form those simple details would be produced hereafter. Mr. Brooks happened, at the time, to have a pimple on his nose, and,—boylike,—had attempted some amateur surgical remedies to get rid of it. "I, very foolishly, cut the head off, and put ink on it," he writes. This Dickens magnified into an Ulcer on one of the Boys, lanced with a penknife by "Mr. Squeers"!

You see, dear Reader, the false exaggeration, and Tricks of these "Novel" Writers to extort, and abuse, their readers' sympathies, by "cock and bull" Stories! "The 'Prospectus' in 'Nicholas Nickleby,'—says Mr. Brooks,—"of the School is a caricature of the original one of Bowes' Hall,"—Mr. Brooks possessed an original copy which proves it.

That other Parents besides those of Mr. Brooks were deceived by the Educational advertisements of that day, and were foolish enough, apparently, to hope that their boys would receive a College Education for a totally inadequate expenditure of money,—£20,—there is no doubt.

But how could any sensible Parents expect it?

What would Parents in 1822 have said to paying the £150 a year now needed to send a Boy, in our day, 86 years after, to Rugby, or any of our Luxurious, First-rate Schools? Rugby with 300 Boys, and its income of £46,000 a Year!

The Schoolmasters of 1822,—Mr. Clarkson and Mr. Giles,—would say, "Give us a *quarter* of that £150 per Scholar, and we could have paid for an efficient staff of superior Teachers; but how could we possibly do it at £20 a year?"

Here, Reader, we have the entire Basis of that entirely fictitious Story of Dotheboy's Hall! It caused two useful Schools to close.

There never existed any School, or Schools, in Yorkshire, for "not wanted," or illegitimate Children *at all*! They only existed in Dickens' imagination! Their Schools were no worse than others at that period all over England. There never was a Mr. "Squeers;" it is falsification from beginning to end!

It merely ruined Mr. Clarkson and another School near.

Yet what "Stock" did Dickens make of it to gain notoriety, and (his great aim in life) to sell his Books! He was at once

dubbed an eminent Philanthropist ! He went down to Bowes' Hall, and found,—what any person, short of a born idiot, could know, without making the journey,—if Parents only gave £20 a year, and clothing found, that a first-class Teaching Staff, and a good system of Education, was not to be expected. A Mr. Shaw kept another School at the end of the Village. Dickens only succeeded in ruining both Schools and their Masters !

“ You dislike Dickens, and have some grudge against him ! ”

Not a bit ! Never knew him,—nor anything about him,—except his “ Life,” and Novels. The Writer has Mr. Brooks's own letters to him, giving all the details.

The entire object of this Criticism is to shew the *humbug* and pretence, not only in Dickens', but in all “ Novels.” It is too bad to have the Reader's best sympathies utterly wasted upon what is fictitious and unreal, from beginning to end, when so many cases of *actual* distress around us claim our practical aid !

Let the Young Reader think for himself, instead of following the blind, popular, adulation of terribly over-rated men. It is cheerfully admitted, however, that Dickens' Works compare favourably with those of the many nauseous, immoral, works of Fiction, with which Modern Society has since been outraged ! Vulgar-minded Women,—a disgrace to their Sex, and Nation,—will write any amount of immoral, objectionable, rubbish, now, *for Money !*

Syndicates,—who will do anything *so long as it pays*,—guarantee Immoral Women so much a year, to produce a certain quantity of Rubbish in the Year ! *Anything* to get Money and Notoriety, is the “ Gospel ” of such people ! The fault, of course, lies with the Public who Buy and Read their Books.

CONCLUSION.—NOVEL READING.

The advice to the Young Reader is to avoid Modern Novel Reading *altogether !* It will waste countless, and precious, days in Youth, which you may now utilize in the acquirement of substantial knowledge from good Books, and Study, invaluable to you in after life ! The recent Novels and “ Plays,” with their abominable mixture of Immorality, “ Gush,” Murders, false “ Religious ” Sentiment, Vile Principles, and Scepticism, ought not to be encouraged by any one pretending to be,—or wishful of being,—a Christian.

Time is a precious Talent entrusted to you ; soon *come*,—soon *gone !*

Even the better class of Fiction fills the mind with absurd

emotions about unreal, imaginary, totally fictitious Heroes and Heroines who never existed,—or ever will exist, and too often, with *immoral* thoughts, and suggestions. Novel Reading debilitates your mind, by rendering useful, solid, and above all, Religious Reading, and Study,—in comparison,—dull, and “uninteresting!”

The habitual Novel Reader,—like the “Sensation Theatre” goer,—the Concert Hall Attender,—or like the Inebriate, or opium smoker,—*must* ever have some fresh excitement! His enfeebled mind loses the power of self-denial, and the Power, and Taste, for useful, much less, Religious,—Study!

Novel Readers can weep with “gush,” and false Sentiment, over the entirely imaginary sorrows of a “Bogus” Hero, or Heroine, who never existed, but will not give a Shilling to alleviate *actual* distress, or destitution around them!

Novel Reader. “It is false!” *Is it?* Then before you read the next fictitious twaddle, Novel, send a Guinea to Dr. Barnardo’s “Homes,” 18, Stepney Causeway, London, and let us, for goodness sake, have less “bogus” theatrical sentiment, and a little more true *practical* Philanthropy!

The advice formerly given in regard to the once popular “Dice,”—holds good in regard to the Modern “Popular Novel.” The *best* “throw” of the “Dice” is to “throw them away *altogether*!” Or, when about to read an immoral Novel, remember Punch’s “Advice to those about to Marry,” DON’T!

NOTE.—In 1891, out of 15,779 books issued from Selkirk Public Library, 12,247 were fiction and only 247 theology and religion.

READER. “I consider your attack upon Novel Writers and “Actresses,” “Theatres,” and “Concert Halls,” unfair, and injudicious.”

Well! Reader, *fill* your mind with them,—if you like,—*waste* your time,—delight yourself with vulgarities,—fill your imagination with objectionable twaddle of the “low tone class,”—it is all one to the Christian! Send for Mudie’s frightful List of “Clearance Catalogue Works of Fiction,”—some 90 closely printed pages (!)—waste the best of your life in mastering that awful mass of mostly,—Unmitigated, and “noObjectionable, Rubbish;—take your Children to the existeTheatres;” you go *your* way,—but let the Christian go *his*! worse

CONCLUSION.

never NOTE.—This Book of advice is not written for the “Novel Reader,” to end “Theatre Goer,” but to Youths, who desire to fear and serve God

It read with His aid,—to endeavour to promote Christ’s Cause, and the
Yet good of Mankind.
and (

“For varying Creeds,—let angry Zealots fight,—
His “Creed” is good,—whose *Life* is in the *Right*!”

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE BRAVE SAILOR BOY.—VOLNEY BECKNER, OF IRELAND.

"Honour thy Father and thy Mother."



HEROISM in a humble state of life has seldom been more remarkably exemplified than in the case of Volney Beckner, an Irish Sailor Boy. Volney was born in Londonderry, his father being a fisherman of that place, and so poor, that he did not possess the means of giving the boy a regular school education. What young Volney lost in this respect, however, was in some degree compensated for by his father's instructions. These, however, of course related principally to a seafaring life, in which courage in encountering dangers, generosity of disposition, and promptness in all cases of emergency are so needful. While yet a child his father taught him to swim, and, as the boy grew older, used to throw him into the sea from the stern of his boat, and encourage him to sustain himself by swimming as long as possible. It was only when the boy appeared exhausted and in danger of sinking, that his father (a noted swimmer himself) would reply to his remark—"I don't think I can go any further, Father"—by helping the panting boy into the fishing smack. It was a rough life, but it was everything to young Volney, for he was thus, from the cradle, taught to brave the dangers of the sea, and become an adept as a sailor. It is said that at six years old the boy could swim three to four miles out from his father's smack while out deep sea fishing, and would not return until completely fatigued, when he

would catch a rope thrown out to him, and mount safely on to the deck, to hear his father say, approvingly, "That was a good swim, Vol.!" The father and the son had the greatest affection for each other; but the former, knowing how precarious was the trade he had been brought up to, thought it better that the boy should be placed as an apprentice in a Merchant Vessel, that he might have a better chance of getting on.

The young sailor boy soon rendered himself exceedingly useful; in a gale—when the wind tore the sails, and made the timbers creak—the squirrel could not climb with more agility, over the loftiest trees, than did Volney along the yards: and, in the fiercest storm, he appeared as little agitated on the highest mast, as if he was lying in his snug little hammock. Once, a passenger relates, in a hurricane which overtook them, something had gone wrong aloft; there was danger of the ship being "taken aback," and immediately foundering; certain ropes had become entangled at the top of the lofty mainmast. Who, in such an awful Storm was to go aloft? Not a Sailor volunteered; they knew the danger amongst these loose flapping sails and swinging booms! The Mate, a rough, powerful-looking man, called for the sailor boy Volney, who was below, and ordered the boy to go aloft! The Boy glanced upward—then at the resolute, determined, face of the mate,—pressed his little Scotch cap firmly on his head, and, with a kind of sigh, took hold of the ratlins, and (although he knew the danger as well as the mate did) without another word, went up with a will. The passengers expostulated with the mate for ordering the gallant boy aloft in such a storm. "He could never come down alive!" "I did it to *save our lives*," growled out the rough sailor; "if we were 'taken aback' at this moment, we should all be in 'Davy Jones' locker' in ten minutes! We have lost *men* overboard, but never a Boy; they are lighter. See how he clings on like a squirrel!" "I *do* hope he will come down safe"—continued the mate,—his eyes anxiously fixed aloft together with the other Sailors. "He's a *good* one he is! We shouldn't like to lose him!"

After a time of sickening suspense the Boy succeeded with the ropes—the men hauled away with a will—and the Ship was soon "snugged" (as the saying is at sea), and in comparative safety. The Boy was received with cheers from his shipmates, and the rough Mate growled out a few words of honest approval, which made the Boy's fine face glow with pleasure.

A sailor boy in those days had to lead a hard life; to be

fed with biscuits so hard that they had to be either soaked, or broken with a hatchet ; to be suddenly awakened—from the soundest sleep, to go aloft in darkness and rain—such was the life of Volney. But the boy soon came to regard little ordinary toils and privations ; indeed, with it all, he enjoyed perfect health, and was thus free from the diseases springing from idle and pampered appetites.

Although deprived of the advantages of a good education, his own experience had rendered him intelligent, and such was his cleverness and trustworthiness that he was judged by the owners to be worthy of promotion in the vessel, and received double the usual pay. A light-hearted, merry, boy, he was always ready and willing to assist his comrades, and soon won the esteem and affection of all around him. An occasion at length arrived when the young sailor boy performed one of the most gallant actions on record.

It happened that during one of the voyages the ship made, that Volney's father was also on board.

Among the passengers was a little girl, the daughter of a rich American merchant. She had slipped away from her nurse, who was ill and lying down in the cabin, and had run upon deck. The boy Volney was sitting by his Father, and others of the crew, on the forecastle, when the little girl, in looking over the side of the vessel, lost her footing and fell overboard, the vessel giving a sudden roll to starboard.

The quick eye of Volney's father, who was at the moment relating a story to the seamen (who, with his son Volney, now a fine boy of fifteen, were listening eagerly to him), saw in a moment what had happened, and without a moment's hesitation sprang to his feet, shouted to them to "shorten sail," and, throwing off his coat, dropped over the side into the sea, in a few powerful strokes had reached the little girl, as she was sinking ; held her up by her frock, and, with the greatest coolness, supported both her and himself in the water till assistance should reach them. All would have been well, for he was a powerful, and noted, swimmer, and the action was *nothing* to some of his performances, when, whilst he was swimming with one hand and supporting the child with the other, he perceived that horror of all seamen, a *pointed black fin*, at a short distance advancing towards them. *One glance* was sufficient ; it was a *Shark*. None but a sailor knows the danger of being exposed to these monsters. The deep sea Shark grows to an immense size ! They will follow a vessel for days, the superstition amongst sailors being, that it knows when a death will take place on board, and waits till the body is thrown overboard. Much more probably the large fish is

attracted by the odds and ends thrown overboard in the wake of a vessel, especially when a number of emigrants or soldiers are on board, and the cooks are kept constantly employed. The shark has several frightful rows of teeth, set backwards like a saw, and pointed. When about to tear its prey, it is, however, compelled to roll half over to seize it in its mouth. When one of these monsters has been caught and hauled upon deck it will, with one blow of its tail, make the ship tremble again. The seamen cut the tail off with a hatchet, when, after a length of time, the monster may at length be killed by repeated blows and stabs. The most powerful swimmer is of course entirely helpless in the water before one of these creatures, which grow to the length of a ship's boat. Volney's father knew too well their *extreme peril*; he shouted loud! His voice reached *one faithful ear*, that of his son Volney! The boy knew from that voice of terror that something had *indeed* now happened! He knew his Father well! In many a sudden danger had the boy seen him. He had sat and slept by his Father at the helm—their smack caught in a gale far from the land—and, through the dark night, his Father's skilful arm had guided their plunging boat; saying to the boy when he woke—"All right, Vol., we shall weather it; go to sleep again;" and the little fellow would kiss his Father, and drop off to sleep again, feeling perfectly secure. It was the *first cry* he had ever heard from his Father in danger. The Ship had been turned, a boat was being manned, when the lookoutman raised the cry of a "Shark." The Mate at once ordered up two ship's Muskets, and fired one over the spot where the fin could be seen occasionally out of the water, hoping thus to scare the Monster from his prey; but it was *too late*. The fish had seen them!

Every one was now on deck! The men straining every nerve to lower the boat, which (as too often happens in an emergency) had got its tackle in some way entangled. The powerful Mate, musket in hand, watched for an opportunity for another shot. He knew he should only have time for one. At this moment a boy plunged into the sea, holding something in one hand. It was the boy Volney Beckner! Resolved, after his father's cry of agony, *never to desert him*, and either to save his father or die with him, the gallant Boy had seized the long, keen, knife of the ship's Butcher, and diving like a fish until he saw the white body of the Monster above him, ran the long keen blade far into its body! Thus severely wounded the fish quitted its first prey, and endeavoured to roll over to seize his assailant. But Volney, long accustomed to play tricks in the water, dived here and there, and even

succeeded in getting home another desperate thrust with his knife. Meanwhile his father reached the ropes thrown out to them, and mounted the deck in safety, with the little girl, still living, in his arms. It was a heartrending scene! On the one side the American gentleman trembling for his little girl, and blessing the generous Seaman who had risked his life, and saved his child. On the other hand, the Captain, Mate, and the whole Crew breathless in anxiety for their young ship-mate. The Mate, pale, but determined, seized another opportunity, and (at the risk of hitting the Boy he longed to save) again fired. This shot seemed successful; the fish, for a moment, disappeared; a glad roar rose from the crew! Volney, the next moment, had reached one of the dozen ropes thrown to him—a dozen hands were trembling with excitement to help him in—when the brutal fish following him, with its usual dogged tenacity, enraged, apparently at seeing his prey about to escape him, made (as they are sometimes known to do) a sudden rush and half leap out of the water, and succeeded with its sharp teeth in tearing the body of the gallant and intrepid boy almost asunder, above the hips. A part only of poor Volney's palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up into the ship; while his father and the little girl were both saved.

Thus perished this noble Sailor Boy! When we reflect on the action he performed in saving his father—whom he loved so well—at the almost certain expense of his own life, we are entitled to place his name in the first rank of heroes. He was born in Londonderry in 1748, and from the account from which this history has been, in part, taken, it would appear that he at this time was about fifteen years old.

From what is known of his admirable and generous character we may hope that the boy was not unprepared to die. And as he was at the moment of his death obeying his Creator's commandment, "Honour thy Father and thy Mother," by giving his life to save his parent's, he could hardly have chosen a nobler end than in trying thus to *do his duty to the last!*

Once gain the love of God, and it little matters where, and when, we die! For we may be certain in the case of a good, and noble, Youth, however sudden, and painful, may be his death, that Almighty God will not suffer "either height, nor depth, nor *any other creature*," to separate him from His love, "which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!"

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—*Rom. viii., 38-9.*

CHAPTER LXVII.

"HENRY."—A SKATING PARTY.—A NOBLE YOUTH,
OF HOLLAND.

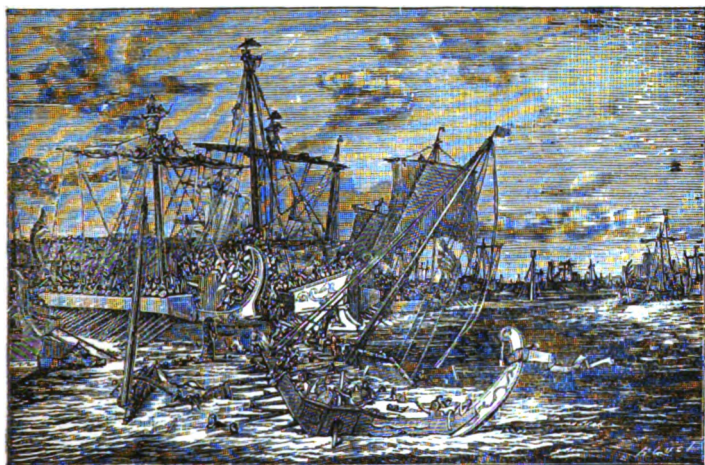
A SOMEWHAT similar act of heroism to that of the boy Volney Beckner, given in the last chapter, was performed a few years ago in Holland, by a youth named Henry. A party of gentlemen set out from Rotterdam one winter's day to skate down the Canals, and Meres, to Amsterdam. In Holland the whole country is intersected with streams, canals, etc., in every direction, so that in winter, the whole population go about on skates. Everybody skates. The market women skate to market with their baskets, and skate back again. The very smallest children skate. There is one danger to be guarded against, and that is in avoiding what, on American lakes, are called, "breathing holes"—holes in the ice only just skimmed over with freshly frozen and insecure ice.

The Party had proceeded some miles, and were passing over the ice, with their hands linked in the Dutch fashion, with great velocity, some distance from shore, when a bad piece of ice,—a "Breathing Hole,"—suddenly gave way, and all but one of the party were precipitated into the water! Two of these went under the Ice, and were never seen again; the remaining two were father and son, a Merchant of Rotterdam, and his son, a fine youth of sixteen. They were both excellent swimmers as well as Skaters, the Father, especially, being a noted and powerful swimmer. This enabled him to support himself and his son (to whom he was greatly attached) for a considerable time, during which he was so collected that he gave directions to the remaining one of the party, who had not fallen in, how to assist them. They did their best, but the ice kept breaking around them at the edge; it appeared that though it might bear the weight of one, no sooner did it feel that of both, than it gave way once more. The Boy, seeing this, and feeling that his dear father—from his repeated sighs, was becoming completely exhausted in his efforts to support him (he himself having become completely numbed and helpless with the cold) resolved not to be the cause of his father's death. He therefore raised himself for a moment—kissed his father with a familiar and endearing expression—reminded him of the far greater loss he would be to his mother and the dear ones at home—asked his father to forgive any—

thing he had seen undutiful to him, and saying that "as it was God's will he was prepared to die"—suddenly relaxed his hold, and deliberately sank beneath the ice! His father was saved; and some years ago was said to be still living;—and the name of his noble son "Henry" ought to live also!

*"Let me die the Death of the Righteous,—and let my last Days
be like his."*

Ancient Sea Fight.



Nothing new,—Reader!—Here we have the Ancient "Galleys with oars," of the Greeks, "ramming" each other, in the style of our modern Ironclads.

Every page in the History of Mankind is wet with Human Blood!

A "FALLEN" WORLD!

"For we know that the whole Creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."—*Romans viii.*, 22.

"Down the dark Future, through long generations,
The sounds of War grow fainter, and then cease,
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear the Voice of *Christ* once more say 'Peace!'"

Longfellow's "Arsenal at Springfield."

NOTE.—While "fallen" human Nature exists upon this Earth it is greatly to be feared the Great Poet's Vision will not become a Reality. After 1908 years things point to the exact contrary,—Cannons. Rifles, Soldiers *everywhere*.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE OFFICER AND THE YOUNG SENTINEL.

"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you :

"But if ye Forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."

ON one occasion, during the Peninsular War, one of our Regiments,—sent on to the Front to take up their positions for an expected encounter on the morrow,—had approached by nightfall near to the Enemy's lines. As the first movement of the latter would be in their direction, double Pickets, or Sentinels, were posted at every point, with injunctions to keep the strictest watch, and orders to report any movement they might observe, or hear, in the direction of the Enemy. One of the Sentinels, a fine young Soldier, recently come out from home, thought that during the night he heard sounds, as if from an advancing guard from the opposing army; but his Officer of the watch not coming round for his report, and being forbidden to leave his post on any account, he was greatly perplexed what to do. Whatever the sounds were, they were not repeated, and soon after he was relieved by the next Watch. The Sentinels brought in their reports; no one else had heard anything. Being truthful and honest, the young Soldier thought that he ought to mention what he had heard, and, when asked why he had not reported it before (for it was found what he had heard was an important change on the part of the Enemy), he replied that he had no means of doing so, as no Officer had been round to his post. As his position had been an important one in advance of the others, the Commanding Officer,—greatly displeased,—sent for the young Officer whose duty it should have been. This Officer was a youth hardly out of his teens, who, through influence and good family, had bought a command over veteran soldiers old enough to be his father, who had been serving their country for years.

Alive to the disgrace of his position, at such a critical time for the army, this young Officer (who had, in fact, altogether forgotten this particular Sentinel), resolved to deny it altogether, and stated that he had not only come round, but that Henry, the young Soldier, distinctly replied that "all had been quiet."

He was believed ; the Soldier was placed under arrest, and received a severe reprimand. This the young Officer was ordered to repeat in the morning on Parade, and the Soldier was degraded !

When the young man indignantly remonstrated with him for allowing such injustice through his fault, the young Officer, exasperated at this appeal before the other Officers, struck the Soldier in the face, calling him a " Liar ! " The young man flushed crimson, but became suddenly silent. He made no further complaint, only saying in a low voice, "*I will make you repent all this, sir !*"

The Young Officer, Conscience stricken, felt very uneasy at this threat ; but, in the excitement of the engagement now approaching, the affair was soon forgotten except by those concerned in it.

Then was fought one of those great Battles which made the name of our " Iron Duke,"—Wellington,—so celebrated.


Towards evening one of our Regiments was temporarily repulsed. The young Officer, who, to do him justice, was no Coward, retreated, fighting every step, till a ball broke his leg. Lying helpless, unable to move without intense pain, and expecting every instant a charge of heavy Cavalry to sweep over them, he gave himself up for lost, especially as he felt that a Surgeon alone could dress the wound, and preventing his bleeding to death. At this moment he heard his name called, and answering, he beheld, on glancing upwards through the smoke, the young Soldier whom he had treated so shamefully, at the *risk of his life* returning towards him !

Remembering his threat, he concluded that the young man would now have his revenge ! He could only look up imploringly. Guessing what was passing through his mind, the noble fellow said, " Oh, do not fear *me*, Sir ! I am a " Christian,"—thank God ! I heard from the men you had fallen, and ran back to *save*, not to *hurt* you. The Hussars will charge over here directly, and our men are in Squares to receive them ! "

So saying, he got the youth on to his back, and,—just in time,—carried him safely off, with great exertion, and at the risk of his life !

When they were safe, and the Surgeon had stopped the bleeding, overcome by his feelings, the young Officer clasped the generous Soldier,—whose hand he had not let go,—round the neck, and burst into tears !

The young Soldier understood him, and, returning the embrace, said in a low tone, " No need to tell anyone about it. I am quite satisfied with having thus made you repent it ! "

" Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." 

While speaking of "Sentinels," the following describes the fascination the First Napoleon exercised over the Young Frenchmen of his terrible day.

A BOY SENTINEL.

The "Velites," or Youths drawn by the "Conscription," are thus described. It affords a glimpse of Napoleon's wonderful art in securing the devotion—almost worship—of these Gallant but foolish French Boys. It was Napoleon's custom in a campaign to halt in the open country to take his meals. On these occasions he always had a dozen or so of the "Velites," or Chasseurs, in a circle round him, at some distance, to prevent anyone from approaching. One day, during a halt, as his faithful Mameluke, Roustan (who always attended upon Napoleon), was preparing his coffee, the Emperor observed a boyish-looking "Velite" posted near him. Struck with his beauty and aristocratic air, he called the boy to him, and abruptly asked, "Who put you in my Guard?" (referring to the "Young Guard" previously alluded to). "Your Majesty," replied the youth. "I do not understand you," said Napoleon; "explain yourself." "Sire, after the decree of your Majesty that young men of family should serve in your Guard, I was drawn by the Conscription," replied the boy. "Thou art a little fellow," said the Emperor, patting him on the cheek. "Sire, I perform the duties the same as the veterans of the regiment." "That is true," replied Napoleon. "Have you ever been under fire?" "Yes, Sire, at the passage of Berg." "Ah! that was warm work! Were you not a little afraid? Oh! you blush—I have hit the truth!" "Yes, Sire, I own it; but then I am young, and it only lasted a moment," said the Boy, blushing. "Never mind; many others have, like thee, been afraid, and it lasted a much longer time!" Then, after a short silence, the Emperor resumed, "Thou art a good Youth, and shalt dine with me; will that please thee?" "Certainly, Sire," cried the handsome young "Velite," while his eyes sparkled at the honour shown him; and, placing his carbine near him, he was soon seated opposite the Emperor.

Roustan waited upon him with all the deference he would have shown to a General Officer. Half-starved, the boy took the slice of bacon which was handed to him on a silver plate, and began to eat with the appetite his short allowance and hard duties had given him. As the Mameluke turned the wine into a silver goblet, Napoleon said, smiling, "Ah! ah! boy—thou likest well to be served in a goblet, so that no one

can see how much thou drinkest ; I wager that thou wilt have it refilled ! ” “ Certainly, Sire ; even to the brim, so that I may the better drink to the health of your Majesty,” said the youth, smiling. Napoleon joked him incessantly during the repast, but the young “ Velite’s ” replies were full of spirit and point. After it was over, Napoleon asked him his name. “ Guiyot Desherbiers, Sire,” he replied. Repeating the name over after him, the Emperor asked him if he was a relative of a Councillor of that name in Paris, who had recently died. Being answered in the negative, he added, “ Very well ; conduct yourself properly, and remember that I shall not forget you ! I shall see to your advancement when the proper time comes.” The young “ Velite ” made his military salute, took up his carbine, and was again at his post. How many a time—brought up with tenderness, fair and delicate—would this Youth cheerfully brave the fatigue of the march and the fire of the enemy by remembering this conversation and this promise ! The promise was *not* forgotten. Napoleon never forgot ! His confidence in the Emperor—as a man—was not misplaced. Amidst all the terrible scenes through which he passed—the world of care that lay upon his shoulders—plunged as he was in the vortex of European politics, and engaged with designs vast as a hemisphere, this extraordinary man never forgot the young “ Velite ” who had dined with him in Poland. Yet the promise was never fulfilled ! Why ? Because, like thousands more, in his hero worship, young Desherbiers placed his hopes—not upon God—but upon one who, with all his wonderful powers, was, after all, but a man. A man ? Say rather a selfish monster ! For, wonderful as were Napoleon’s powers, how can we sufficiently execrate the ruthless ambition which spared *nothing*—the best and noblest things which God has created—in order to secure his *own aggrandisement* and glory ? A ruthless ambition, which led him to spare no pains to pamper and flatter the boyish pride of such as Desherbiers, in order to secure their devotion, and, even worship, to himself, though knowing that he should consign thousands of them to cruel deaths, alone, unfriended, and in agony, far from their homes, and friends, cut off in early youth—they whose capacities were capable of noble, worthy devotion to their Creator, instead of bestowing it upon one like him—they, who but for the miserable bubble of so-called “ Glory ” which consisted in wresting from others the lands they had inherited from their fathers, and massacring them if they resisted, might have lived a worthy and successful life, useful to their fellow men, and might have died with children’s faces round their beds !

For one day, after his return from Versailles, Napoleon went one morning to see the young "Velites." As he approached the squadron, he requested the Commander to order young Desherbiers from the ranks. He dearly loved a "Scene," and conducted it with great "tact," knowing the effect it had upon his troops. The Officer replied that he had been passed into a regiment of Hussars, and was now in Spain, where, for years, a frightful war had been carried on by the French—a war almost of extermination; for the Spaniards, rendered mad with hatred of the French, and at the atrocities of Napoleon's "Veterans," fought from house to house, and spared no Frenchman who fell into their hands.

"Why was he sent there?" asked Napoleon; "he was but a boy." "On account of his gallant conduct at Friedland, Sire. He slew two Russian Grenadiers with his own hand, in sight of the whole squadron!" "That makes a difference," said Napoleon; "it is all well!" Was it? Alas! the young "Velite" never returned. He was taken by the Spanish "Guerillas," who put him to death with the most dreadful tortures. He bore all with heroic courage, and with his last breath pronounced the names of Napoleon and a fair cousin whom he loved in Paris. Poor Desherbiers! If his hopes and ambition had been fixed with equal devotion on *another* Master, he would not have been left to die alone. How was it that he, and thousands like him, did not see the miserable object for which they were content to lay down their lives—this so-called "Glory"?

How was it they did not perceive in *these arts*, which Napoleon made use of to obtain their devotion, that it was no regard *for them*,—he was not a "Frenchman," but a Sicilian Adventurer,—no real love,—no sincere wish for their best interests—(for through life he habitually neglected their religion and his own)—which actuated him? He was looking to himself,—his self-interest alone. To make his Brothers "Kings" and himself "Emperor." He saw, at a glance,—for he knew his Countrymen and their weaknesses well,—in the spirit and courage of this young boy—his vivacity, his boyish ambition, *fostered by his military education*—a future Officer, who, devoted to his service, would advance his interest and power, and like Ney, Davoust, Lannes, Massena, and others, would one day carry his victorious Eagles over the Continent of Europe!

The Reader is asked to turn to the "Invasion of Russia," 1812, pages 329-354, of Volume I. of this work.

ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

Britain's Total as Compared with Other Nations.

So far from "Universal Peace" coming to this "Fallen" World, everything points to precisely the Reverse. The more Peace Conferences are held, the greater the armies enrolled.

A Parliamentary paper issued recently gives a return of the total numbers of officers and men in the land forces of Great Britain and Ireland, and of several other countries at stated periods beginning with 1792. So far as it goes, it is a tabulated statement of the World's Armies.

In the appended abstract which gives the last three periods in the table may be traced the effects of the Boer War of 1899-1902 on the total of British land forces at home and abroad. Some results, too, of the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 may be seen in the increase of the Russian army on the active list, while the prolonged Colonial struggle in South-West Africa may have had a similar effect as regards Germany's active list figures for 1906. The initial A refers to the number on the "active list" and the initial R to the number in "the reserve," including Volunteers, Yeomanry, and other reserves in each case:—

	1906.	1900.	1880.
British	A445,731 R547,696	513,863 461,406	307,494 387,550
Total	993,427	975,269	695,044
Germany	A610,000 R3,400,000	495,000 3,305,000	427,000 1,530,000
Total	4,010,000	3,800,000	1,957,000
France	A677,581 R2,952,782	672,565 2,501,784	609,983 960,853
Total	3,630,363	3,174,349	1,570,836
Austria	A409,638 R1,800,000	375,291 1,800,000	291,876 583,593
Total	2,209,638	2,175,291	875,469
Russia	A1,225,000 R2,024,000	1,119,000 1,768,000	947,000 1,009,000
Total	3,249,000	2,887,000	1,956,000

KILLING THE GOOSE WHICH LAID THE GOLDEN EGG.



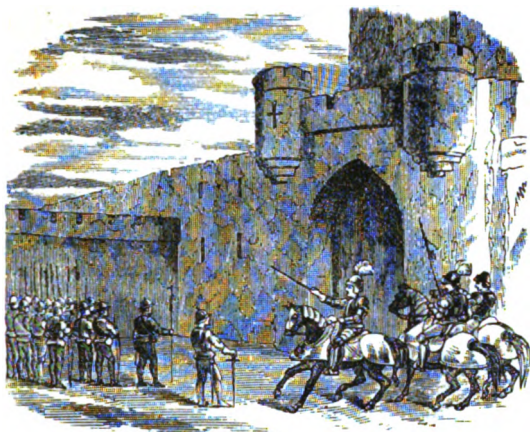
" Much WILL have More,—and sometimes loses all."

A FABLE.

A certain Man had a remarkable Goose, which had the faculty of occasionally laying a Golden Egg in a secret place in the backyard, and, having so done, invariably waddled into their kitchen, greatly excited, and loudly cackling. The Man and his Wife, greatly delighted, then knew the amiable Bird had given them an Egg of Gold,—they fed the Goose with their best food,—hastened out, and sure enough *there lay the Golden Egg!*

But this stupid,—avaricious,—Couple, as usual, "much wanted more," and thought if they killed the Goose they would obtain the entire Treasure at once. The inestimable Bird was killed,—when the Stupid man found nothing in the Goose, but what is in every similar Bird, in fact he found he had been the greatest "goose" *himself!*

Reader,—We smile at this stupid Man, but how many in frantic desire, in our day, for sudden wealth, must needs "Speculate," "Gamble," embark in risky Ventures,—although possessing already ample for a simple, happy, Life,—*lose all*, and too often, with it their *Characters*, and even their *Lives!*



“ They had attacked the Castle in various ways.”

CHAPTER LXIX.

SHOWING HOW THE HOUSE COULD NEVER HAVE BEEN TAKEN
BY THE ROBBERS, IF THERE HAD NOT BEEN A TRAITOR
WITHIN.

The following is in part by Mrs. Hannah More, though altered in some respects, and the meaning of the allegory more fully explained.

THERE was once a certain Nobleman who had a large House or Castle, situated in the midst of a great Wilderness, but enclosed in a Garden. Now there was a Band of Robbers who had a great mind to plunder and destroy the Castle, and bring ruin and death upon all within, but they had not succeeded in their endeavours, because the Master had given strict orders to “ Watch ; ” and up to the time we are speaking of, the Enemy had been kept from obtaining any great advantage. They had, it is true, attacked the Castle in various ways, had tried at every avenue ; watched to take advantage of days of carelessness and thoughtlessness, and had looked for an open door or a neglected window ! But though they often made the bolts shake, and the windows rattle, they could never greatly hurt the House, much less get into it. Do you know the reason ? It was because the Servants were not a little frightened ; they heard the noise plainly enough and were aware both of the strength and perseverance of their enemies ; for there were many cases, where Castles in that neighbourhood had been *entirely* and for ever ruined by letting in this band of Robbers ! It was a

singular assurance that the Nobleman gave his Servants, namely, that while they continued to be afraid they would be safe; it passed into a kind of Proverb amongst them, "Happy is he that feareth always."

HOW TO DEFEND THE CASTLE.

There were times when the Master could not always be near them, but whenever these times came, he used to call the servants, and speak to them of the necessity there was for them to do their part. "I need not repeat to you the directions I have so often given you; they are all written down in the Book of which each of you has a Copy (the Bible). Remember, it is but a short time that you have to remain here; soon, the need of care and watchfulness will be gone past, and you will remove to my Father's House, to a more settled Habitation, where I shall have prepared a place for each of you! Your care will therefore soon have an end; the period of resistance is short, that of rest Eternal! In that Mansion you will never more be exposed to any attack, for there 'the wicked cease from troubling,' and you will enjoy rest and peace. But, mark my words—and they are written also in the Book—whether you ever attain to that Mansion, will depend upon the manner in which you defend yourself in *this*! A little Vigilance and Self-denial, will secure you certain happiness for ever! But I solemnly assure you that everything depends on your present conduct here. You must not think me a hard Master to leave you without peace and security; for the fact is, without this season of trial, you could never be fitted for the life you will, I trust, enjoy hereafter. I will not attempt to deny that your Enemies are, if trifled with, exceedingly powerful; on the contrary, I cannot too earnestly warn you of letting them gain the least advantage, the least admission; if you do, I shall almost lose hope, for, once in, they seldom depart again. But be of good Courage. I shall take care you have very many helps, and many comforts to make this House pleasant, even before you reach the other Mansion. Do not think that I grudge you any gratification, but there are some pleasures you cannot now safely yield yourselves up to; deny yourselves these, and all things will be shortly yours!

"For all things are yours: Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or to come; all are yours; And ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."—1 *Corinthians*, iii., 21, 23.

THERE MUST BE A TRAITOR WITHIN.

Above all, remember what I say,—I would defy all the attacks of the Robbers from without, if I could depend on the fidelity of the people within ! If they ever get in, and destroy this House—and remember, that destruction will be a final one—it must have been by the connivance of one of the Family. *For it is a standing Law, as you all know, of this Castle, that mere outward attack can never destroy it, if there be no Traitor within.* You will stand or fall, as you observe this rule ; and if you are Ruined, remember it must be from some neglect or fault of your own, in not seeking My aid, and in allowing admission to my foes and yours.”

When the Nobleman had done speaking, every servant repeated his assurance of attachment and firm allegiance to his Master. But among them all, not one was so vehement and loud in his professions as Self-love !

Self-love was one of the oldest of the servants, and they all depended greatly upon him ; and as he had charge of the gates, of which there were five—(the five senses)—he was a most important person amongst them.

Now, though he really desired the good of the House, Self-love had some weaknesses ; he was, to speak the truth, a civil fellow enough, but was fond of seeking his gratifications, at whatever cost ; and, though he had a great confidence in himself, which, up to a certain point was very well, and was the foremost to promise, he was sometimes the slackest to perform. His Master was more afraid of him, with all his professions, than he was of the rest, who protested less. He knew that Self-love was vain ; and he apprehended more danger from his love of talk and flattery, and love of change and pleasure, than even from the stronger vices of some of the other servants.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess, that though Self-love was allowed every refreshment, and all the needful rest which the nature of his place as Porter permitted, yet he often thought it very hard to be forced to be so much on duty. “ Nothing but watching,” said Self-love to himself ; “ I have, it is true, a good many comforts, a good deal of pleasure, and meat and drink sufficient, but I find it hard this watching so narrowly, and letting in no company without orders, merely because there are said to be some straggling Robbers here in the Wilderness, with whom my Master does not choose us to be acquainted. He tells us to be thus vigilant for fear of the Robbers, but I suspect he makes them out to be more dangerous than they really are.”

Self-love, however, kept all these things to himself; He began, however, to listen with rather less alarm to the nightly whistling of the Robbers, and by giving way to such thoughts as these he became sometimes so tired of duty and watching, that he would almost rather run the risk of being robbed once, than live always in this strict manner!

Now there were certain bounds or limits in which the Nobleman told his servants they might safely walk and divert themselves at proper seasons. A large and pleasant Garden surrounded the Castle, a very thick Hedge separating this Garden from the Wilderness, which was infested by the Robbers, and in this Garden the servants amused themselves.

Their Master had, however, often said to them, "You will consult your own safety, as well as your love to Me, by not venturing over to the extremity of the bounds, because he who goes as far as he dares always shows a wish to go farther than he ought, and commonly does so."

A THICK HEDGE (CONSCIENCE).

Oh! that Youths would believe that this is but the natural course of things. If we allow ourselves to tamper with Temptation in spite of Conscience—(the Voice of the Unseen God)—that "Hedge" God places in the way to Ruin,—and deliberately do wrong once, every following step in that deceitful Path you will find to be easier than the preceding one; because Sin,—some sins especially,—blind the Soul to danger. Then seeking to quiet the voice of Conscience, by which God, in his love to us, tries to warn us of our danger, by some good outward act merely, such as going to Church or Chapel, or reading the Bible, or some Religious Book,—in reality amounts to nothing! It may make us *feel easy*, but it imparts to us no *moral strength* to resist the next Temptation. Something *deeper* is needed. We must face it manfully: our Sin must be given up if we are ever to see God! Whatever else we may do, we can do nothing until we Repent of, and are willing to give up, our Besetting Sin, whatever it may be.

What we all need is nothing short of a change of heart and life: we must pray for this in the name of Jesus Christ, and obtain from God the Blessed Holy Spirit, saving grace, and strength, to enable us to abandon our Sin for ever—that grace which our Creator, who knows us far better than we know ourselves—can alone impart.

It was remarkable that the *nearer* the servants kept to the Castle, and the farther from the *hedge* the more ugly

the Wilderness appeared; and the nearer they approached the forbidden bounds their own home appeared more dull, and the Wilderness more delightful!

This the Nobleman knew well when he cautioned them about it, for he never said or did anything without a good reason. If the explanation was too deep for the servants quite to understand, he used to tell them that they would understand it when they came to the other Mansion, for there all the difficulties of the present one would be perfectly plain.

Now, Self-love had been among the first to promise to keep clear of the *hedge*, and yet he was often to be seen walking as near it as he durst. One day he ventured quite close up to the hedge, and, putting two stones one on another, after a few attempts, made shift to peep over the hedge! So it is that at first we find it difficult to commit sin without compunction and sadness, but after a time we find it agreeable, conscience becomes dull, and finally sin becomes a habit, and a continued course of sins is fallen into,—seldom to be overcome.

THE VILLAIN FLATTERWELL.

SATAN'S EMISSARIES, EVIL COMPANY.

“Satan does not send Fools upon his errands.”

It was a *singular* thing that, just as Self-love was peeping over the Hedge, he saw one of the Robbers strolling as near as he could to the boundary outside! This man's name was Flatterwell,—a smooth civil man,—“whose words were softer than butter, but having *war* in his *heart*.” The moment he saw him, Flatterwell made several courteous bows to Self-love.

To employ a well-known saying, “Satan does not send fools on his errands!” The acquaintance of lively wit of pleasing address, and kindly manners, but Unprincipled in mind, without religious feeling, Profligate, and caring only for Pleasure in this life, is the one whom the young in years are most likely to be injured by. It is in the Company of such that a cheerful but innocent and Pious mind finds it *impossible* to retain its position. The Company of such should be at once avoided by the young; otherwise their way of thinking, of living, of speaking, will before long be your own.

Now, Self-love had the idea that all Robbers must have

an ugly look, which would frighten you at once, and a coarse, brutal manner, which would, at first sight, show they were enemies. For an open enemy he would have been prepared, but Mr. Flatterwell's civility threw him off his guard. Indeed, he had not spoken a dozen words with him before Self-love drew this conclusion,—either, that Mr. Flatterwell could not be one of the Gang, or that, if he were, the Robbers themselves could not be such Monsters as his Master had described, and therefore it was folly to be so fearful of them. Having begun the conversation, and telling his new friend his name, and how pleased he was to have made his acquaintance, Mr. Flatterwell spoke of the Nobleman, commending him, in a general way, as a person who meant well himself, but who was rather too apt to suspect others.

MALIGNING THE FAITHFUL GOD.

To this Self-love assented. The Villain then ventured by degrees to hint, that though the Nobleman might be a good Master in the main, yet he must be allowed to be a little *strict*, perhaps a little *stingy*, and not a little Censorious. That he was blamed by the "Gentlemen of the Wilderness" for shutting his House against "good Company"; and his Servants were *laughed* at by people of *spirit*, for submitting to the gloomy life of the Castle, and the insipid pleasures of the Garden, instead of ranging as they chose, at large, in the "Wilderness."

"There is certainly some truth in what you say," said Self-love, "My Master *does* seem rather harsh and close: but to tell you the Truth, all his precautions in telling us to watch and secure all the doors and loopholes are to keep out a number of ROBBERs, who, he assures us, are only waiting for an opportunity to destroy us! I hope no offence, but the fact is, Sir, by your *livery*, I half suspect you must be one of those he is so much afraid of!"

"Afraid of *me*! Impossible! My dear Mr. Self-love,—for that I think is your name,—you cannot think that I am your enemy; I am unarmed. What harm can a plain man like me do?" But the Villain blushed as he spoke!

Self-love: "Well, certainly that is true enough, yet our Master says that if once we give way to you and let you into the house, we shall be ruined soul and body!"

Mr. Flatterwell: "I am sorry, Mr. Self-love, to hear so sensible a man as you appear to be on other points, so deceived in this! Your Master knows we are cheerful, entertaining people, foes indeed to gloom and superstition; I cannot but

fear that he is naturally morose himself, and does not choose you to become acquainted with us."

Self-love : " But he says that if we follow our own disposition, and do as you would have us, before long, we should forget Him, and His laws altogether ; that, as soon as you got all your own way, you would drop all the cheerfulness and good nature you appear to possess, and your real Character would then appear ; that once in your power, you would never leave us, until you had made us as wretched and wicked as yourselves, full of all that is vile and sinful ; caring nothing more for Him, and blind and reckless to the utter ruin we should bring upon ourselves ! "

" *Really*, my dear Mr. *Self-love*," said Flatterwell (who, however, upon this, with all his art, blushed as he spoke), " I am *forced* to say that all this is far from the truth, that you really must not "*believe*" Him ! The worst that we should do is to enjoy ourselves. We might, perhaps, take a friendly Glass with you, play an innocent game of Cards together, or sing a cheerful Song. We might get you to come with us to the Theatre occasionally,—or the "Concert Hall,"—you would soon get to like it. You would, it is true, have to give up all this "daily Prayer" your Master insists upon, but, really with pleasant companions you would surely not need such gloomy,—strict,—Rules, it really makes your lives, we think, sad ; we are merry enough, and laugh at all these "rules." Pray, can there be any harm in all this ? "

" Well," said *Self-love*, " I must confess I think that the Master DOES judge rather harshly in these matters. I have, I own, sometimes thought that He made you out to be worse than you really are ! "

THE HEDGE, CONSCIENCE, GOD'S BARRIER TO SIN.

Flatterwell saw well by this time, that, as far as his disposition went, *Self-love* was already over the "HEDGE," and that he was kept on his side by fear instead of principle ; from the time he saw this, he made sure of him.

He continued, " The more you see of us, the more you will have cause to think so ! I only wish for my part, that there was not this ugly 'HEDGE' between us. I have several things I want to speak to you about, but, knowing in what esteem your people hold us, I really fear being overheard or seen talking with you ! If you will allow me, dear Mr. *Self-love*, a little private conversation with you, I might, with your aid, get through the 'HEDGE,' and call under your window this evening : the fact is our whole brotherhood are desirous

of obtaining your friendship. I think we shall be able to convince you that it is mere prejudice, and not wisdom, which makes your Master thus bar His doors against us, and I shall tell you something to your advantage."

"Don't say 'we,'" said Self-love, "pray come alone; I would not see the rest of the Gang for the world, I only feel pleasure in you! I think there can be no great harm in talking to you through the bars of the door; but you must understand I am determined not to let you in. I must own I wish to know if you can tell me anything to my advantage."

Flatterwell going,—turns back,—“Dear Mr. Self-love, there is one thing we have forgotten. You know that I cannot even get over the ‘HEDGE’ *without assistance*. You are aware that there is a secret in the nature of that ‘HEDGE!’

You in the house may get over to us in the wilderness, of your *own accord*, but *we* cannot get to *your* side against your resolute wishes! If you will look about to see where the ‘HEDGE’ seems thinnest to you, and then set to work to clear away, here and there, a few boughs, it will do for me; it won’t be missed; and if there is but the *smallest hole* made by you, on your side, *of your own accord*, we on *our* side can get in!”

To this Self-love made some objection, but only on the ground of its being seen. Flatterwell replied that the smallest hole would be sufficient, for “he could then *work his own way!*”

“Well,” said Self-love, “I will think it over! To be sure I shall then be equally safe inside the castle, as all the bolts, bars, and locks will be between us, so it will make but little difference.”

“Certainly not!” said Flatterwell; but the villain knew well that it would make *all the difference* in the world. For after an allowed sin is wilfully committed, the HEDGE—Conscience—becomes more and more thin and weak!

MAKING THE HOLE IN THE HEDGE (CONSCIENCE).

So they parted. Self-love went home convinced of his Master’s prejudices against the robbers, and he began to esteem them so only in name. “But for all that,” said he, “though Mr. Flatterwell is certainly an agreeable companion, he may not be perfectly safe, so that I certainly shall not let him in!” Thinking thus, Self-love did not forget the agreement he had made to thin the hedge a little; he found it easiest to do so by thinking as little as possible of the Master, and exaggerating, by dwelling upon it, the pleasure he hoped to enjoy with his new acquaintance.

At first he only tore off a handful of leaves, then a little sprig ; then he broke away a bough or two ! It was observable that the larger the breach became, the more slightly he began to think of his Master, and the better of himself ! Every peep he took through the broken hedge increased his desire to get out into the Wilderness, and made the thoughts of the Castle more irksome to him. " I am sure," said he, " one may always stop where one will ; our Master cautioned us that if we went to the bounds we should next get over the hedge. Now I have been at the utmost limits, and did not get over ! " Here Conscience (for the hedge was not yet quite destroyed) put in, " Yes ! but it was not from want of inclination on your part, but only because you were afraid of being seen ! "

Flatterwell, in the meantime, prevailed on the rest of the robbers to make an attack on the Castle that night. " My brethren," said he, " you now and then fail in your schemes because you are for violent beginnings, while my quiet, insinuating measures hardly ever miss ! You become repulsive by shocking Vices, blustering and frightening people, thus setting them on their guard. You inspire them with fear and disgust at you, and cause them to apply to their Master (whom we hate and dread) for aid, while I endeavour always to make them think *well of themselves* first, and then to think *ill* of the *Master* ! If I once get them to entertain hard thoughts of Him, my business is *done* ! This Self-love is the very one to succeed with ! I am very glad I was under the Hedge while he was peeping over : he is easier managed than one of your sturdy, sensible fellows, for he has no *self-denial*, his chief object being his own gratification ! With others we need strong arguments and strong temptations ; but with such fellows as Self-love (and let me tell you there are very many like him), in whom vanity and sensuality are the leading qualities, flattery and assurance of pleasure and ease will do more than you can by intimidation ! Only let me manage, and I will get you all into this Castle before midnight ! "

PRAYER NEGLECTED.

At night the Castle was barricaded as usual, and no one had observed the hole which had been left in the Hedge. This oversight arose from the servants neglecting the examination their Master had often encouraged them to make of what had transpired during the past day or week.

All were very cheerful within, and all was very quiet with-

out. Some of the servants even observed to the rest, "That as they had heard no Robbers that night, they thought they might soon begin to remit some of the bolting and barring, which was troublesome, and they hoped the danger was now pretty well over." It was *remarkable* that these opinions were generally advanced when the servants had *neglected* their *private* business with their Master. (Prayer).

All, however, except Self-love retired quietly to bed.

Self-love slipped down to his lodge. Conscience foreboded something ill would happen if he continued resolved to have his own way, in defiance of the Master's wise and good cautions. But then what right had he to suspect Mr. Flatterwell or anyone who appeared so obliging and civil? "Why be uncharitable, and always be kept from doing as others do? Besides, Flatterwell may really have something to tell me *much to my advantage!*"—and, to tell the truth, the prospect of pleasure to be obtained, or profit gained, weighed more with Self-love than all else! "He will be alone," continued Self-love, "what harm can he do me through the bars of the window? Our Master has taken a dislike to him and his associates, but I will prove that he has no cause to fear on my account. I can go to a certain length, and yet stop when I please, and return!"

Had Mr. Flatterwell heard this speech, he *would have been sure of his man!* Why?

THE REASON.

WHY CANNOT THE SINNER STOP?

For here let me pause an instant, and ask you to consider with me *why* it is that any allowed sin has this fearful power of enslaving those who have no intention of yielding themselves absolutely, and without reserve, to its dominion?—how it comes to pass that no one can say, "this one sin," or, "this sin once more I must have, but I *go no further*;" in this, it is true, I allow myself wilfully, and deliberately, to commit a sin, but I will then stop short—I need not repeat it!" How is it that such calculations are sure to be defeated, and none can tell the amount of evil he will commit—the ruin he will bring on himself?

The Reason, I think, is that no sin, however separate from other sins it may seem, can be regarded as alone, or by itself; every kind of sin is connected with a whole Spiritual kingdom of darkness, of which Satan is the Leader and the head, from which it came forth, and with which it holds relation still,

even after it has found lodgment in the sinful heart ! The existence of this dark Kingdom of envy and hate, of pride and lust, which is ever around us, like the Wilderness filled with Robbers, and would fain also be *within* us,—the existence of Satan and his angels (those tempters, ever watchful to find an open door in the heart, and, where that door has been opened for one pleasant besetting sin, ever watchful, by force or fraud, to make an entrance for many)—the fact that there is a Kingdom of Darkness around us, as well as a Kingdom of Light—that we have affinities with the one no less than with the other—that sins, no less than graces, are linked together by a mysterious Law—explain how it is that any Sin wilfully admitted into the heart, cannot remain quiescent there ! It will ever move onwards, casting forth its roots, and fibres, on every side ; it must gradually vitiate and corrupt the portions hitherto nobler and purer, and sincerer in our natures !

Daily actions,—good or evil,—long continued, produce habits,—habits, confirmed,—make *the Character* (for time and for Eternity), and the Character decides the Destiny, whether for weal or woe !

AN ALLOWED SIN, A WHIRLPOOL.

And oftentimes a ruling Sin will have power, little by little, to colour the whole life—to assimilate everything there to itself, swallowing up, *like a Whirlpool*, all that was purer, and nobler, and more Heaven-born in the man or in the youth !

There are many sins which have this absorbing character, ever encroaching more and more, to the wreck and ruin of every noble faculty and power.

Let us take but three.

1. *Vanity* is such a sin. Conceit,—Vanity,—may often seem little worse than a mere harmless foible ; yet Physicians will tell you that there is no sin which makes more inmates to the Lunatic Asylum than this. And how many through it have missed the Crown of Life on the Last Day will disclose !

2. The *Love of Money* is another such sin—ever claiming a wider, fiercer, more relentless tyranny over the soul—ever resisting more and more any openness of action—ever suppressing any generosity in that mind.

3. The *Lust of the Flesh, and Drunkenness*, indulged in, and allowed, prove oftentimes another such sin. They have a fearful tendency to become such ! Let me imagine, for example, a youth with many capacities for a nobler and purer life, with everything on God's part to fit him for a useful, honourable position on earth, and an eternity of bliss

hereafter, who has suffered himself to be entangled in youthful lusts, has stained himself with these, and then, after a while, or, what is worse, all the while, is awakened by the Good Spirit of God to ask himself, "What have I done?" Let me ask him how fares it with him at the prospect when he, not yet wholly laid waste in spirit, with something of good still left in him, feels, nevertheless, *mastered* by the "sins of his youth!" Though none but himself be conscious of his fall, he wanders away from his fellows; or, if with them, he is alone, for he is brooding over the awful power of evil, which, indulged and allowed, he now too dearly knows! Sins in act will, in the nature of things, be only occasional from time to time; but sins in thought and imagination may, and often will, be almost continual. What a Manufactory of unholy and impure fancies will be the heart which has given itself up to, or has allowed an entrance to this sin! In that heart what foul and ugly imaginations will be for ever fashioning! Seeking everywhere and in everything for the fuel which feeds them! You, over whose innocence a Saviour watched with hope; you, who might ere now, loved and forgiven, have been well forward on your Heavenward way, had you early repressed this vice!

Would that the youth timidly beginning a departure from his God, by indulging in such sins, could know the fearful condition of him for whom simple, innocent, pleasures and pure delights, exist no more—whom *nothing* now can please which has not upon it *something* of the Serpent's *slime*! To such a youth, who, it may be, feels yet many restraints of conscience, of a godly education—the gentle influence, it may be, of a parent's prayers—whose mind, capable of nobler, better things, warms *still* at the thought of obtaining some distinction, I would appeal. I would remind him that Christ teaches us (and all experience confirms it) that "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin," so that an evil habit, which might have been but as a spider's web at first—so easily might it have been, by a vigorous effort of the will, snapped asunder,—becomes links of iron at last! He would have you know that Satan,—that tyrant of our lives,—ever puts him who has accepted his yoke to *viler drudgeries* than before! If the case is yours, it is sad to think of your one day being lost to feeling, doing things readily, and without hesitation, from which you would, at the first, have shrunk back with disgust and alarm.

CHRIST CAN DELIVER.

But if you have already gone some way in evil, and time after time the subtle temptation is offered to you, and you have given way, let not this discourage you from attempting to throw off the yoke of sin! Be delivered from that bondage of yours—that besetting sin, so sweet now, so fearful in the end. Christ came for that very purpose, that He might deliver. Resist the Devil in the hour of temptation; resist, not leaning upon your own strength alone, but also appealing for, and leaning on, the strength of Him whose “arm is not shortened” that it cannot save you!

Do not give up as hopeless the ceaseless struggle such a prospect may present to you, with impure, covetous, or wicked thoughts. Such is not meant to be our portion. We must, indeed, always stand upon our guard from time to time during our youth and during our life; but this temptation—the Evil One, in the shape he now wears—resist him by prayerful effort, and he will presently flee from you!

Whatever else may hereafter come, the present temptation is withstood and shall have passed away. For that time you have proved faithful; one good step has been taken towards a happier and better World!

You shall know—you shall know something of Jehovah's smile, something of the blessedness and joy of needful Trial and Temptation met and overcome!

Must there be, in honesty, one other word of Caution? Then we all have to remember—never again to forget it,—that it is possible to go too far; it is possible to place ourselves in a condition for which, as far as regards this life, nothing can be done!

To one who has gone some length in Sin—above all, one who, after having begun Recovery, has *turned back*, once more, to the mire and quicksands of sin—all that is pure—the innocence of children, the holy love of sister and of mother—all that is most fair in God's world must, at times, come to him with a shock of pain, with an INFINITE sadness, for it wakens up to him a sad image of what he is and what he might have been; but his prayer will now be sincere, “Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.”

We may have to carry—it may be to the grave—the sad effects we have brought upon ourselves by Sin; but though our opportunities here may have been lost, our senses blighted (and the past can never be re-called!)—still there is that last blessed hope left us, if penitent—forgiveness for

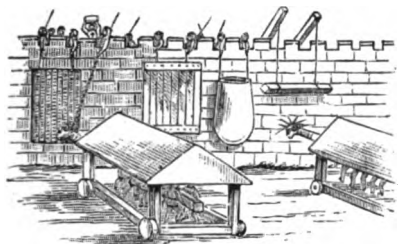
the sake of Christ. It is not for any to judge another ; He alone knows our trials and our guilt ; but do not shrink from applying to Him. It is our last—I pray God it may prove our best—hope for the endless life to come ! I would speak no word of censure, for to such as I have pictured there comes at times a sorrow, a despair, which is more powerful than any words of man ! I would rather ask you calmly to consider what you have to gain or to hope from sin—a moment's fleeting pleasure—and then to reflect what, to obtain this, you must hazard and for ever lose ; and as, without holiness, no one can ever see the great and pure God, I would urge you to waste no longer the precious, fleeting days of opportunity that are still your own. Apply to Christ betimes ; throw yourself at His feet. If you can but, by earnest prayer, touch the hem of His garment, you may yet be clean.

The injury you have inflicted on yourself may be carried with you to the grave ; but, if you are accepted for His sake, the stains, the sins themselves can be cleansed. They can be forgiven by God for His dear sake Who, to obtain the power, had to bear the dreadful load Himself, and to die for them. If He, Who was God Himself, being in agony under the awful burden, could not but raise the cry to God the Father, " Why hast Thou forsaken Me ? " I would ask you, what shall *you* do if you fail to come to Him for aid ? By the unknown anguish He endured, and every one unforgiven and impenitent will surely feel before a just Creator, I would urge upon you thus to apply at once ; those Sins—under which many a one has given up, and *seated down* into a Sleep of Despair, or the quiet calm of Spiritual Death, and under which (is it not true ?) you have almost fainted—will be no longer laid upon yourself, you will be able to look upon them as laid upon another, upon Jesus Christ, upon One " mighty to save," upon Him who did but for a moment stagger under the weight of a World's sin, and then so borne that He has borne it away for ever !

Do not then say, whether older or younger, " The Harvest is past, the Summer is ended, and I am not saved ; " do not say that there was no " balm in Gilead, no physician there," for though your Sins are " like crimson," He can make them " whiter than Snow ; " do not say that you have cried and He has not answered. " Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary ? " " There is no searching of His understanding." " Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly

fall ; " but they that wait upon Him in prayer shall feel that though with *man* it was " impossible," with God, if sought in the name of His dear Son, " *all things* are possible ! "

Ancient " Battering Rams " at work.



The Siege begun.

THE CASTLE TAKEN, ALL LOST!—THE TRAITOR WITHIN.

About eleven, Self-love heard the signal agreed upon. It was so gentle as to cause little alarm.

Flatterwell never frightened anyone ! Self-love stole softly down ; planted himself at his little Window ; opened the casement, and saw his new friend. It was pale starlight. Self-love was a little frightened, for though he had become a little accustomed to his new acquaintance, he thought he perceived one or two *other persons* behind Flatterwell !

The latter, however, assured him that he was mistaken, that it must have been a shadow, which his fears magnified into a company. " Besides," said he, " I assure you that I have not a friend who is not as harmless as myself ! "

A long conversation now followed : Flatterwell descanting upon the advantage of being free from all bounds, in the pleasures of the wilderness, ridiculing the Master, and, above all, His Book. (The Bible.)

" As to the Book, Mr. Flatterwell," said Self-love, " I do not know whether it is true or not, for to tell the truth I have *neglected* it, rather than disbelieved it. I am forced, indeed, to hear it read occasionally, but I seldom look into it myself, as it has always appeared *uninteresting* to me, and I am not fond of Laws and Commands, and, above all, of the Self-denial it urges upon us."

" I cannot wonder at it, Mr. Self-love," said Flatterwell, " but I would especially desire to deny the dangers and effects of disobedience, which it pretends to be true ; you need go *no further* than you *wish*, and a *sensible* man can

at all times *return* if he thinks well. The Window, however, from which you speak, is so high, that I wish you could *come to the door!* I am afraid every moment of being overheard; besides I have brought you a vessel filled with the Wine we use here in the wilderness, for I thought you might like to taste it."

THE ROBBERS GATHER OUTSIDE.

"Well," said Self-love, "I see no great harm in being a *little* nearer; there is a little wicket in the Door, through which we can converse with more ease, and equal safety, for the same fastenings will still be between us."

"It will be *just as safe*," replied Flatterwell, but the Villain signalled to his Comrades, for he *knew* it would make *all the difference* in the World!

The Wicket being now opened, and Flatterwell close on the outside, they conversed with great ease.

"I should not take all these pains to make your acquaintance, if I did not long to prove that the Master's objections to me are unreasonable and tyrannical; have I any appearance of hurting anyone? Why I believe, Mr. Self-love, you could trust me Inside with you, if we were to close the Door directly; if so, I should at least prove what I say, that we could pass the night sociably together. I have brought you a little of the most delicious Wine that grows in the 'Wilderness.' You shall taste it, but you know I cannot give it to you unless *you put a glass* through the Wicket to receive it; you must do it with your own hand, and your *own will*."

"Well," said Self-love, "I can find a Glass, but *are you sure* you are alone, Mr. Flatterwell? I *thought* I saw a *Number of Persons* behind you"

Flatterwell *Swore* that he was alone, and poured out a glass of that delicious Wine, which has, for near six thousand years, gained the Hearts, and destroyed the Souls, of the Keepers of many a Castle, when, in defiance of the Book of Laws,—the Bible,—they have wilfully held out their own hands to receive it. The Master knew well "what was in man," when he gave those wise laws; it was to keep out that delicious poisonous wine, Self-gratification, mingled and sweetened with *Sensual Pleasure*, Covetousness, and Selfishness,—Vanity, Pride, and Vice, that he had mainly planted the hedge and constructed the locks and bolts. For as soon as Self-love had swallowed the fatal draught, he at once lost all power of resistance; he felt no more fear, for he was prepared for any breach! His own safety, his good and wise Master, his *distant home* and the other Country, all were forgotten!

"How needless has it been," said he, "to have denied ourselves so long! I can see no danger in letting you in alone." For though the Train was now increased to near a Hundred Robbers outside, yet so intoxicated with pleasure was Self-love that he did not see one of them except his new friend!

THE "TRAITOR WITHIN," OPENS THE DOOR. ALL LOST!

He gently pulled down the bars, drew back the locks, slid the bolts, and opened the Door,—never, alas! again to be closed by him. But once again he said, "Though I love this one Sin, I do not wish *altogether* to forsake the Good Master, nor have Him *altogether* to leave me, so I hope, Mr. Flatterwell, you are *certain* no more will come in besides?"

"Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first."—*Luke xi.*, 26.

Flatterwell *Protested*, and Swore, that he was *alone*. Self-love then opened the Door (for to the last moment his obedience to the Master's rules had bid defiance to the foe without); they could not till then enter.

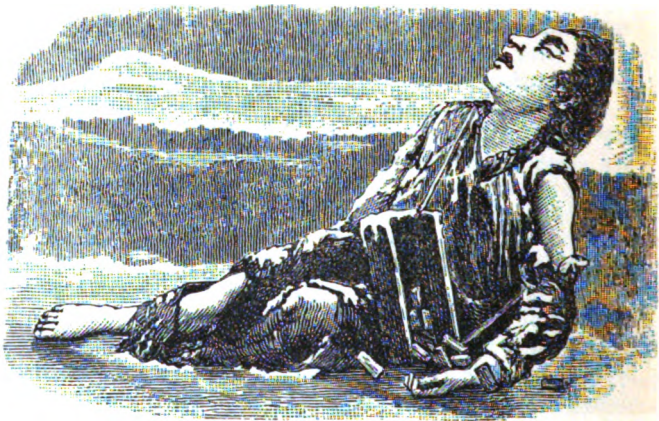
The *moment* it was fairly opened *in rushed*, not only Flatterwell, but the *Whole Band* of Robbers, who ever lurk behind! The moment they were in sure possession, Flatterwell changed his soft tone, and cried out in a Voice of Thunder, "Now down with this Castle! Kill, Burn, and Destroy!" Rapine, Murder, and Fire, one after another took place.

Self-love fell, covered with Wounds. As he fell, he cried out (and oh! Reader of either Sex, who reads these Words, I would ask you to mark them), "Oh! my Good Master, I die a victim to my *unbelief* in Thee. I see now that Thou deniedst me no *one* single *pleasure* to be enjoyed, if I could have had self-denial to wait till I could enjoy it *lawfully*! Thy loving laws *guided* me to the last; the other Mansion in the Better Country was ready prepared; Thy loving Welcome was ready for me there! Oh! that the Guardians of other Castles would hear me, with my dying breath, repeat the Good Master's words, that 'all Attacks from *without* will not *destroy* the House, unless there be some Traitor,—some Accomplice, *within*.' Oh! that the Keepers of other Castles would learn from my ruin that he who parleys and dallies with Temptation is already undone!—that he who allows himself to go to the very bounds will soon want to pass the 'Hedge' ('Conscience'), and will, before long, open the Door for the Enemy; and when he opens the Door for one *besetting sin*, all the other Sins come in too, and the man perishes, as I do now!"

CHAPTER LXX.

PART I.

The Conscience of Great Nations Asleep (1700-1840).



The Match Boy.

Children of Drunken,—Selfish,—Parents. Is this the Triumph of
"Christianity" ?

Part I.—Horrors of the Past. A Dark Picture.

THE CONSCIENCE OF GREAT NATIONS ASLEEP.—WAKENED BY
CHRIST,—AND CHRIST'S FOLLOWERS.—THE SELFISH RICH,
AND THE SELFISH POOR, ILLUSTRATED BY "BLACK"
SLAVERY IN AMERICA, AND "WHITE" SLAVERY IN GREAT
BRITAIN 1750-1860.—THE ERA OF "MACHINERY," 1750,
1767, 1785 SETS IN.—CHILDREN IN COTTON MILLS, IN LAN-
CASHIRE, DUNDEE, ETC.—THE SLAVE TRADE.—THE "CLIMB-
ING" BOYS' MISERIES.—THE DESPERATE OPPOSITION OF
THE RICH, 1800-1840.

Part II.—A Brighter Picture.

MODERN PHILANTHROPY.—MULLER'S ORPHANAGE.—MISSION-
ARIES TO THE HEATHEN WORLD — DR. BARNADO'S
EFFORTS FOR DESTITUTE STREET CHILDREN, 1866.—
THE DONKEY SHED.—THE LITTLE CHILD WITH NO
HOME.—CHILDREN SLEEPING OUT AT NIGHT ON LONDON
ROOFS.—THE POOR SERVANT GIRL'S 27 FARTHING.—THE

GOOD LADY'S £3,000.—WHO HAS THE MONEY WHICH SHOULD HAVE CLOTHED, FED, AND EDUCATED THESE CHILDREN?—THE BREWER, DISTILLER, "GIN PALACE" PROPRIETOR.—NOW THEY NEED "COMPENSATION."—THEY AND THEIR CHILDREN LIVE IN FINE COUNTRY HOUSES AWAY FROM THEIR SWARMS OF DRINK SHOPS, THE RUIN OF THEIR POORER FALLEN CITIZENS.—THE OLD, OLD, TALE, THE DEVIL'S BAIT, "MONEY."

THE ONCE REJECTED,—CRUCIFIED,—CHRIST,—UPON THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

"When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory :

"And before Him shall be gathered all nations : and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.

"Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the World :

"For I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink : I was a stranger, and ye took Me in :

"Naked, and ye clothed Me : I was sick, and ye visited Me : I was in prison, and ye came unto Me.

"Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying, Lord when saw we Thee an hungred, and fed Thee ? or thirsty, and gave Thee drink ?

"When saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee in ? or naked, and clothed Thee ?

"Or when saw we Thee sick, or in prison, and came unto Thee ?

"And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the LEAST of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—*Matt.* xxv. 31-40.

A FEW OF OUR MODERN PHILANTHROPIC EFFORTS, 1908.

1. National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.
Office for Subscriptions (greatly needed), 40 Leicester Square, London, W.C. Robert J. Parr, Director.

2. The Ragged School Union. Secretary, John Kirk. Office for Subscriptions (greatly needed), 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.
3. Dr. Barnado's Homes. Office for Subscriptions (greatly needed), 18 Stepney Causeway, London.
4. Field Lane Refugees. Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. Secretary (for 34 years), Mr. P. Platt.

5. Slum Children's Country Holidays Fund. One Child for two weeks costs 10s. 18 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C. Also Mr. J. Kirk, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

6. Middlemore's Children's Home. St. Luke's Road, Birmingham.
7. Salvation Army.
8. Müller's Orphanage, Ashley Down, Bristol. 2,000 little orphans. Secretary, Mr. G. F. Bergin.
9. C. H. Spurgeon's Orphanage. Secretary, Mr. E. H. Bartlett, Newington Butts, London, S.E.
10. The Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, E.C., has many sick and delicate Slum Children it is anxious to aid.
11. The Southwark Regiment of the Church Lads' Brigade has a summer camp for the working lads of South London (19 Surrey Street, Strand, W.C.)
12. The Seaside Camps for London Working Boys (23 Northumberland Avenue, W.C.) sent last year 2,572 for a seaside holiday.
13. The District Messenger Boys' Seaside Camp gives 4,000 messenger boys a week at Felixstowe (100 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.).

Why "Slums" at all?

"In the Solution of the Drink Problem,—and the American System of 'PROHIBITION,'—beginning with 'Local Option,'—lies the ONLY Solution of 'Unemployment,'—better Housing,—better Workmen, more Thrift,—fewer 'Slums,'—Healthy Parents,—and a Generation of Children properly Fed, Clothed, and Trained. Atoning for Past ages of Cruelty, Neglect, Physical and Mental Degradation, and the appalling Infant Mortality which has so long disgraced and arrested the Progress of our English Nation."—*Daily Paper*.

IT is not claimed that (1) Drink,—(2) Immorality,—(3) Indolence,—and (4) Gambling,—on the part of Parents,—are the ONLY Causes of Poverty, Inefficiency, and an enfeebled Generation of Children physically and mentally unfitted for the Battle of Life. But is there a Sane Person, of any experience, who can deny that this TRINITY OF EVIL is at the bottom of "Slum Life"?

No doubt our vicious System of land ownership in our Island, large areas being left uncultivated in Private hands, removes incentives to the Rural Population of England,

driving the Young and more ambitious to crowd into the Cities, leaving the Country with its monotonous,—“no future”—Life, to the duller, less capable, and plodding, to work on the Land.

Then the stronger,—best endowed,—abler,—who crowd into the Towns, rise in Life. The weaker just keep their heads above water for a time, too often succumbing to the Evil Habits they see indulged in all around them, till they, and their Children, sink into the Wreckage, or Abyss, with which Philanthropy inadequately,—but heroically,—endeavours to cope.

Can we wonder that their poor children unmatched in the Struggle of Modern Competition,—with no proper sound training to earn a livelihood,—ill fed,—with low Vitality, with,—too often,—degrading Habits of vice, acquired almost from childhood, from their companions, sink into the unemployed? Such are, indeed, ill-equipped for bargaining with Employers for regular skilled Labour. Grown up physically, and morally, incapable of steady industry, or clever work, they sink into the “Sweating,”—low waged “unskilled” Labour Market, become hopeless,—then “loafers,”—“Tramps,”—“Odd-job men,”—and,—too often,—join the Criminal Ranks.

In a former age such would simply have disappeared,—died out. Indeed, History informs us in Henry VIII.'s Reign an incredible number of “Beggars,” “Thieves,” “Tramps,” “Not Wanted,” objectionable persons, were simply executed,—hung,—and expelled the Country,—thus putting a drastic end to their having Children, or perpetuating their Class. Now, in our more enlightened, Christian, humane, Era,—every imaginable effort is being made to SAVE the weak, crippled, diseased, feeble children, to PROLONG their lives, naturally saving a vast number of lives of little value to the State.

As Mankind cannot go back to the horrors of the Past, these duties and responsibilities will, therefore, inevitably become greater.

PLAYGROUNDS AND APPARATUS FOR POOR CHILDREN.

Force yourself to observe the pitiable condition of the Children of the very Poor, in our large Towns! Too frequently drunken, deadly selfish, (so-called) Parents, keeping, by their Vices, their Families in abject Poverty. Poor little children, unwashed, uncared for, untaught, no toys, or pastimes, to cheer the little ones' lives. No proper Playgrounds,—as they grow older,—no apparatus for Games,—no education, no training in self-command, to enable them to play

fairly, and with enjoyment. What horrible (street) companions are *their* (so-called) Playmates ! Dismal (so-called) "homes," cross, unkind, ignorant, too often vicious Relations, Vice, Drink, Coarse Language everywhere around them, living in dreadful "Courts," and too often rarely taught how to obtain an honest livelihood ! Something really ought to be done for the still terribly neglected Children of the very Poor !

The Wealthy Classes whose Fortunes were made by Generations of Working Men, *should* consider their responsibilities here !

What should we have been deprived of all those happy years of Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth, had God's Providence not given us kind Parents, Pleasant Playgrounds, decent Schoolfellows, Games properly conducted, which gave us countless days of innocent, and healthy exercise, and enjoyment ?

Who doubts for a moment, that the Immense Fortunes now possessed by our Wealthier Classes, are a "Talent" given to them by the Providence of God, for which "the Rich Man" will have to give an account ?

"I have met with very Wealthy men,"—Mr. Spurgeon, of London,—in one of his admirable Sermons, relates,—“whose Possessions must have amounted to Hundreds of Thousands of Pounds,—who have given me an earnest grip of the hand, and thanked me for the Gospel I have preached, and expressed the deepest interest in the Lord's work ; they have known its great needs, and yet have given nothing to carry it on ; and have even passed into Eternity, leaving nothing of their substance to assist the Cause they professed to love so much. The *smallness* of the gifts of some 'religious' men staggers me *beyond expression* ; I know not how to *comprehend* them. Are they mere hypocrites ? or do they not understand their position and responsibility before God ? They have large talents committed to their trust, and are doing next to nothing in the Master's Service.”—(May 28th, 1876.)

They seem to be under an Infatuation,—a strong Delusion ! God, Christ, His Cause, Christian Duty, and their own Salvation, seem to be sunk before their Idol,—the Love of Gain ! “Conscience” becomes dulled.

It is deplorable that our Modern excellent “Institutes” for the Young,—like almost all good things,—seem never to reach the Children of the *Very Poor*. No one cares to mix *their* children with “ragged” “neglected,” children. The Wise Man never uttered truer words for A.D. 1908, than for B.C. 1000, when they were first spoken,

“The Destruction of the Poor is their Poverty.”—*Proverbs* x., 15.

It is here the noble efforts of the “Ragged Schools,” fostered and extended by the late noble Statesman, the “Earl of

Shaftesbury," and others, have,—for some 90 years,—been an untold Blessing to poor children.

"THE WEAKEST GO TO THE WALL."

Endowments, expressly intended for the Children of the Poor seem imperceptibly to drift into the control of,—and, in time, into the hands of the (so called) "better classes," who employ them for the cheap education of their *own* Children. The latter gradually "crowd out" the children of the very Poor, whom the Endowment was originally intended to reach. The children of the better classes,—by their better education, thus cheaply obtained,—were enabled to enter the "Battle of Life" to greater advantage than the Children of the Poor. "*I deny it indignantly!*" *Do you?* How about "Christ Church College," and "King Edward's Schools" the past 90 years? Perhaps, to save the expense of a Private School,—which they could well have afforded,—your *own* Parents sent you to one of the Schools originally intended for the Children of the *very poor!*

It was the extreme Poverty of the London Children in that dark, heathen time, which roused Edward the Sixth's pity!

(For his lovely Character, see page 312, vol. I.)

Who doubts for a moment that the "King Edward's Schools" were *originally intended* for the very Poorest class of Children?

It does but prove the Mean "fallen" human nature of Mankind insisted upon in this Work.

Now, as usual, under the control of,—and used for their *own advantage*, viz.,—the Middle and even the Richer Class, keeping the very poor boys out.

"O Merciful Lord,"—exclaimed one of the Royal Chaplains, in a Sermon delivered in Edward's presence, "what a number of poor, feeble, halt, blind, lame, sickly children,—yea! with idle Vagabonds, and dissembling, Caitiffs in charge of them do lye, and creep, begging in the miry streets of London and Westminster!"

A *terrible* time that, Reader, we may depend.

All human History contradicts the absurd "New Theology" teaching of our day as to belief in an "intrinsic oneness" between our fallen nature and Divinity. The entire Record of the Human Race, from the earliest Dawn of History,—has been one long "Newgate Calendar" of Bloodshed,—Tyranny,—and Wrong! It is one long History of Outrage,—through the ages,—of the stronger,—the white,—Races enslaving the weaker,—a dismal record of Oppression,—Injustice,—Savage Cruelty,—callous Massacres, and Selfishness!

THE "NEW THEOLOGY" TOTALLY DISPROVED BY THE
"IRRESISTIBLE LOGIC OF FACTS."

FALLEN HUMAN NATURE IS ABSOLUTELY AND DIAMETRICALLY
OPPOSED TO THE DIVINE NATURE.

So far from being essentially the same as the Divine, our fallen nature—(apart from "change" of heart,—called "Conversion"),—is,—ever has been,—and ever will be, absolutely opposed in every conceivable way to every Precept and Command of God and Christ !

We cannot keep the very first Commandment,—we can no more "love" God with all our Hearts than we can Fly ! There is not a Precept or Command of our Lord's which does not go utterly against the grain of our human nature. "Love your Enemies." What Nation, Heathen or Civilised, who ever even pretends or desires to attempt such a thing ? "Lay not up Treasure upon Earth." Where exists the Nation or People who is not busily engaged in doing so ?

There is not a Nation, or Country, in 1908, where "Fallen Mankind" are spared the old, old Scenes of Outrage, Ruin, Anarchy, and Crime,—simply by "Christian" Laws,—the "Laws of Christ,"—enforced by the ever needful presence of Law,—the Laws of Christianity backed by the power of Police, and the Military in the background !

Human Nature is not altered,—"The Tiger" in the fallen Masses only needs to be aroused !

And his Selfishness is, by nature, part of his very being.

Reader, if you are still unconvinced of this vital Truth, without which our Christian Religion becomes unintelligible, turn for a moment to that "TRINITY OF EVIL," see—

(1) Drink, Page 626 ; (2) Immorality, Page 655,—and (3) Gambling, Page 680.

We are about to have in this Chapter, an *Exposé* of the Selfish Rich of Past, and Present times, but, Reader, can we have our Common Sense abused, not to see that these Three Selfish Sins have more to do with the "Unemployment" of the Working Class than mere absence of Employment ?

These Evil Habits are the cause of Parents losing their Self-respect, ability as Workmen, Decent Homes, their health, vigour, and capacity (by their own evil habits) to train their Families aright ? Who doubts that numberless such Parents were well-meaning, and desirous of their children and themselves being decent, able, thrifty,—Workmen gradually "getting on," and into Positions of Trust, and well-paid Situations,—but the Swarms of Drinking Shops,—Temptation

ever BEFORE THEIR EYES,—the Senseless, immoral, Theatres,—and the constant Temptations to "Gambling" placed in their Path,—proved too much for their self-control? How can the Children of Parents,—thus the victims of the Vile Drink Trade,—become well-trained, well-fed, and given a fair start in Life?

No Sane Firm, or Employers, in their Senses,—can stand,—Drinking, Incapable, Unreliable, Workmen or risk placing such in well-paid Positions of Trust. Whereas the Steady, Sober, Industrious, Clever, Workman naturally becomes of importance to the Firm, and often become Proprietors themselves. Indeed, go through the early History of a Hundred now well-known leading Business Firms of Wealth, and importance, and you will in Countless Instances find its origin was due to the one poor man who started it. There was self-improvement in Youth, patient Labour, self-denial, leading to an honourable Manhood of Wealth, Usefulness and Success.

THEATRES, CONCERT HALLS, FOOTBALL.

Fifty years ago what would our Forefathers have said to "Grand Matinées," of Concert Halls for the Working Class, in the middle of the working week, wasting hours, and money to enable Buffoons, and "Comiques" to make £100 to £300 a week out of the hard-earned wages of the Working Class, or listening to Plays which unfit them for steady Work, self-denial, and getting on in Life. Then the constant "Races," Football Matches, etc., Our Nation was made by hard work,—let us hope it will not be ruined by too MUCH "PLAY."

EXAMPLES OF THE "CONSCIENCE" OF GREAT NATIONS ASLEEP.

In spite of "Christianity,"—Education,—an open Bible,—the Laws of Christ,—and professed "Religion," the "Conscience" of Great Nations GOES TO SLEEP. From that sleep they are aroused by Christ, and His true Followers, but with desperate reluctance, as witness the tremendous Civil War needed to stamp out the national crime of Slavery. Also the desperate opposition of the Mill owners, Labour Employers, etc., to Acts to protect the Workers,—the way Plimsoll's efforts for Seamen were met by the Shippers, Kensit's opposition to the Papistical,—"High Church" doings; also the outcry of the Liquor Traffic, when it is proposed to allow the

Working Class "Local Option." But the Slumbering Giant,—at length,—is roused, Christ, and His Followers prevail, and Reforms are carried.

Let us take the example of

1.—Black Slavery in America.

The atrocious Cruelty, and villainy of the Slave Trade,—that dreadful Traffic perpetrated at the expense of untold thousands of the Wretched Natives of Africa for ages, is but one more proof of what "fallen" human Nature is capable of doing when that Tiger's love of gain is roused. When his Selfish Interests are involved, and the Demon "Covetousness" is let loose, man is far more dangerous than a Wild animal ! Do you doubt it ? Then procure a second-hand copy of "**The Slave Trade**," for 2s. or 3s., by **T. Fowell Buxton (Murray), 1840.** The most frightful collection of Outrage,—Inhuman cruelty,—and Crime,—ever got together from the Sworn Evidence,—official Documents, etc.,—presented to Parliament. We have here the Awful System which went on for Generations, from (1) The murderous armed Bands, surprising the defenceless Villages of Africa ; Christian Nations,—carrying off,—amidst fire and murder,—the likely Slaves,—torn for ever from their Families and Country to hard labour for Life in America ; (2) the terrible March of Shackled Slaves to the Coast ; (3) Death, and Cruelties in the Pens, till the Slave Ships could take the *healthy* survivors off, leaving the rest to die of hunger and diseases ; (4) The awful accounts of the voyage across the Atlantic in the "Slave Ships," of that ^{age} of outrage and sin ! As late as 1859, 15,000 wretched shackled Slaves in a deplorable state were landed in America. If one-half survived the horrors of the voyage *it paid* ! It was the Devil's usual Bait, the Great Profits of the Cursed Traffic, like the Drink Trade, being, as usual, too much for fallen human nature ! The terrible Civil War ended the Traffic. While the South were fighting, the faithful Negroes, instead of rising, actually took care of their Estates and Families. Now their reward appears to be being burnt to death with Petroleum, etc., without any proper Trial, and it proves, at times, innocent victims. Still, the White Man is so superior a "Christian" that he will never sit at the same table with a Coloured man !

The treatment of the Native Blacks by the powerful White Nations, from the time the Spaniards landed in America, actually exterminating the Mexicans in their mad lust for

Gold,—chasing them with Bloodhounds,—and making the wretched Natives,—unused to toil,—work in the Mines, has ever been a disgrace to Humanity,—not to say, “Christianity.”

How a Noble Nation, like the Americans,—the “Asylum for the Destitute of all Nations,” upon their Coins,—could allow their conscience to Sleep, and to tolerate this Awful National Crime, till within some 40 years of our day of Enlightenment, and Religion seems, now, *incredible!* In the Heathen World of Rome,—sunk in Vice, and Debauchery,—worshipping their own Vices, in *their* “gods,”—“Bacchus,” “Venus,” etc., no wonder Slavery was a National Institution. But fancy it in 1800-1859!

(1) THE MARCH TO THE COAST.

Our Officers described the great Slave Routes along which the Survivors of the Murderous Raids were driven for long years. Bleached Skeletons of Slaves, whom no goading could force any further, usually killed by a Hatchet-blow on the Skull.

(2) THE COAST SLAVE PENS.

Then the horrible “Pens” on the Coast, where the Survivors were kept to await the Slave Ships. The Captains of the latter, on arrival acting on instructions from the owners, then made a Selection of those they judged most likely to survive the Horrors of the “Middle Passage.” (The voyage across the Atlantic). The rejected,—knowing what their fate would be if left would entreat the captains to *take them!* “Ju Ju,”—on the Bonny River, had Slave “Pens” capable of holding 700 Slaves in 1831. The filth, heat, and disease carried off that year 200 in one Pen.

The Ships then left. “Of the rejected,” a Captain wrote to the *London Standard*, 16th January, 1838,—“I have often seen Gangs of 12 to 20 of all ages, and sex, in Rows chained together by heavy chains round their necks, wandering about the streets picking up Garbage, bones from dust heaps, Snails,—or shell fish,—when the Tide was out, or sitting by a fire eating a kind of roasted sea-weed. The Wretches to whom they were consigned, actually refusing to go to any expense or give them any sustenance! Many in the Gang too weak to walk had to go on their hands and knees, as all had to move together, and in this state were left to perish, without food, medicine, or clothing; many had had their limbs worn by the irons actually grating on the Bone, the wounds covered with flies, till death closed their sufferings!”

(3) THE "MIDDLE PASSAGE." VOYAGE ACROSS TO AMERICA.

Then came the Awful Slave Ship voyage across the Atlantic, if bad Weather was encountered. Then the Hatchways could not be opened fully, nor could the Slaves be allowed on deck. Fancy, Reader, who has been across the Atlantic in a six days' Steamer, in a Comfortable Cabin, wretched Fellow-creatures,—whom God, and Christ looked to us "Christian" Nations to teach, and help,—in Sailing Ships chained naked to the bare Planks. As some 40, out of every hundred were usually looked for to alone survive they were, at the first, stowed as closely to each other as possible ! The deck above them being only three feet six inches above them there was hardly room to sit up (!)

The frightful heat,—the Stench,—many already diseased, suffering from Dysentery, Flux, etc., in addition, now, to "Sea Sickness,"—the food the cheapest, yams of the worst quality, and too often foetid water taken down to them with difficulty in heavy weather, the only wonder half survived the voyage a Single week, let alone Six or Eight ! A terrible malady, Blindness, spread alarm amongst not only the Slaves, but the Crew. What caused this Ophthalmia was not known. One Ship, June 21, 1819, arrived with 39 negroes perfectly blind, and "many had been thrown overboard" (!) The plan of converting the Sea Water for drinking purposes,—employed on our Emigrant Ships,—was not then, known, thus the terrible thirst continually felt by these masses of Slaves, could not be met. The water ran short at times, on a long run half a wine glass only could be given ! If heavy weather came on,—or contrary Winds were met with, the poor Creatures by the continual rolling day and night, for perhaps weeks together, on the bare planks, caused their prominent parts,—shoulders,—hips,—elbows, etc., to be worn actually to the bones (!) Their excruciating,—ceaseless,—pain, can, then, not be conceived, or described. All depended on the kind of voyage made. But, at best, when allowed in fair weather on deck, netting had to be put up, and the Slaves,—though chained in couples had to be watched, for rather than go down again to the awful place below, they would jump overboard.

When any Slaves refused to take nourishment,—preferring to die,—*hot coals* on a Shovel were *employed*,—and an experienced Mate in giving evidence said,—“These means were usually successful, having the desired effect.—I have heard that a certain captain in the Slave trade tried *melted lead* on the negroes who obstinately refused to eat ; but this we never tried.” There are many other details,—from sworn Evidence,—it is impossible to give in this work.

WHO WERE REALLY THE GUILTY PARTIES ?

But, Reader, these Captains, Mates, etc.,—always protested that they were but *doing their duty* by their *employers*. The Slaves were to be fed, must be made to eat, etc. They were but seeing to the interests of the Employers. This was ever their Plea, and can it be said that it was not the true one ? Thus a Mate described being instructed to go round, during a long voyage,—when the water, etc., was running fatally short,—to kill the hopelessly diseased, who would be worth nothing in the Market, even if they were landed, while it would save the water, etc., for the rest. He said he did it with blows of a club at the back of the neck. About a hundred were thus disposed of and thrown overboard, to the great relief of the vessel !

(4) "SEASONING." (GETTING USED TO THE U.S.A. CLIMATE).

Then came the "Seasoning" of the final Survivors before they became used to the change of Climate. Here, again, vast numbers succumbed, before their life-long Servitude could be begun. The negroes of Africa are especially attached to their Native Homes, and numbers, the Doctors believed, died of really a broken Heart at the prospect of never seeing their Native Villages, or Homes again, or their Husbands, Wives, or Children *any more*.

(5) THE PLANTATIONS.

Then came,—for the final Survivors,—the Life-long Labour in the Southern States, under the Lash of the Overseers. Not all "Legrees" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—they did not kill their Slaves at once, certainly not. A clever Overseer given a commission for the greatest crop of cotton he could produce, merely worked the Slaves to the utmost, short of working them to death. The most experienced found while the supply,—to keep up the frightful loss of life,—came from Africa, it "paid best" to "work the Slaves up," and "replace them." The entire Country was against their escaping. They were "branded." Slave-catchers,—Magistrates,—Blood-hounds to track the Fugitives,—and the infamous Law that the oath of a Coloured Witness was never to be taken against that of a white Man ! And this was in a CHRISTIAN Country till some 40 years ago ! Yet the "New Theology" of our day has the colossal impudence to tell us that the Nature of "fallen Mankind is intrinsically the same as that of the Holy

and all-just God, and Christ !" And a Clergyman (see page 705) asserted that the Slave Trade was a Divine appointment, and therefore so far from being evil it was a merciful visitation ! " It is the Lord's doing, and Marvellous in our eyes " (!) The following Resolution was passed by the Presbytery of South Carolina :—

" Resolved,—That slavery is a judicial visitation—that it is supported by the Bible ;—that it has existed in all ages, from the days of those good patriarchs and slaveholders, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob (who are now in the kingdom of Heaven), to the time when the Apostle Paul sent a runaway back to his master Philemon, and wrote a Christian and fraternal letter to this slaveholder, which we find still in the canon of Scripture,—that slavery has existed since the days of the Apostles, and does now exist," etc.—" It is not, then, a moral evil,"—adds a clergyman of South Carolina ;—the fact that Slavery is of Divine appointment should be proof enough that it cannot be a moral evil. So far from being a moral evil, it is a merciful visitation ; ' it is the Lord's doing, and Marvellous in our eyes.' "

" *Marvellous*," indeed ! This unctuous Rascal actually, also, in Prayer,—*" Thanked God,"*—that another Cargo of half-dead wretched Slaves,—who had survived the awful " Slave Ship " voyage,—torn from their homes, and families,—*" had reached America,—a Christian Country (!)*—and thus been brought under the influence of the Gospel " (!) This Wretch, no doubt, had an eye to securing some of them for his Plantation. Once there, the poor creatures would be " under the influence " of brutal Drivers hardened to the abominable business. Fancy forcing your Fellow-creatures to " hard labour for Life,"—for two pairs of cheap Pantaloon,—and two pairs of Shoes a Year for wages ! Never to see their Native villages in Africa again, or their children. Monotonous,—unchanging,—toil in a climate at times of terrible heat,—under the ever ready overseer's Whip or Goad (!) from daybreak to dark (!) "*Branded,*"—liable to be flogged at the caprice of a brutal "*Christian* " (?) Master,—*to death* if he chose ! What chance of escape with his brand marks known,—and advertised for,—dogs ready to track him,—the entire Country,—Police,—Planters, etc.,—all against the runaway ? Slave-owners talking about *Christ*, and *Christianity* ! It was rank Blasphemy ! "*Slavery*" was,—and is,—an outrage of the "*Strong*" against the "*Weak*," and the defenceless. It was forcing the weak to toil for their lifetime to bring Money to the White Man. Awful scenes went on in some Plantations, for generations, every one of them marked by God,—and there will come an awful inquisition by Him one day Who holds the Power of a dread, never-ending Eternity in His hands over the Wicked ! This World never witnessed so amazing a sight as that of a noble Nation like America,—the Land of Freedom,—and "*Asylum for the Oppressed of Nations,*"—permitting the atrocious Crime of Slavery as long as it did !

Who does not see the fallacy of all such modes of argument—the determined resolve to close the mind to the Spirit and the Teachings of the Gospel :—the pleading the manners and customs of an age and times confessedly under a different dispensation, and of a rude, and but little enlightened, state of Society, in order to support Institutions—for reasons of self-interest and gain—which are altogether opposed to the Commands of Christ ?

The Light of the Gospel dawned but gradually upon a World sunk in ignorance and sin ;—Religion, and even common morality, had

almost died out under the Roman Empire, when Christ and Light came into the world!

Since then, with many an ebb and flow, the Gospel and the *spirit which it breathes* have been steadily *gaining ground*; that wretched creature "fallen" Man commits Sins in utter defiance of God, and Christ's commands, then asserts that he cannot help it, because "it is the Lord's doing"!

"*The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.*"

Well, well! It is an old Tale, "Slavery." *Is it?* What do we see in 1908? How about the horrors of the Congo the past seven years? also the following letter—

"Washington, Friday, June 5, 1903.

"The Federal Government is taking decisive action with regard to the system of slavery imposed upon Negroes in Alabama, and has recently made several arrests of men who have ill-treated negroes bound to them, and who have broken the law with respect to these so-called 'purchases.'

"It has been shown in the evidence accumulated by secret service agents that several men in the States of Alabama and Georgia are acting very much as slave dealers did in the days before the war. They are in the habit of bidding for negro criminals here, and there, and then reselling them to plantations where their services are needed.

"As all their victims are ignorant men, and are not fully aware of their rights, a system of actual slavery exists as much as though the negroes had never been freed. They are compelled to sign contracts which have not been read to them, and which they cannot themselves read, and afterwards find they have bound themselves in many cases for several years' labour.

"It is difficult for them to escape, as they are constantly watched, and are locked up at night, and when they do escape the contractors put bloodhounds on their trail and almost invariably recapture them, when they are treated with the utmost cruelty.

"Indictments have been made against some eight of these contractors, and warrants are out for their arrest, while several others are in gaol awaiting trial. The penalty for compelling any person to return to a condition of Slavery is a fine of from £200 to £1,000, and imprisonment from one year to five years.

"Both the fine and the imprisonment may be inflicted, and as the better element of the South is aroused by these outrages, it is believed that the 'slave dealers' will suffer summary punishment."—*Daily Paper*.

GOD,—AND CHRIST,—IN HUMAN HISTORY.

The "Christian" sees "God in History." The "South" clung to their Slaves, their "property,"—like Pharaoh and the Egyptians did to their Slaves. God expostulates, warns, entreats, through His Followers,—as he did with the Egyptians. But at LAST,—the SUMMONS comes, "Let my People go"! "You WILL NOT?" "Then I will send you a BLOW!" The Blow fell on the cruel Egyptians. The Blow, in our day was the most terrible Civil War of Modern Times. Had the South been victorious Slavery would have been established. But they were not; the Awful Curse of Slavery was swept

away at last, after long years, for ever, and some 300,000 Southern Lives, and Fortunes, were swept away with it.

Dr. Engel puts the Lives lost by the South at 500,000 ! Reader,—It is in this day of Unbelief usual to sneer at “ Providence,”—to deny,—because God’s patience and awful long-suffering,—seems to us finite Insects, so very halting, that God moves in History at all. We forget that He inhabiteth Eternity. Where is the occasion for haste ? Have not the Prophecies been all fulfilled ? Where is Nineveh,—Moab,—Jerusalem ? The rejection of the Jews, once His Chosen People ; it is all before our very eyes ! The Tide turns *slowly*, it is true, —*very* slowly,—but, wait,—and the Sea,—the mighty Main,—comes in ! The Mills of God’s Providence grind very slowly,—but they grind desperately sure ! When God at length sends a Blow,—whether it be to the individual, obstinate Sinner,—or to the Nation,—they are Blows *indeed* !

For Sixty Years the Conscience of America was asleep ! The Traffic was winked at by the U.S.A. Government. They would do nothing. The Profits were so great ! True, the Sacrifice of human life was enormous, all agreed it was 40 to 50 per cent. In 1839 a “ Slaver ” took 855 Slaves, and lost 283. The “ Commodore,” with 685 lost 300. The “ Cintra,” 970 lost 214 ; total 1,038 died out of 2,836. But still the Profits, like the “ CONGO ” horrors of 1901-8, were immense !

THE PROFITS. THE USUAL DEVIL’S BAIT.

But even then it *paid*.

A Slave Ship,—the “ Firm,”—taken, and condemned by the Commissioners,—was estimated in value of Cargo, thus,—The Slaves cost £28,000 ; Provisions, “ wear and tear,” etc., £10,000, Wages £13,400 ; total cost of voyage £54,000. The Slaves,—if landed in fair condition,—would produce £115,000. A clear Profit on one Ship, on one voyage of £18,600 Sterling,—180%. Quite enough to silence by the “ Silver Key ” any “ Informers,” Officials, Magistrates, etc., see *Parliamentary Paper*, No. 381,—Page 37.

An exceptionally quick run across with favourable Winds and sunny Weather throughout,—enabled one experienced Captain of the Slave Ship, “ Venus,” to actually land in fair condition,—with few deaths,—about 850 Slaves in 1839. 1,000 Slaves would have been taken on board, but cruisers being seen, he slipped off. This man,—one must imagine,—was before his time, actuated, it is true, no doubt, from motives of *interest* not Philanthropy,—a good commission being offered on every Slave landed in “ saleable ” state. He doubtless

had them constantly on deck in the Sun and fresh air. No doubt conversant with some of their native dialects he would go amongst them,—assure them of good treatment,—distract their thoughts, and minds, with Music, etc. This,—with good Food, and above all plenty of Water,—and the lower decks kept sweet and clean, and with more room than usual given, no doubt accounted for the results. As a culminating piece of fortune, they arrived when a Scarcity of Slaves occurred, causing Brisk competition in the Slave Market. It was estimated that the Slaves cost £4 apiece, the voyage cost only £2,500, and that the Slaves produced an average of £50 each. A Total Profit £36,600 (!) Enough to shut the mouths of Informers, Officials, etc. Meanwhile, other Nations did *something*. The U.S.A. Government would do *nothing*! Thus the English emancipated *their* Slaves at a cost of Millions. Did *our* Slaves,—sweated for generations, in the West India Sugar Swamps,—get the Cash as repayment for their toil for the English white man?

Not a bit of it! It still went to the White man,—to the white Mortgage Holders in England who had the Plantations

THE DEVIL'S BAIT,—MONEY,—GAIN.



Temptation. Will he take Satan's Bribes,—ill-gotten Wealth, the purse in his hand,—or obey the Good Angel on his right?

under their thumb,—the rest to the Slave owners, and Negro Oppressors.

NOTE.—When a *vertical* Sun is coming down upon the tall sugar canes in the hot Season, in the West Indies, it is known that no "*white*" man could survive the toil, and *live*!

"Give the Devil his due," is an old saying, and truly those who accept the Devil's Bait,—ill-gotten Wealth,—in whatever form,—cannot say that Satan does not play fair. Whatever may be his Victim's Fate in the NEXT world, they certainly,—like Judas,—get their Money in THIS!

"With every New Commercial Scandal,—and Unprincipled Swindle,"—a Correspondent in America writes,—"*which comes to Light, the Names of such leading Men are involved,—holding Positions as Sunday School Superintendents,—leading Members of Congregations, etc.,—men of such standing in the "Religious" World,—that Juries hesitate to convict.*"

Shouting "Glory" Songs, and sending "Revivalists" to "convert" poor Europe, seems somewhat premature! Let us first see common Principle, Honesty, Virtue, and *true*, religious,—*conscientious*,—Life *at home*,—before Preaching to *others*.

Good "Christian" People in the Northern States did their little best,—expostulated,—entreated,—against the demoralising, dreadful, disgraceful Traffic. Notably, the worthy Quakers, as usual foremost to help the oppressed Indians and assisting the flight of Fugitive Slaves by their "Underground Railways." But they were too feeble to effect much. U.S.A. Poets,—Longfellow, with his "Slave in the Dismal Swamp,"—Whittier,—and others,—gradually roused Public Opinion in the North. Other Nations did something,—the British Government, in eight years, between 1840-48 took,—and destroyed,—625 Slave Ships, and freed 40,000 Slaves.

THE "MOHAMMEDAN" SLAVE TRADE.

All this time, for Ages past,—wretched African Slaves were being exported across the Desert to supply the European Markets. The Koran forbids any follower of the Prophet being enslaved; so certain Tribes,—who had embraced their Religion,—could not be raided. Dr. Ruppell describes one expedition by the Pasha of Egypt in the years 1820-21, in which in two years, more than 20,000 Negroes were torn from their Native villages; numbers being killed in these murderous Raids. Vast numbers more perished in the terrible March across the Desert, as once started, the latter had to be crossed

expeditiously, else all would perish. Wooden "Slave Stakes," six feet long forked at one end, were attached to the neck of one Slave, and the other end, fixed to an Iron Ring round the neck of the other. Numberless Skeletons were left with the Stakes still attached on the great Slave Route, there being no time to delay, and none were able to carry anything more. When any poor creature could be flogged or goaded on no further, a Hatchet Blow on the Skull appeared to have been the method of Death.

"As a rule," the Pasha of Kartoom wrote to Mustapha Bey, "only 35 out of 50 survived the terrible March across the burning Sands." But it *paid*!

THE "CHRISTIAN" (?) SLAVE TRADE.

The British Commission in 1837, after elaborate analysis, estimated to make up the losses 200,000 Slaves were annually shipped for America.

Growing Rich on the vile Traffic the Southern States stood defiant. The U.S.A. Government doing nothing for many years.

In fifteen Months 85 Slave Ships were allowed to be equipped and allowed to go out from New York, to Prey upon the helpless Natives of Africa. As late as 1859,—15,000 Shackled miserable creatures were landed in America, before the Storm, and Civil War burst! This comes of the Modern Preaching of our day,—not Christ's and His Commands, but, Philosophy,—or Morality only. Ill-gotten Wealth is not attacked.

If *Man's nature had changed* during the Centuries, if his Spiritual needs, longings, and aspirations were any different now, from what they were in St. Paul's age, perhaps there would be Reason in a "New Theology"; but Man needs a "Saviour" now, as of old; Man is *just as "fallen," just as guilty as ever*, just as *unable to save himself*, as in the Apostle's time. Hence if the Pulpit would be faithful there is no choice. **It was Christ then; it must be Christ now!** Not mere philosophy, not mere doctrine, not mere morality, not politics, but Christ the Centre of all, the Light, the Life, the Salvation of all!

The preaching of Christ was full of *Warning* and *Entreaty*, as well as of *Instruction*. From the lips that spake words and promises of hope, comfort, peace, and love, fell also bitter burning Words of reproach, and righteous anger, and Warnings *to flee from an Awful Wrath* to come.

CHRIST UPON MONEY,—GAIN,—LUCRE.

You come back to it, Reader, in discussing every Subject connected with the welfare of Humanity! Christ *is always there!* He lived for suffering Humanity,—for the Poor! His total indifference to Wealth, or the Wealthy, and His remarks, Teachings, and Commands upon the Subject of Money, are, to a Worldly mind, simply amazing! But God and Christ knew “What was in Man,”—our natural tendency to selfishness,—to hugging our Wealth,—the Blinding,—Fatal,—Sin of Avarice. The *times* we live in, were *foreseen!* Persistently, ceaselessly, whenever the Subject of Money came up,—does our Lord solemnly insist upon all who would be His followers,—employing their time, talents, and money in assisting their poorer brethren!

Christ *never* had a good word to say about “Money,” or “Wealth”! Whenever the Subject came up, it was always “Go! Sell that thou hast, and give to the Poor, and thou shalt have Treasure in Heaven”! It is the Sure Sign that CHRIST has *come in*,—when Money GOES OUT. It was so with Zaccheus, the Rich “Collector.” “Behold, Lord, half my goods I give to the Poor.” His Money *went out* but he *found Christ*. “This day I must abide at thy house.” He had got something better now! America at last was aroused. Noble American Statesmen resolutely opposed the Cruelty, Atrocity, and Oppression, even at the risk of their Lives. That noble Man, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, was murdered,—it is true,—so was JOHN BROWN,—but their “souls went marching on,”—Christ, and His true Followers conquer in the End.

(2)—WHITE CHILDREN SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

The American Reply.

“*Very fine!*” “*Very fine talking indeed!*”—may well be the Reply,—“and pray *for whom* were we Americans working these Negroes in the Plantations?” “Why, for you Virtuous English,—to supply work for *your* “white” Slaves in those dismal, soul-destroying COTTON MILLS of Lancashire, Dundee, etc., where you sweated your poor, helpless, Children for 40 years. Your “Liverpool” was *made* by our Slaves’ Cotton,—made by the Blood and Sweat of Slavery. You English made immense Fortunes out of Cotton,—then you abuse *us!*”

Reader,—can we deny this? Long, indeed, had the Heroic

Pioneers of Philanthropy,—like the Noble Earl of Shaftesbury and his few followers, to struggle for weary years, against the organised *desperate* opposition of the Mill owners, etc.,—to emancipate our “white” Slaves,—and to get Acts passed to protect the helpless Poor in those Bad, Christless, Selfish times.

A long line of devoted men,—whose efforts only ceased with their deaths,—Wesley, John Howard, Wilberforce, Buxton, Clarkson, Shaftesbury,—down to the Plimsoll, “General” Booth, Barnado,—Waugh, and Kirk, of our own day,—have been urging the Cause of the Poor, and the necessity of passing Laws to restrain the rapacity and deadly selfishness of too many of the Race of Slave Owners, Capitalists, Employers, Millionaires, Mine Owners, Ship Owners, etc. Who can doubt that were it not for these *Laws*, things would soon be as bad as ever they were?

Few would like the old “leave the Rich alone” experiment to be tried; human nature is pretty much the same in 1908 as it was in 1750-1840.

The attention of the Young Student of “Political Economy,” is particularly drawn to the fact that every Reform was only made Law after a desperate fight with the Capitalist, the former Employers of Labour,—in short, the Property Owners,—the Rich. It took some forty or fifty long years,—terrible years for the Labouring Population,—to get Acts passed, and effectually carried out,—to ameliorate the Tyranny which the “Golden Calf,” and its devotees exercised over the Labouring Poor! The Laws made by the Rich,—formerly made it Penal for any Labourers to combine, or hold Meetings.

Reader,—do not attempt to challenge this assertion! It would be useless. The Reports of the Commissioners,—the sworn evidence,—and Details of the Inspectors are upon record. You can peruse them for yourself.

With what horror, and indignation, do we English read of the deadly, systematic, heartless, selfishness of that execrable class the old French (so-called) “Nobility,”—before the Great French Revolution swept their power away for ever! A wretched, starving People, made by Law to purchase Salt,—when they were dying of hunger,—in order to bring in Revenue to their Tyrants,—wretched Peasants compelled to work so long in the week for the great Seigneurs,—and to exist upon the labours of the other days,—made to flog the pools *all night*, to prevent the *croaking of the Frogs* from *disturbing* the great Lord in the adjoining Chateau (!)

But softly, dear Reader! Let us look nearer home!

Nothing but our English Laws,—passed in spite of the strongest opposition of the Capitalists and Employers of Labour,—have saved the Poorer Class of Workers in England from a slavery almost as atrocious !

UNRESTRAINED SELFISHNESS. FALLEN HUMAN NATURE.
UNCHECKED "INDIVIDUALISM," 1740-1840. THE RULE
OF MAMMON.

In 1750 Kaye invented the Fly-shuttle, and 1767 Hargreaves the Spinning Jenny, working 80 spindles. A prophetic instinct,—on the part of the poor hand Spinners,—forced into idleness by the machines,—induced them to break up all they could find ! Riots and bloodshed, of course, followed. England was close upon "Revolution" !

The Era of Machinery had commenced ! The doom of the hand Workers,—who had so long been working happily, in their little Cottages,—living a manly life of independent Industry,—was sealed ! No more "Individualism" for them ! They were condemned,—with their children,—to hard labour for life in huge Mills. Machinery won the day, and the Capitalists owned the Machinery.

In 1785 Steam Power was employed in Cotton Spinning in Nottinghamshire. The "Power Loom" followed in 1787, and the sleepy, quiet, wholesome, English Country life disappeared !

Immense, gaunt, terrible Mills arose, with their dismal surroundings, and around them sprung up those cold, grey hard, horrible Towns, like Lancashire, Manchester, Bolton, Dundee, Bradford, Oldbury, Sheffield, Wolverhampton, etc., depressing even to pass a day in !

The Writer protests,—after visiting most parts of the World,—that he would rather live upon a Pumpkin, Coconut,—and Fish,—a Native of "Climes beyond the Sea," with Warmth, Sunshine, and Beauty around him, than spend a lifetime, as an operative, in the gloom of these dreadful places !

Then came the never-ending whirl of Machinery, and the "White Slavery" of Mill operatives commenced ! Poor creatures ! No wonder that there were Strikes,—terrible Scenes,—and Distress.

The children of the Savages in so-called "Heathen Lands,"—fat, healthy, and contented, with Sunshine, warmth, fresh air, and freedom, were in an earthly Paradise compared with what our own English children went through,—in those callous, brutal, deadly selfish times 1740-1840 !

Children were sent in large numbers to the North, to work in the Mills ; they were housed in " Pentups " adjoining, and kept to terribly long hours. Immense Fortunes were made in Lancashire during those Fifty years ! The Work went on night and day ;—no sooner had one relay of exhausted children had a few hours' sleep than they were driven to the Mill, and the others took the beds. There were only half the proper number of the latter provided.

The helpless children were taken by " *Contract* " from the Workhouses,—two, or three hundred Miles from all their relations,—deprived of all aid. Before the Court of King's Bench a case came off of a Bankrupt's *stock* being sold with a number of these poor Children (!) *included*. Other cases where—" apprenticed " by a Parish in London,—the children had been "*transferred*" to another Manufacturer ! In one case an agreement was made between a London Parish, and a Lancashire Mill, that among *twenty* children one *Idiot Child* was to be taken (!)

The Cotton Mills were worked night and day, two sets of children were worked 9 hours a day. The little ones went to sleep, as they sat, till the whips aroused them. It was, at times, impossible to keep them awake, even to get them to eat or wash. A witness had seen the children,—if late,—dragged at 6.0 a.m. in Winter naked to the Mill from the Penthouses, with their clothes to put on there, and strapped naked by the Overseer, and even the Master of the Mill ! We English need not talk too much about American Slave Trade !

Fevers ensued, stunted growth, ruined health, prematurely old children,—sad, wan, and hopeless, with minds vacant, and almost imbecile, were worked by the Mill owners, and Capitalists, without any restraint, or Legislative Interference.

The *People* were not then represented. The whole Political administration was divided between the King and the Great Families. Not one person in 500 possessed so much as a vote. *Even in 1831*, 150 Persons returned a Majority in the House of Commons (!) Birmingham had not a single Member ! So with other Towns. Seats in the House, obtained by Bribery ; a Gambling, Drinking, Corrupt, Aristocracy ; the Public Money disgracefully appropriated ; a Population sunk, naturally, (how could they be otherwise ?) in Midnight darkness,—no Education for the Poor,—a Foxhunting, Drinking, so-called " Church " of Christ (?) generally asleep to all her Duties except when fat Livings, Tithes, and Preferments, were in the Market !

NOTE.—The Writer is not deploring the "Era of Machinery.

Machinery has increased Wages,—permitted an immense increase of Population living fairly happy lives. Machinery alleviated terribly exhausting Human Toil, and provided facilities for travel, and recreation, our Ancestors never enjoyed. What is deplored is the callous, selfish, indifference of those who were making large Fortunes by its advent, and who never assisted the Poor in that terrible period, to them, when Machinery was first put into competition with Hand Labour.

Who was there to interfere? Whose business was it to espouse the cause of the Labourers, the oppressed, the helpless, or to commence that never-ended struggle to rouse the Religious Conscience of the Country? This Book is addressed to a Christian Country,—not a Nation of Atheists, and the Writer insists upon the fact,—and calls History to prove it,—that it was Followers of Jesus Christ, the "Christians," who did the Work! It is ever so! Whilst Scientific Atheists are quarrelling, with Huxley, over their Fossils, and old Bones,—pulling each others' Theories to pieces,—in the vain attempt to prove *that there is no God*,—Christ's People,—his true Followers,—have ever been at Work for the Poor, and the oppressed,—obeying their Master's commands,—and proving by their efforts, with His Blessing resting on them, *that there is a God!*

In the Mines children of both Sexes worked together, half-naked, in stifling passages underground for often 16 hours in the day, and then came up to so-called hovels,—called their "homes," to drunken, brutalized, so-called "Parents!" The brutality of the Men was like the selfish ferocity of Wild Beasts!

For the Starvation Wages,—Price of Wheat the (4lbs.) loaf at 1s. 6d. to 2s.—against our 3d. to 5d. Wheat 17s. a Bushel even in 1847 (!) See pages 805-6.

Drunkenness and Immorality prevailed,—the Children were often maimed for life, and, at times, killed outright, "and nothing was done!"

No Government Supervision, no Newspapers, no Publicity, no Inspectors, the Mill or Mine owners "Justices" *themselves!* Such was our England, the Land of Freedom, a Century ago, under the unrestrained Rule of the Selfish money-making Capitalist! What changed it? The efforts, with God's aid, of *Christians*,—Christian Philanthropists! God always has His Witnesses! Christ is always there! The "Secularist" the "Atheist," may sneer, but he cannot unmake History! Who,—in that darkest day,—went on horseback, at the peril of his life,—for 50 years in Peril of his Life from Brutal Mobs and their abettors, the Magistrates and wretched Clergy of his day,—to the remote parts of England, to these neglected

Miners,—carrying everywhere the Gospel of Jesus Christ,—the Gospel of *True* "Socialism,"—of Love, Repentance, Change of Life, and Eternal Hope?

Who? Why **John Wesley, Geo. Whitfield, etc.**,—the Christians.

Who penetrated the horrible Dungeons of those days,—where Englishmen were left for years rotting for debt,—for having been unsuccessful,—for being poor? Why, **John Howard**.—the *Christian*;—**Fry**, the Quakeress,—once a Lady of Fashion,—then a *Christian*! Who first opposed, with persistent resolution that *awful* National Crime,—Slavery? **Clarkson, Wilberforce, Sturge**, and others,—the *Christians*! Who, amidst desperate opposition, for fifty years fought the Capitalist, and, at length, induced the Government to pass Laws to protect the Working Classes? Why, **Shaftesbury**, the *Christian*! (Died October 1st, 1885).

Who left their homes, for ever, to carry their Master's Message to the Indians,—to the bloodthirsty savages of New Zealand and the South Seas,—and have now changed a Race of Cannibals and Demons into Christians! (Well, dear Reader, quite as good Christians as *some of us at home*!) Why, the devoted **Brainard, Carey, Martyn, John Williams, Ellis, etc.**, the *Christians*! Christ is always there. Well might Christ utter those words of profound meaning,

"Without Me ye can do nothing!"

For it is His Followers who alone did the Work.

Reluctant English Statesmen were, at last, induced by Christian Philanthropists, and the *awakened conscience of the Nation* which their *persistent* efforts produced,—at first very inadequately,—to *interfere*.

The very first Act was only passed in 1802. It was 1819 before the "Cotton Mill" Act became law. It limited the age of the Children. It also diminished their work hours to 72 hours (!) per week in a coal mine (!) Children who ought to have been playing in the green fields, and sunshine, which the Good God intended them to be brought up in!

Every step,—every effort,—every Act for the protection of the Working or Labouring Class, met, from the first, with determined opposition from the Capitalists!

Never forget *that*, Reader; your own Ancestors may have then been Employers of Labour, the Writer cares not what they were,—but he calls you, who are probably to succeed them,—to mark that *every effort* for the rescue of the Working Class from the abuses of that day, were opposed by the Masters, the wealthy Employers! When you,—in God's Providence,

step into their place, do you assume a different attitude ! Visit the Poor ! Wisely employ your Influence and Wealth in doing somewhat for the Moral elevation, and best happiness of your workpeople !

How those heroic Christian Philanthropists worked—against desperate opposition,—to get the long series of Acts passed for the protection of the Poorer Class ! At length, in 1831, *Cotton Mill* owners were *disqualified* from acting as Justices in cases of the Infringement of the Acts,—a most wise and needful precaution ! That splendid Christian man Lord Ashley (Lord Shaftesbury),—or the Earl of Shaftesbury,—had appeared upon the scene ! For 40 years Lord Shaftesbury devoted himself heart and soul to the cause of the down-trodden and helpless ! Who were his strongest opponents ? Sir Robert Peel, the son of a Lancashire Capitalist, but his “most bitter and persistent ” opponent,—says William Clarke, M.A., in his Essay, “Industrial,”—was Bright,—the Mill Owner. So long as the operatives were hard *at work in his Mills*,—no one could “roll it out ” more in powerful speeches against the great Landlord Class ! It is when an Act treads in any way, *on our own toes*, that the Orator begins to alter his tone. And, judging from their published wills,—what some of these great Orators ever did for the Working Class, or Benevolent Institutions,—*except talk*,—seems doubtful. “Actions speak louder than words !”

It took 40 long years (!) before Lord Ashley could get passed effectual Acts abolishing the horrible cruelties of “Chimney Sweeping !” What miseries the previous 100 years, had witnessed in this Country, before these Acts were finally passed **God only knows !**

Meanwhile, the Money the Capitalists made in those years, must have been enormous ! In eight years,—1792 to 1800,—the quantity of cotton exported from the Slave Plantations of America,—where thousands of Slaves were working often for 18 hours a day ceaselessly,—increased from 138,000 pounds, to 19,000,000 pounds ! How the “Field hands ” were worked under “driving,” brutal Overseers,—paid a premium if they could produce a certain quantity of cotton, by the absentee Slave Owners,—let unprejudiced persons who lived on the spot tell ! *They* were not “Legrees ” of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” *They* did not want to kill their Negroes at once ! They merely worked them to death ! But it is with the other Slavery at home we have now to do. The Cotton thus produced came over to be worked up by Gangs of “white slave ” operatives, and Children in the gaunt Lancashire “Mills.”

Surely, *all* these Capitalists, Mill Owners, Great Landlords, Mine Owners, etc.,—were not *all* callous to the state of the Working Population! Who doubts that they were, frequently, very “respectable” people,—attending Church, and Chapel,—constantly hearing Christ’s commands on the Subject of Wealth?

No doubt! But, as insisted upon throughout this Work, Mankind are by Nature an obstinate, “fallen” Race, deluded by Satan’s baits, until roused by the Spirit of Christ to feel their own Sinful, Selfish, lost condition.

Amongst many dreadful abuses permitted by our forefathers,—till their Consciences were roused by Christian People,—let us take the poor Boys of the “Chimney Sweeps.” To the Americans,—to whom we owe so many ingenious, and Philanthropic improvements,—we are indebted for the Machine Brush. They very properly regarded the former System “unfitted for human beings.” It stamped out,—amongst other horrors, the Chimney Sweeps’ Cancer.

“SWEEPS” CLIMBING BOYS’ MISERIES. (1700-1850.)

Before the “Machine” Brush of U.S.A. was invented, boys were consigned to a Life of Misery. It was work unfitted for human beings; yet, for 100 years, our Ancestors could not see it! A boy forced early to be out in the cold winter mornings, almost naked, to follow this profession, and forced to ascend flues which were often badly built, not properly constructed, was a disgrace to our Nation, and the saddest sight our English towns could produce! There were flues no boy ought ever to have been forced up!

As late as the year (1875) a climbing boy was suffocated in a flue, up which he had been sent by his Master. The man was tried for manslaughter, and sentenced to six months’ imprisonment. This was the second death that year from this cause.

Where flues were old-fashioned, and badly constructed, on a slant, the soot collects, and the boy was stifled in attempting to push through. The worst case, perhaps, of this kind, took place some eighty years ago in Edinburgh. A boy from the Workhouse was bound apprentice to a Chimney-sweep. The boy got jammed in a difficult flue. The people in the house wished to send for a bricklayer to open the chimney, but the boy’s Master insisted on sending another boy up to fasten a rope to the boy’s legs, at which he and another man pulled violently for a long time! They even used a *lever* to get greater power! The Witnesses thought that the man showed

a spite against the unfortunate boy. Other Sweeps said that boys "frequently got jammed, but they had never seen ropes thus used before."

The Boy,—while they were pulling,—was heard to say, "Oh! God Almighty!"—upon which the man replied that "he would 'God Almighty' him when he got him down!" The boy was taken out by the bricklayers, dead, his neck jammed against the brickwork, and in a quantity of soot. There were flues up which no boy should ever be sent.

The Jury got the Wretch transported for seven years, and, after hearing further evidence, expressed their wish that the man had been tried for Wilful Murder, for they would have found him guilty. Those were *not* days of much morbid sentiment, and the Wretch would have been certainly hung. For a man who lodged in the house stated that the Master had the character of being a cruel and dangerous man to deal with, thus accounting for the reluctance of the neighbours to interfere with his known brutality. "He had seen the man tie this Boy to a chest,—gag his mouth with a stick, to prevent his cries being heard—beat him with ropes till the blood came, and then put saltpetre on him!" "He had also seen him put him into a tub of cold water, to make his sores pain him, and had seen him force the boy to eat the vilest offal!" The Boy was described by him as "a fine boy of about 13 years old,—an orphan from the workhouse." The man,—also the woman the man lived with,—would often acknowledge that the punishments they gave the boy were usually without any true cause.

The defence of the Master Sweep's was the worst part. It was to the effect that they acted upon System, not from spite. They had gone through much the same life before they became master sweeps, and that their trade was, in itself, so abominable a one, that unless they used the Boys with great brutality, and kept them *almost in fear of their lives*, they could not get them to go up chimneys at all!"

This was confirmed by the evidence of 33 Master Sweeps examined before the Commission. (For extracts, see *Times*, May 12, 1875.) Many of these were evidently well-meaning men, compelled by their trade to inhumanity.

"No one knows the cruelty which a boy had to undergo in learning. The elbows and knees must be hardened by rubbing them with strong brine (to harden the Skin), close by a hot fire. You must stand over him with a cane."

Another Master Sweep:—"In learning a boy, you *must* use violence; it does not do to be tender with him. At first he will come back from work with his arms and knees stream-

ing with blood, then he must be rubbed with brine again. It is like killing them, but it must be done."

Another said:—"I would be kind to them if I could! but it does not do. My heart has ached often to hear their cries, though I was a party, one may say to it. I have kept a boy three hours in a chimney when he was so sore that he could hardly move, but I could not let him come down till he had done his work; it would not do. Then he had to be rubbed with brine. It is the only plan. In some boys the flesh does not harden for months, and even years."

"I have been jammed myself nine times, when a boy," said a sweep to the writer; "there are chimneys and flues no boy ought to be sent up."

"If a boy you are teaching is gloomy, or timid, and *won't* go up, you must use violence; the work has to be done. Another boy must follow the learner *with a pin*."

The Americans—as usual in advance of us in ingenuity, if not in philanthropy,—have years ago considered the practice unsuited to human beings, and in New York, etc., the machine has been alone used for many years past.

It seems amazing, that, in spite of the Act, this shameful practice was still, at times, carried on by the Master Sweeps. It was a disgrace to our country! The above case was one out of many brought forward by the Commission appointed to frame the Act passed 50 years ago. It proved that systematic cruelty was considered necessary to the Trade. Some of the Sweeps confessed to the practice of keeping learners, while helpless in the flues, in an agony of terror lest straw should be *lighted* in the grate below! "It made them force their way through quicker!" And instances were given of its actually being done!

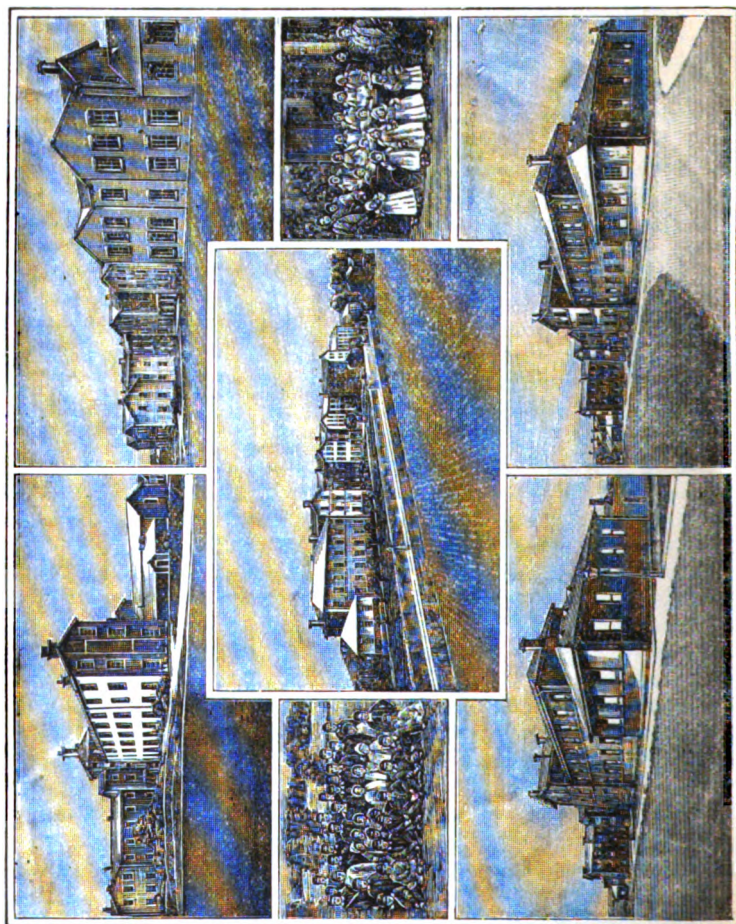
It may seem incredible, but it is a fact that, from first to last *it took 40 long years*, namely, from 1800 to 1840, before Philanthropists could get this Act passed!

Well might the noble Earl of Shaftesbury—whose name was associated, for generations, with every Philanthropic movement in behalf of the poor and oppressed, and is engraven on the hearts of the English People,—describe this as "The most distressing evidence, morally and physically, ever addressed to the sympathies of the British Public."

The Chapter is Divided here. In Part II. we will THANKFULLY turn to a BRIGHTER PICTURE,—namely, the more "Christian" day of Philanthropy, we now live in.



THE FIVE "HOUSES" OF GEORGE MÜLLER'S ORPHANAGE, BRISTOL.



2,000 destitute little ones Supported, Educated, and Trained to Service.

CHAPTER LXX.

PART II.

The Brighter Picture. Modern Philanthropy.

THE CONSCIENCE OF GREAT NATIONS AWAKENED BY CHRIST.

THE "BAD" OLD TIMES CONCLUDED.—CAUTION BEFORE GIVING EXAMPLES OF DEVOTED SERVANTS OF CHRIST.—FLATTERY AMONGST "CHRISTIANS" AN ABSURDITY.—ALL THAT IS "GOOD" IS OF GOD,—IMPARTED BY GRACE.—IT IS "CHRIST OR NOTHING."—EXAMPLE NO. I,—George Muller's Orphanage. BRISTOL.—HIS LIFE.—THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.—2,000 ORPHANS SUPPORTED BY PRAYER.—EVEN THE ATHEIST CANNOT GET OVER THESE FIVE LARGE HOUSES. THERE THEY ARE.

The "Conscience" of great Countries asleep.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN THE GOOD (?) OLD TIMES.

IT is impossible for us in 1908,—life and property so protected in our well-governed Cities,—to conceive the state of things even 200 years ago!

No System of Sewerage,—Gutters or "Kennels" ran down the centre of the streets. The desired position of getting nearest to the Wall was disputed, it being a rule of the "Bullies" not to give way; as all gentlemen then carried Swords, constant brawls, and bloodshed, ensued. Then, towards Night, Swarms of Rowdies, Cut-throats, Thieves, etc., of every kind issued forth into the miserably-lighted streets. As if this was not enough, the "Bloods" or Aristocracy (?) of that good (?) old time went about in Bands, terming themselves "Mohawks," "Slashers," etc., maltreating peaceable citizens, both men and women! No "Police" to call in.

Gambling "Hells," Drunkenness, Filth, Robbery, Murder, and Vice of every kind abounded.

The Pictures of Hogarth convey some idea of those heathen times! Say, at his prime, 1720-1750.

Even later, in the memory of our Fathers, there existed a midnight Moral and Spiritual darkness! The Poor were neglected,—no Schools or Education for the Working Classes,

—no Sunday Schools, no Public Libraries. "The People," were not "represented" in Parliament. Barefaced Bribery, and Corruption at the Elections, £30,000 often spent in Bribes to "get in"; once in, to have a share in Systematic Jobbery, and Corruption. The *Rich* Scoundrels shamefully manipulating the Public Money,—while hanging poor, destitute, persons for a £2 theft. The Trials of the poorer Class of accused, and their Sentences, were hurried over so rapidly, that many of the ignorant people accused were *sentenced* before they knew it was *their* case which was proceeding! One Judge was noted for the number of trials he disposed of in a day! Capital Punishment was dealt out for a number of offences now considered only deserving a "Month's" detention. The Father of the present Writer (born 1797) passing Newgate, on a business visit to London,—saw them preparing to hang six Persons,—not *one* of their crimes amounting to Murder! Yet the Solicitor-General implored "the House" not to abolish Capital Punishment for Theft,—“My Lords, we shall not know where we are,” etc.,—and it was remarked that not one of the Bishops voted for its abolition for Theft. It was only when "well-to-do" folks were brought in Guilty that it appeared "shocking" to hang "*respectable*" people, and the Laws were altered. The pendulum has now, in our day, swung disastrously,—in the very *opposite direction*,—atrocious Murderers getting off who ought, for the Public safety, and Example, to be hung,—rich and poor alike.

(See Page 483, Vol. I.) In America,—between 1885-1908,—(23 years),—131,951 murders and homicides were recorded, with only 2,286 Executions! In 1885, there were 1,808,—and 108 Executions,—in 1904,—8,482, and only 116 were hung or executed. A terrible and Fatal miscarriage of Justice! For in Italy, where the guillotine is abolished there were 4,000 in 1905,—in France, where the Murderers get off, there were 1,200 that year, while in England, where the Law is properly carried out, there were only 200, in 1905.

THE BAD OLD TIMES.

The terrible condition of the "State Church" is given in Vol. I., Page 494, also Page 204. Indeed, old George III. boldly stated his belief that many of his "Bishops" were little better than Atheists! There were then no Cheap Daily Newspapers, little intelligence of any kind; no Public Baths; "Lavatories," etc., were unknown,—Sewage neglected,—everything filthy, coarse, rude, and brutal! Mozley, in his

"Reminiscences of Towns, Villages, and Schools," 1885, says, "I will content myself with one point of contrast between England as it now is and England as it was three generations ago. It has forced itself upon me so often that I cannot avoid declaring it. In my younger days, Seventy years ago (1815), there was heard everywhere, and at all hours, the voice of lamentation, and passion,—not always from the young nor always from the very poor. In Towns and Villages, in Streets, in Houses, in Nurseries, and Schools, and even on the Roads, there were heard continually screams, and angry altercations, as if the hearts of mankind were set against each other! Such a picture is totally inapplicable to the happier days we live in. I leave it to any Octogenarian to confirm my description." It has been the Revival of the RELIGION OF JESUS CHRIST, and the influence of His followers, to which the Reform is to be ascribed!

FLATTERY AMONGST "RELIGIOUS" PROFESSORS.

The Reader must have marked this deplorable attitude in Pious Folk. The fulsome way in which Christian folks seem to think it needful to "soft sawder" each other when they meet. The Rev. —,—amidst applause,—belauds Mr. Somebody else,—Mr. — in duty bound, responds,—instead of attributing all Progress, Success, and all true piety in Mankind to its ONLY true Source,—namely, the PRESENCE and INFLUENCE OF CHRIST. It is God the Holy Spirit,—Christ's Representative upon Earth,—from whom all real good emanates—or comes into our hearts. The Rage in our day seems to be Biographies written by enthusiastic Relations. Men we knew to whom the word "mediocre" surely would suffice, are no sooner gone, than astonishing proficiency are attributed to them of which there certainly was no indication.

"The most perfect Christian character in every walk of life who ever existed," we sometimes read, with amazement.

But throughout a Book of two hundred Pages, one does not meet with a single Reference to the SOURCE from which the departed obtained the truly *amazing* goodness alleged to have been present.

One encouraging feature,—however,—of our day,—is that our Modern Tombstones spare us the former astonishing Eulogies they once did, upon Persons well-known to have lived bad lives. Provoking the old saying,—“One seldom comes to a Tombstone without coming to ‘Here lies,’—(Hear *lies*). Such now are dismissed with great brevity,—a wise discretion. The following *very* candid epitaph,—let us hope for once erred

in the OPPOSITE extreme! Beginning with the usual laudations, it veers round in the most *abrupt* and *disconcerting* manner:—

A CANDID EPITAPH.

Beneath this Stone,—Superlatives contend,—to paint the Father,—
 Brother,—Husband,—Friend!
 You ask ONE deed to merit Praise so wide? This Stone records the
 ONLY one,—he DIED!
 Could he a GREATER Benefit bestow, on King and Country? His
 whole Life said—"No!"

Severe! But surely quite as truthful in some cases as the expression often heard when a thoroughly bad life is at last,—ended,—“Well, *well!* They say he was a *good* man at the BOTTOM”! If he *was*, it is indeed extraordinary that he was so fatally *bad* at the *Top!* Well, indeed, may the great Apostle Paul ask,

“Who maketh thee to differ from another! and what hast thou that thou didst not receive! now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?”—*I. Cor. iv., 7.*

Paul himself,—was once that most dangerous of human beings,—a deluded, cruel, persecuting Bigot.

“As for Saul, he made havock of the Church, entering into every house, and haling men and women committed them to Prison.”

“Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word.”—*Acts viii., 3.*

“And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and Slaughter against the Disciples of the Lord, went unto the high Priest.”

NOTE.—No doubt, under Satanic Influence as all Persecutors of Christ's People are.

“And desired of him letters to Damascus to the Synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were Men or Women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem.”

Changed by Grace! For once this amazing Servant of God “found Christ,”—what desperate efforts Paul made for his Great Master. He indeed, “conferred not with flesh and blood”! No persecution,—no danger,—no Pain,—deterred him,—nothing but death stopped his amazing career. Well might the once Persecutor say, “I have fought a good Fight! I have *finished* my Course!”

“Who was before a blasphemer, and a Persecutor, and injurious: but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in Unbelief.”

“And the Grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus.”—*I. Tim. i., 13.*

It *did*, indeed! Take away Paul's Epistles from the “New Testament,” how would it have fared with the Church of Christ?

Before giving Examples of Consecrated, Devoted, Christian Lives, all Flattery is an absurdity. Every such Life is of God alone,—all Good to be permanent,—is of Christ, and is imparted in Answer to a Life of Prayer. There is such a thing as "Philanthropy" without *Christ*,—but God will never acknowledge, or recognise it. There is such a thing as "Morality" *without a God*. But there it *ends*! It has its Reward in this World alone. An Atheist,—may live such a Life,—may be "naturally" a good-natured man,—a "Moral" man, with great natural Gifts,—but he remains Spiritually as dead to God, Christ,—and to Salvation,—as a CORPSE!

WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing."—*John* xv., 5.

All comes from above.

"Do not err, my beloved brethren.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with Whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

"Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first fruits of His creatures."—*James* i., 17, 18.

Christ will acknowledge only his own.

"But He answered and said, Every plant, which My heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up."—*Matt.* xv., 13.

Impulsive audiences forget the SOURCE of all that is good in Christ's Servants,—there is much unctuous flattery,—*"Testimonials,"—"Knightships,"* etc., bestowed,—but our Lord,—the true Source of all good, seems on these occasions to be lost sight of *altogether*! This Life is not the place for Christians to form "Mutual Admiration Societies" in! *Far from it*! Much more near the real truth was the exclamation of that holy Man,—John Bradford,—on seeing the Criminal passing in the Cart to the Execution of that day,—*"But for the Grace of God, there goes 'John Bradford'!"*

All allusions to the devoted Christians' Lives in this Volume are presented upon this understanding alone. The nearer we get to the true character of our Idol, or Hero, the more we have to acknowledge a more or less sad disappointment. "Distance adds enchantment to the view." The fault is our own, why expect perfection where it does not, and cannot, exist?

A "SCIENTIFIC" AGE,—LACK OF "FAITH."

There surely never was a day in which the efficacy of INDIVIDUAL, Direct PRAYER to the Supreme,—(of course, *always*

in Christ's Name, and asked *consistent* with God's Will,—He alone knowing best how to answer our Prayer),—than this day of vaunted "Science," and wonderful, alleged, "Knowledge," in which we are living.

Thus, the Life of that "Early Christian" man of Faith,—George Müller of Bristol,—together with the actual Proof of the Efficacy of Prayer in the FIVE "HOUSES" now forming the "ORPHANAGE," deserves the earnest attention of every Reader of this Work.

Why cannot his Example be *followed*,—in our measure,—by us all? Because there is a *lack*, in our day, of "Faith"!—and in this day of Sport,—Pleasure seeking,—and Money making, there is,—what is worst of all,—the fatal *want of Desire*! How can the Love of God and Christ come into a Heart entirely filled with SELF?

"But without faith it is impossible to please Him: for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."—*Heb. xi., 6.*

"And he could there do no mighty work, save that He laid His hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them.

"And He marvelled because of their Unbelief."

"And He did not many mighty works there because of their Unbelief."—*Matt. xiii., 58.*

GEORGE MÜLLER. THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

Some summers ago, the Writer was Playing in a Week's Tournament on the Bristol Cricket Ground. Not being conversant with the Locality he inquired, during the Play, whether the vast Range of Buildings,—which seemed to almost encircle the Ground, were Municipal Buildings. "Oh, no!" was the reply, "those are the various homes of GEORGE MULLER'S Orphanage for 2,000 destitute Children."

Excuse for this ignorance is pleaded on the ground that in our day of extensive advertisement, the Work of this amazing Philanthropist was performed on precisely the opposite system, namely, never to "advertise" or ask for Support, under any circumstances, but to rely entirely upon PRAYER TO GOD. Even the Unbeliever in Prayer cannot get over this Pile of Buildings, at Bristol! *There they are!*

The Amazing Results have been during 72 years, from May, 1836, to May, 1907,—a total of 12,453 Destitute little Children (Boys not *over* seven years old received,—Girls not over 14),—all orphans,—have been supported,—educated,—trained, and apprenticed, and thus started in Life. While, in addition, a Great Work in Support of Foreign and Home Missions has been carried on all these Years.

Like good Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Müller was a Nonconformist,—indeed did not deem it needful to unite with any especial Denomination,—therefore,—as in Mr. Spurgeon’s Orphanage (in which half are the children of Parents attending the Church of England),—Mr. Müller simply took all in, in order of application, without inquiry,—voting,—or Sectarian distinction of any kind. The only Stipulation being (1) Having been born in Wedlock; (2) Being really *destitute*. 2,000 children are thus seen to by a Staff of able Matrons,—Nurses,—Teachers,—Doctors,—etc., at a cost of some £500 a week,—£70 a day, or £26,000 a Year.

During 70 years, from every part of the World there has flowed in, in answer to Prayer, a total in cash of £1,213,440. 3s. 9½d., up to 1907,—Gifts in articles, Food, etc.,—bringing it up to £1,639,880. 16s. 11½d. After George Müller’s Death, the Work was carried on by Mr. James Wright: at his death Mr. G. Fred. Bergin accepted the Directorship. Office address, No. 3 New Orphan House, Ashley Down, Bristol, England.

After a long life of Labour,—when Mr. Müller was nearing his 90th year,—an Effort was made to induce him to accept—as in the case of Dr. Barnado,—a Presentation of a considerable Sum,—the first proposer putting down £100. It *did* seem, as the Reader will surmise, unreasonable,—not to say somewhat absurd,—to expect that this wonderful “early Christian” man of Faith and Prayer,—after supporting 2,000 children, for a lifetime,—by his Prayers, would break, at the last, through the Entire System of his Life! Was it likely? Kindly, and Firmly,—this Apostolic man *absolutely* declined to accept anything *whatever*. He possessed,—he said,—no Property of his own *whatever*, nor did his Wife, he had declined to accept a regular Salary as Minister of the Gospel 60 years before (since 1830),—or as Director of the Orphanage. “When I am in need I fall on my knees and ask God to provide me,—my Wife, and Daughter,—with what He pleases to give, and for all these years we have lacked nothing.”

THE LIFE A LESSON TO US ALL.

(1) Should,—in God’s Providence,—a Young Man,—leading a Life of Sin,—read the following “life,” he is asked to note what Grace can do. Here was a Youth,—a deceitful,—lying,—sinful Youth,—changed into a devoted, honoured, Servant of Christ,—made a Blessing to thousands, and an Example to the World,—never more needed than in this day of ours,—of the EFFICACY of PRAYER. If it could effect this wondrous change in GEORGE MULLER’S case, why not in YOUR’S? Try it!

(2) This Apostolic "early Christian" man,—needed no "Ordination,"—no "laying on of hands." His "Apostolic Succession" was the *only* true one,—*Spiritual*. Geo. Müller was a Nonconformist,—he never found it needful to join any especial Christian denomination. "We do not belong to any Sect,"—he always said,—"We have no Sectarian views to influence the Reception of the orphans,—what Religious body the Parents were connected with has no effect in their admission in rotation. They are GOD's orphan Houses, *not our's*; open to every destitute Orphan Child."

GEORGE MÜLLER.
MODERN PHILANTHROPY.

Example No. I.

THE PRAYER MEETING. "CONVERSION."

One Saturday evening in November, 1825,—a very disreputable Young Man entered a little devotional meeting held in the house of a Christian Tradesman in the town of Halle, Germany. He was accompanied by a friend, who, reasonably, had misgivings about introducing him to such a gathering. The young man being an ardent votary of Pleasure, Careless, Indifferent, Sinful, one who might be expected to find no enjoyment in the Society of Christian People. At the Card-table, or in the Ball-room or the Theatre, he would be at home, but not in a "Prayer-meeting." However, by a singular fancy, he had expressed a wish to go, and the friend had consented to take him.

The kindly reception at once won his sympathy: "Come as often as you please; house and heart are open to you!" The small company sang a hymn; and then one of the number fell upon his knees and asked a blessing on the meeting. This was quite a new experience, and made a VERY DEEP IMPRESSION upon the Visitor. He had *never* before seen anyone on his knees in Prayer, nor had he ever so prayed himself (!) Then a Chapter out of the Bible and a printed Sermon were read, and another Hymn and Prayer brought the Meeting to a close. It was a very quiet, simple gathering, but the good Work was done. God had sent the "Call"! The Sinner *listened!* From that moment, the Godless Young Man resolved to be a "Christian"! "All my former pleasures are as nothing in comparison with *this* Evening," Müller told his Companion as they walked home. It was the simple act of Prayer that had brought about the Change. *God's call had come! No doubt Christ was there!*

The career of the young man up to this time had not only been marked by idle Pleasure, but by Dissipation, Deceit, and Dishonesty. Born in the town of Kroppenstedt, Prussia, on September 27th, 1805, George Müller had very early given himself up to a Course of Sin. His father, who was Collector of the Excise, seems to have made the mistake of allowing the Boy too much money to spend considering his age—not in order that he might spend it, but to accustom him to possess money *without* spending it. The principle had an *opposite* effect altogether. It led him into many Sins.

He repeatedly spent a part of the money in a Childish way, and afterwards, he declares, when his father looked over his little treasures, sought to deceive him in making up the accounts, either by not putting down all the money which had been given him, or by professing to have more in hand than was the case. The deceit was found out, however, and the boy punished; but without any good effect.

Before he was ten years old, he frequently Stole the Government Money in his Father's keeping. The Father on one occasion, having his Suspicions aroused, set a trap for the Boy, and afterwards had him searched, when the missing money was found hidden in one of the shoes he was wearing! Again he was punished, the only result was to set him thinking how he could do the thing next time *more cleverly*.

Between ten and eleven years of age, he was sent to a classical school at Halberstadt, there to be prepared for the University; his father's desire being that he should become a Clergyman (!) His time was now spent partly in Study, partly in Novel-reading, and partly in Sinful Practices. Such was his way of life until his *fourteenth year*, when his Mother was *removed by Death*. *Whilst she lay dying*, George Müller, unaware of her illness, *was card-playing till two a.m.*, and on the next day, which was the Sabbath, he went with some of his companions to a *tavern*, and afterwards roamed through the streets *half intoxicated!*

The bereavement made no lasting impression upon his mind. In fact, he went from bad to worse. Even when he came to be "confirmed" at Easter, 1820, he must needs *defraud* the Clergyman by handing him only a twelfth part of the fee which his father had given him as an offering. His time until Midsummer, 1821, though spent partly in study, was largely taken up in playing the pianoforte and guitar, *reading novels*, and *frequenting taverns*. His money was often spent on pleasure, so that once, to satisfy his hunger, he stole a piece of coarse bread, the allowance of a Soldier.

In 1821, he robbed his father still more by giving people receipts for different sums which were owing, at the same time leading his parent to understand that the money had never been paid. In November of the same year—at the age of sixteen—he set off, without permission, on an excursion to Magdeburg, where he "spent six days in 'much sin'"; and next proceeded to Brunswick, staying in an expensive Hotel until all his money was exhausted. He then went to another Hotel, where he passed a week in extravagant living, and barely escaped arrest when his trickery was found out. His best clothes had to be left as security, and with this he was allowed to go.

He now proceeded to Wolfenbüttel, where he again put up at an Inn, and, still without money, lived in fine style. In trying to run away, however, he was arrested, and taken between two Soldiers to a police officer, who ordered him to Gaol.

IN PRISON.

After a few days he made the discovery that a thief was in the occupation of the adjoining Cell, and so far as a thick wooden partition would allow the two conversed together. Eventually, by Müller's request, the governor of the gaol permitted the thief to share his cell. They passed their time in relating their adventures, and, says Mr. Müller, "I was by this time so wicked that I was not satisfied with relating things of which I had been really guilty, but I even invented stories to show him what a famous fellow I was. After about ten or twelve days, my fellow-prisoner and I disagreed, and thus we two

wretched beings, to increase our wretchedness, spent day after day without conversing together."

He remained in gaol for over three weeks, by which time his father had consented to pay the bill at the inn and the prison charges. For a time the experience through which he had passed and the chastisement his father administered when he arrived home were not without some good effect. In October, 1822, he was sent to a school at Nordhausen, where he studied with such diligence that he was held up as an example to his class. But he still lived "secretly in much sin," in consequence of which he was taken ill, and for thirteen weeks was confined to his room. At this time he had about 300 books of his own, but no Bible!

While at Nordhausen he was guilty of some deceit which cost him the good opinion of the principal of the school, which he had done so much to gain by his devotion to study. In consequence of his dissipated life he had contracted debts which he had no means of discharging. One day, after having received a sum of money from his father, and having purposely shown it to some of his companions, he feigned that it had been stolen. To this intent, he purposely injured the lock of his trunk and designedly forced open his guitar case.

He then ran into the principal's room, with his coat off, and appearing greatly frightened at what had happened, declared that he had been robbed of his money. As he had anticipated, he was greatly pitied, and some friends gave him as much money as he pretended he had lost. The circumstance also afforded him ground upon which to ask his creditors for further leniency. But the principal guessed the truth, though he could never prove anything.

In 1825, George Müller became a member of the Halle University. One day, while in a Tavern with some fellow-students, he saw amongst them one of his former schoolfellows named Beta, whom he had known at Halberstadt, but whom at the time he had despised because he was quiet and serious. Müller soon became the close friend of Beta; while Beta, in a moment of weakness, acquiesced in the friendship of a very bad companion.

In August, 1825, Müller and his new friend, with two other students, drove about the Country on pleasure for four days, defraying the expenses by pledging some of their belongings. This merely tended to whet the appetite for a more extended expedition, and a trip to Switzerland was suggested. Says Mr. Müller, "The obstacles in the way, the want of money, and the want of passports, were removed by me. For, through *forged letters from our parents*, we procured passports; and through pledging all we could, particularly our books, we obtained as much money as we thought would be enough."

The truants travelled for forty-three days, almost always on foot, "I was on this journey like Judas," we find Mr. Müller confessing, "for having the common-purse, *I was a thief*. I managed so that the journey cost me but *two-thirds* of what it cost my friends!" Upon arrival home, "I had," he further confesses, "*by many lies*, to satisfy my father concerning the travelling expenses, and succeeded in deceiving him."

Thus had George Müller spent his life up to the time when he was led to the little prayer-meeting already mentioned, which resulted in his Conversion. Beta was the friend who accompanied him to that gathering.

"CONVERSION." HE DECLINES A "LIVING."

Though laughed at by his fellow-students, George Müller now "read the Scriptures, prayed often, loved the Brethren, and stood on the side

of Christ." A strong desire rose within him to devote himself to the Missionary Cause, but upon communicating the wish to his Father he was called upon to bear great reproach for not consenting to become "a Clergyman with a *good living*." But still, he remained steadfast; he saw it would be against his convictions for the sake of mere Worldly advantage, and though his father went so far as to declare he would no longer consider him as his son, threats and entreaties were alike unavailing.

But it happened that several American gentlemen came to Halle for literary purposes, and as they were ignorant of the German language, George Müller was recommended by Dr. Tholuck to teach them. These gentlemen paid well for the services rendered, and so George Müller's wants were more than supplied. "Thus," he says, "did the Lord richly make up to me the little which I had relinquished for His sake."

He now circulated Missionary papers, distributed tracts, and often spoke to people whom he met about Religion. He also wrote letters of affectionate appeal to some of his former Worldly companions. But he was far from the full faith and lowly trust in God which were afterwards to crown his life. Falling into open sin he bought a Crucifix and hung it up in his room, hoping that being thus reminded of the sufferings of the Saviour he might be prevented from further evil-doing! But in a few days, he tells us, the looking to the Crucifix was as nothing, and he fell deeply about that very time, more than once. On another occasion in self-humiliation after a season of doubt, he was constrained to fall upon his knees behind a hedge, though the snow was deep, to surrender himself anew to the Lord, to pray for future strength.

Thus from the very commencement of his new life he was graciously given a measure of simplicity, and of childlike disposition, in Spiritual things, so that whilst he was exceedingly ignorant of the Scriptures he was enabled to carry most minute matters to the Lord in Prayer. We see, then, how early the great Central Habit of his life was formed—that of simple, earnest, believing Prayer, the pillar of strength which never failed him.

The public means of grace to which George Müller had access at this time were very few. "I scarcely ever heard the truth, for there was no enlightened clergyman in the town. And when it so happened that I could hear Dr. Tholuck or any other Godly minister, the prospect of it beforehand, and the looking back upon it afterwards, served to fill me with joy. Now and then I walked ten or fifteen miles to enjoy this privilege!"

The weekly devotional meetings in the house of the Christian tradesman, Wagner, whither his steps had first been led, and a meeting on every Lord's-day evening of believing students, some six in number, but who had increased before George Müller left Halle to about twenty, were the only other opportunities of assembling with Christians that presented themselves.

At the end of 1827, upon the advice of Dr. Tholuck, Mr. Müller offered his services to the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, which were eventually accepted. A difficulty, however, arose. Mr. Müller was under obligation to render military service, and a passport was unobtainable. While in this dilemma, he fell seriously ill and broke a blood vessel in the stomach. But the circumstance was overruled for good, for when he recovered the military authorities had no hesitation in granting him a certificate of discharge from liability on the score of "*a tendency to consumption*." Yet Mr. Müller lived to be 92! Hearty and well to the last!

Before departing for England, there being now no difficulties in the

way of a passport, Mr. Müller filled an interval at Berlin in preaching several times a week in the Wards of a Poorhouse and visiting one of the Prisons on Sundays to speak with the Prisoners about their Souls, being locked in by the Keeper with them in their Cells.

He arrived in London on March 29th, 1829, and at once entered upon a course of further study, more especially of English and Hebrew, as a missionary probationer in connection with the Jews' Society. He had not long been engaged in this way, spending twelve hours a day at his books, when he was again taken very ill; and a change being afterwards ordered, he was led into Devonshire.

He now by request began to minister to the congregation at Ebenezer Chapel, Teignmouth. His preaching created considerable stir, and after twelve weeks' temporary oversight of the Church, during which time his necessities were supplied by two brethren, unasked for, he received a definite invitation from the little Church of Eighteen members to become their Pastor. His reply was that he would stay with them so long as he clearly saw it to be the will of the Lord, and the Church agreed to give him £55 a year.

Only a short time elapsed before the young minister began to develop that important principle of trust in God for temporal supplies which was to have such a marked effect upon his life. He saw that pew-rents were "against the mind of the Lord," and were "a snare to the servant of Christ." The pew-rents were therefore given up, and Mr. Müller announced to the Congregation that he should henceforth ask no man, "not even his beloved brethren and sisters," for supplies. For all he needed he *should look to God in Prayer*. That the privilege of giving might not, however, be lost to the Church now that no regular Salary had to be provided, a box was placed in the Chapel, into which any who felt prompted to do so could drop their free-will offerings.

With this decision, Mrs. Müller—for the young Minister had only a few weeks before been married to Miss Mary Groves, whose brother had given up £1,500 a year to go and labour in Persia, solely trusting in the Lord for temporal support—was fully in sympathy; and grace was also given to the young couple to take the commandment, "Sell that ye have and give alms," in its literal sense, and to act accordingly.

Mr. Müller notes, in admiration of the goodness of the Lord, that "He did not try our faith much at the commencement, but gave us encouragement, and allowed us to see His willingness to help us before He was pleased to try it more fully." Only twice was he tempted in those early days to doubt the Lord, and then only momentarily. Sometimes it was stated that George Müller and his wife were starving, but this was false, though they were often brought very low, with not so much as a single penny left and the last loaf on the table, "never," to use Mr. Müller's own words, 60 years after, "have we had to sit down to a meal without our good Lord having provided nourishing food for us. My Master has been a kind Master to me, and if I had to choose this day as to the way of living,—the Lord giving me grace,—I would live the same life again."

In after years, the Annual "Orphan" Income could be reckoned not by hundreds of pounds only, but by *thousands*, coming from all parts of the World!

Mr. Müller had now never to calculate anxiously whether he could afford to be liberal when a case of distress came before him, or the Lord's work called for pecuniary aid, for he could say to himself, "My Lord is not limited; He can supply." Thus in 1831—the first year of his new mode of living—he received £151 in answer to prayer,—and of this he bestowed £50 on the Lord's work. The following year his income

reached £195, of which £70 were given away. In 1833 he received £267, and of that sum allotted £110 as the Lord's portion. The next year his faith brought him £288, and he was thus enabled to give away £10 more than the year before.

In 1835, he obtained, without asking anyone for a single penny, £285, and his Religious and Philanthropic gifts amounted to £110. For the next ten years—1836 to 1845—his total income was about £3,040, an average of over £300 a year, and grace was given him to hand back to the Lord's work and to the poor the sum of about £1,280. The succeeding decade—1846 to 1855—his income increased to an average of more than £500 a year, being £5,080 for the whole period. Something over half of this sum he gave away—viz., £2,660.

In the ten years following—1856 to 1865—the sum representing his income was more than double that recorded for the previous ten-year period, so bounteously did God honour His servant's faith. The amount actually received was £10,670—over £1,000 a year—and of this Mr. Müller devoted to Christian work a sum of no less than £8,250. The next ten years—1866 to 1875—again showed a remarkable rise; in fact, his income was once more doubled. The *total* was £20,500, and the sum given out of this to Christian work and to the poor was £17,850—an average of nearly £1,800 a year. For the last ten years of which we have any record—1876 to 1885—the sum received was nearly £26,000—an average of £2,600 a year—and the amount *given away* was £22,330!

Thus it can be shown how graciously God responded to the lowly faith of the one who had been so ready to renounce all for His sake. From the "£55 a year," so freely and willingly given up, to the £3,000 and £4,000 which afterwards often came to him in a single year, unasked for from any human being, is only God's way of treating those who truly aim to act as His stewards.

"GOD LISTENS TO THOSE WHO LISTENS TO HIM."

Mr. Müller began in 1834 to think of founding "upon Scriptural principles" an Institution for the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad. He had several reasons for doing so, being unable to conscientiously support existing Institutions, chiefly because they asked the unconverted for money, because the individuals in whose hands the management rested were mostly chosen on account of their wealth or influence and not of their Christian character, and because such societies almost invariably contracted debts.

Accordingly on March 5th, 1834, a public meeting was called to inaugurate the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad." There was nothing outwardly influential either in the number of people present at that gathering, or in the Speeches delivered.

The objects were:—(1) To establish Day, Sunday, and Adult Schools in which instruction was given on Scriptural principles; (2) to circulate the Holy Scriptures, especially among the poorest of the poor; (3) to aid Missionary operations in all lands; (4) to circulate religious books, pamphlets, and tracts. It was resolved never to seek "the patronage of the World," to look for support from God alone by Prayer and Faith, and *not to run into debt*. Two days after the Institution was founded, one at least of the founders was almost penniless, for he was compelled to write, "To-day we have only one shilling left!"

But the work went on, and in 1897, in the last "Annual Statement" he was to give, Mr. Müller could report that he had received since the Work was commenced the *noble sum* of £1,424,646!! With this 121,683

persons had been taught in the schools supported by the Institution ; 281,652 Bibles, 1,448,662 New Testaments, 21,343 copies of the Book of Psalms, and 222,196 other portions of the Word of God, in many different languages, had been Circulated ; a considerable number of Missionary and Mission Schools had been assisted, £259,776 having been spent in this direction ; 111,489,067 Scripture Books, Tracts, etc., had been circulated ; and 9,844 Orphans had been *Fed, Clothed, and Educated*.

THE ORPHANAGE BEGUN,—IT'S GREAT OBJECT.

Not long after the establishment of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, Mr. Müller was seized with an intense longing to extend the work by doing something for *destitute Orphans*. He was naturally well acquainted with the large Orphan House at Halle, built, in dependence upon God, by A. H. Franke. At this time the alternative in England for poor Children bereaved of their parents lay for the most part between the *poorhouse* and the *gaol*, and the desire became rooted in Mr. Müller's heart that he might, while caring for the bodies of these helpless ones, present to the World an object lesson showing "even in the nineteenth Century what can be accomplished by prayer and Faith."

"I judged myself bound," he says, "to be the servant of the Church of Christ in the particular point on which I had obtained mercy ; namely, *in being able to take God by His word and to rely upon it*. This seemed to me best done by the establishing and carrying on of an Orphan House. It needed to be something which could be seen even by the natural eye. Now, if I, a poor man, simply by prayer and faith, obtained, *without asking any individual*, the means for establishing and carrying on an Orphan House, there would be something which, with the Lord's blessing, might be instrumental in strengthening the faith of the Children of God, besides being a testimony to the consciences of the Unconverted of the reality of the things of God. This, then, was the primary Reason for establishing the Orphan Houses.

"I certainly *did* from my heart desire to be used by God to benefit the bodies of *poor children* bereaved of both parents, and seek, in other respects, with the help of God, to do them good for this life. I also particularly longed to be used by God in getting the dear Orphans, trained up in the *fear of God* ; but *still* the FIRST AND PRIMARY Object of the Institution was, and STILL IS, that God might be magnified by the fact that the Orphans under my care were, and are, provided with all they need only by *prayer and faith*, without anyone being asked by me or my fellow-labourers, whereby it might be seen that God is FAITHFUL STILL and HEARS PRAYER STILL."

Bills were issued announcing a public meeting to be held on December 9th, 1835. At this important little gathering the only speaker was Mr. Müller, and no collection or appeal was made. Four days previous to the meeting, Mr. Müller had been much struck, in reading his Bible, by these words, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it" (*Ps. lxxxi., 10*). He at once took the promise literally, knelt down, and asked the Lord "for Premises," for the "sum of £1,000," and for suitable persons to take care of the Children, all of which requests were at length granted. The *first* donation towards the proposed Orphan House was the sum of *one shilling* from a poor missionary ! The second contribution was also a shilling, and the first legacy, 6s. 6½d., came from a little boy !

On December 17th, the sum of £100 was given by a *poor seamstress*, weak in bodily health, who had come into possession of the money

through the death of a relative. As her average earnings did not exceed 3s. 6d. *per week*, Mr. Müller *hesitated* to accept the gift, but the poor woman insisted with this reply: "The Lord Jesus has given His last drop of blood for me, and shall I not give Him this £100?" What answer could Mr. Müller make to this? so exactly *his own* system. He could only thank God for using this poor woman, in so considerable a measure, for helping at its very commencement the work he had set about solely in dependence upon Him.

At length, Mr. Müller was able to rent a large house, No. 6 Wilson Street, St. Paul's, Bristol, and it was furnished for the reception of thirty orphan girls. At the end of eight months, another house in Wilson Street was taken for the accommodation of *thirty-six infant orphans*; nine months later a third house was open for *thirty boys*; and subsequently a fourth house to accommodate *thirty more* children was required. To do all this necessitated no little exercise of Faith, particularly as the wants of the orphan family were repeatedly being met only from hour to hour, and from meal to meal, by the "Father of the fatherless." The *last penny* was reached *over and over* again—but it was merely for the trial of Faith, and, in the end, God invariably appeared, and the Orphans lacked nothing.

"Long before these trials came," observes Mr. Müller, "I had more than once stated publicly that answers to Prayer in the time of need—the manifestation of the hand of God stretched *but* for our help—were *just the very end* for which the Institution was established." Sometimes in plenty, sometimes in poverty, the work went on; but whether in Storm, or Sunshine, George Müller's mind was at peace in the thought that in some way or other the Lord would provide. Occasionally, when in straits, money would arrive while he was in the act of prayer, or at the moment when he was reading a note from the Orphan Houses concerning the day's necessities.

Yet, though the funds in hand were often *not sufficient* to meet the needs of the Orphans for more than *three days together*, the Faith of this remarkable man never once caused him to question the advisability of admitting fresh inmates to the Homes, provided there were room. It has been well remarked, "When it was known that there was a good man prepared to take charge of the fatherless and the motherless, the number of his 'family' grew apace. He *turned none of them away*. What he did was to pray that more meat and drink and money and clothes might be sent him."

With nearly 140 mouths to feed, and with all the necessities of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution to be met, sometimes the day started with *not a penny in hand*, sometimes with just a *penny, once with 2½d.*, and at another time with only ½d.! But the God of the Orphans never suffered His little ones to hunger or thirst—His help was always sure.

The increasing number of applicants for admission and the unsuitability of the houses in Wilson Street, coupled with a complaint from the neighbours regarding the noise made by the children, at length compelled Mr. Müller to prepare to "build."

He saw that he must erect a Building which would accommodate at *least three hundred* children—double the number then in residence in Wilson Street; and the fact that the large sum of £10,000 or £15,000 would be required did not discourage or dismay him in the slightest degree though he had not a penny to call his own. He felt that the words of the Psalmist, "A Father to the fatherless," contained enough encouragement to cast thousands of orphans, with all their need, upon the loving heart of God.

He therefore gave himself to Prayer, and after *thirty-six days'* constant waiting upon God, the first donation came to hand—it was for £1,000, the largest amount received up to that time. “When I received it,” he tells us, “if £5,000 or £10,000 had been given, it would *not* have surprised me!” An architect also offered, unsolicited, to superintend the erection of the Building; and at length sufficient money had come in to justify the purchase of a Site.

Mr. Müller called twice in one day upon the owner of some land at Ashley Down, only to find him out on each occasion; and thinking the Lord had some object in this he refrained from again endeavouring to see him that day, as he might have done. The next morning, however, he called once more, and was thereupon informed that he might have the seven-acre site for £80 an acre less than would *have been asked the day before!* During the night the Landowner had been restless, and while lying awake had decided to sell at the reduced figure, whereby £560 was saved!

By the sixty-fifth day nothing more had been received towards the building fund, but the sum of £50 followed, and hardly had he given thanks than half-a-crown, two sixpences, and another £1,000 were received in succession! Gifts, varying from a farthing to £2,000, now followed; and at length, with £11,062 in hand, after the help of God had been *sought for 607 days*, the building was commenced. In all, £15,784 was received, the last donation being one of £2,000 from a gentleman who called and paid the amount over to Mr. Müller entirely in notes, anxious that his liberality should *not be known* even by his bankers. The House (No. 1) was opened in June, 1849.

The next year, Mr. Müller was forced to consider an enlargement of the work. For months he dwelt upon it in prayer, and the ultimate outcome was Houses 2 and 3, accommodating 850 Orphans. By some means a false report got abroad that he had in hand some £30,000 wherewith to erect the new building, but though this was calculated to deter persons from giving, Mr. Müller knew that God could incline the hearts of people not to withhold their gifts.

The greatness of the sum required for the undertaking afforded him a kind of secret joy, “for the greater the difficulty to be overcome, the more it would be seen to the glory of God how much can be done by prayer and faith.”

Almost the first gift received towards the new effort was *sixpence* from one of the Orphans, and it is noticeable that all the early contributions were of modest amount. At length, however, *came* £8,100, “the joint donation of several Christians.” Later we find *1s. 7d.*, from two poor factory girls, and the sum of £5,207 arriving upon the same day! Other amounts, large and small, were sent in, and on November 12th, 1857—seven years after the undertaking had first entered into Mr. Müller’s thoughts and prayers—the New Orphan House, No. 2, was opened.

In May, 1861, Mr. Müller was able to announce that towards the cost of Houses 2 and 3, the sum of £46,660 had been obtained, so that the amount first prayed for (£35,000) was exceeded by £11,660! House No. 3, however, was not opened until March 12th, 1862, owing to a difficulty experienced by one of the contractors.

Even before No. 3 was complete, Mr. Müller had come to the conclusion to carry the work still further by providing two other establishments, to shelter 850 *more orphans*. A *family of 2,000 Children*, to be supported by a *penniless man* in dependence upon God alone! The enlargement Mr. Müller anticipated would cost at least £50,000, and increase the current expenses from £20,000 a year to £35,000. “But my hope is in God, and in Him alone,” he could say.

Applications for the admission of orphans were being made almost daily, sometimes for three or four at once. But the most powerful reason which operated in favour of the expansion of the orphan colony on the breezy heights of Ashley Down, was the evidence it afforded that "the Living God is still, as four thousand years ago, the Living God." Thousands of sinners had already been converted; multitudes of Christians had been strengthened in faith and holy purpose; the attention of hundreds of thousands had been drawn to the Work; and many tens of thousands had come to see it. That was what Mr. Müller desired above all things—that God might be honoured and souls saved.

Mr. Müller had for years had his eyes upon a piece of land adjoining the existing Houses, and the prayer had gone up hundreds of times that God would count him worthy to be allowed to erect upon the spot two more Orphan Houses. He had, to use his own expression, bedewed the ground with his prayers. Now the time came to negotiate for the purchase, but such difficulties were found to stand in the way of acquiring the site that the proposal seemed to stagger for a moment under a death-blow. However, prayer and patience, the remedies for all troubles in all seasons, were again pressed into special service, and ere long the difficulties vanished and the land was secured—for the full amount demanded? No, for £5,500, or £1,500 less than the owner had originally asked for his property!

The sum raised for the two Houses was £58,000, and on November 5th, 1868, No. 4 was opened, and on January 6th, 1870, the Fifth, and last, House.

The five Houses had cost £115,000, and were capable of accommodating 2,050 children, together with the necessarily large staff of helpers. Not a penny had been asked from any man—not a single *letter*, *circular*, or "*advertisement*" had been issued appealing for help. Without wealthy Patrons, President, Committee, or Collectors—simply by the instrumentality of one poor man, constantly on his knees before God, had the Colossal Institution been built up. And so it stands, a monument of believing prayer, a witness for Divine truth, a sermon in stone eloquent in appeal to men to turn to God as their ever-loving Friend and Helper, and Support.

The Expense and Responsibility of carrying on this great Institution *may be imagined*. With two thousand little ones daily to feed and clothe and educate; with outfits and *premiums* continually to be provided for those going out to *Apprenticeship*, or *domestic Service*; with thousands of articles of furniture, etc., from time to time to be *repaired* or replaced; with the Children *occasionally* ill; and the large staff of Overseers of one kind or another, such as School Inspectors, Matrons, Masters, female Teachers, Medical Officers, Nurses, Laundresses, etc., to be *paid*—realise all this, and one begins to grasp what a glorious testimony the Work is to the power of Prayer! And this takes no account of the far-reaching and important operations of the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution" in its Bible, Missionary, School, and Tract work!

As Mr. Müller observed, "At least nine out of ten of our nobility would be unable to meet these expenses year by year, and only a few of the most wealthy could do so; but we have nothing of their wealth, and yet we are able, with as much ease, if not greater ease, than very rich noblemen, to accomplish this by looking to the infinitely rich One for everything."

From all quarters of the Globe; from men in every grade of life; and from the *most unlikely persons*, supplies would emanate. From Prince to Tinker—from £12,000 in *one gift* down to a *farthing*! *Singular*

indeed was the manner in which the work was helped—yea, is still helped, for the vast Institution is going on *just as in Mr. Muller's time* under the honorary direction of his son-in-law, Mr. James Wright.

Times might be bad, panic might be abroad (as in the time of the Lancashire Cotton Famine); but the Stream of gifts failed not—yea, rather become stronger. Forty-nine out of fifty donors were unknown to Mr. Müller, and this applied as much to those who gave their thousands of pounds as to those who sent their sixpences and shillings. God touched the hearts of His servants, and at His bidding, according as the need might be, they dropped their gifts into the treasury.

In the early days of the work the trials were many, but by no means did they cease when the Institution became larger, as many suppose. For example, the out-goings would be £632 in a single day, and the in-comings but £3 15s. ; or, to quote another instance, £151 expenditure on a certain day and only 12s. 6d. to hand !

Many and varied indeed were, and are, the means taken to aid the Institution. Some donors regularly devote to the work the profits derived from fields, small pieces of land, fowls, cows, pigs, sheep, fruit trees of all kinds, vegetable and flower gardens, bees, turf, grape-vines, ferns, and many other things. Some donors support as many Orphans as they have children of their own ; a ship-owner sends the money he would otherwise spend on insuring his vessels ; doctors send their Sunday fees ; travellers send money saved in riding third-class ; labourers send their harvest-money—and so the list could be amplified almost indefinitely.

In 1871, Mr. James Wright, the successor of Mr. Müller on the honorary directorship of the Institution, was united in marriage with Mr. Müller's only daughter, who died in 1890. At the close also of 1871 Mr. Müller was married to Miss Susannah Grace Sangar, who proved the devoted companion of a series of long missionary journeys he subsequently undertook with a view to benefitting both the Church and the world at large by his ministry and experience.

He was *seventy years of age* when he started (in 1875) on these Missionary journeyings—a time of life when many, having borne the burden, and heat, of the day as he had done, would have inclined to a period of *repose*. In the course of seventeen tours, continued until nearly his Ninetieth year (1895), he visited every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland, most European countries, including regions as remote as Hungary, Poland, and Russia, also Asia Minor, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Turkey, the United States of America, and Canada. When he was over eighty years of age he went to India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. In all, he paid Evangelistic visits to forty-two Countries, and the distance he travelled was equal to six times the circumference of the globe !

In earlier life he had been subject to extreme sea-sickness, but during these Missionary tours, although he crossed the Atlantic Seven times, the Red Sea Five times, the Mediterranean Sixteen times, and the Pacific and Indian Oceans, he was never once sick. In earlier life, too, he had been often in ill-health, so that once he feared Insanity, but in all these trying tours his health and strength were maintained remarkably—which he regarded as due to the blessing of God.

He preached many thousands of times, often by interpretation, and generally to vast Crowds, and, from an estimate he formed, in the seventeen years over which the seventeen tours were spread he addressed, it is thought, more than three million people ! The whole of the heavy expenses of these tours were supplied, as in the case of his other wants, simply and solely in answer to believing prayer. Not a single human

being was told what his special needs were, at any particular time, though he often had to pay down at once, £100, £150, and even on one occasion £240, for these long Voyages.

After May, 1892, when Mr. Müller returned from his last missionary tour, he devoted himself chiefly to the direction of the work of the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution," with occasional visits to various places to address meetings. He took part in rotation on Sunday mornings at several chapels with which he was associated in Bristol, and his Lord's Day evenings were devoted to Bethesda, Great George Street, of which he had been pastor for the unparalleled period of over sixty years, and where he usually preached to large congregations. His health and strength were remarkable. *Almost up to the time of his death* he was enabled to say, "I have been able every day, and all the day, to work, and with the ease of seventy years ago!" Yet he had been *rejected* (as a soldier) as a "Consumptive" 70 years before!

He was a great lover of the Bible, which he read through four times every year. He systematically read from the first Chapter of Genesis to the last of the Revelation, and had done so between one and two hundred times.

HE DECLINES A PENSION.

A proposal was once made to start a fund for Mr. Müller's support in old age. While fully appreciating the great kindness shown, Mr. Müller looked upon this as a Temptation, permitted by God, to *put his trust* in something *other* than Himself. The Person who made the proposal enclosed a cheque for £100 to start the Fund. In a dignified, but kind, firm, reply, Mr. Müller told the Donor that he had never thought it right to make provision for himself, or his wife and daughter, except in this way: that when he had before him a case of need, such as an aged Widow, a Sick person, or a helpless infant, he had used the means freely which God had given him, fully believing that if either his wife or daughter, or himself, at some time or other should be in need of anything, God would richly repay what had been given to the Poor, considering it as lent to Himself.

He possessed, he said, *no Property whatever*, nor did his wife. He had not had one single shilling regular Salary as a minister of the Gospel since 1830, nor as the Director of the Orphan Houses and the other objects of the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution." "When I am in need of anything," he added, "I fall on my knees and ask God that He would be pleased to give me what I need, and He puts it into the heart of someone or other to help me. Thus all my Wants have been amply supplied, and I can say, to the praise of God, I have *lacked nothing*. My dear Wife, and my only Child, are of the same mind. Of this blessed way of living we become day by day more convinced of its blessedness."

Mr. Müller was strongly convinced that it is the duty of all Christians to adopt a regular habit of giving—not the rich only, but the poor. "As far as practicable, we should seek to do this *weekly*, according to that word, 'UPON THE FIRST DAY of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him'—(1. Cor. xvi., 2). This point cannot be too much considered by Christians in the fear of God. *It is God's principle, most plainly laid down in God's Word.*"

Thousands blessed him for driving home to them this important truth. Many traced their Success in life to its adoption. One gentleman wrote him that he had been enabled, while making full provision for himself and family, to *give away* over £100,000 in this way!

At one time Mr. Müller knew a suddenly, and deeply, involved House of Business. His advice to them was, to be grateful to God that He had *not taken all* from them. Were he, in their position, he said, he should express his gratitude to the Lord by a thank-offering to Him, that the Calamity had not taken away *the whole* of their Property. The gentlemen concerned, he found afterwards, resolved to give to the Lord £100 as *suggested*.

Well, Reader, what do you think was the result? These Christian men have had the £100 repaid *not* merely ten-fold, twenty-fold, nor a hundred-fold, but far more than a *thousand-fold*!"

HIS DEATH.

NOTE.—Mr. Müller came to Birmingham in about his 90th year, and the Writer heard his address at "Carrs Lane Chapel," Birmingham, the Scene of the Labours of that earnest Pastor, John Angel James, followed by Mr. Dale, and Mr. Jowett.

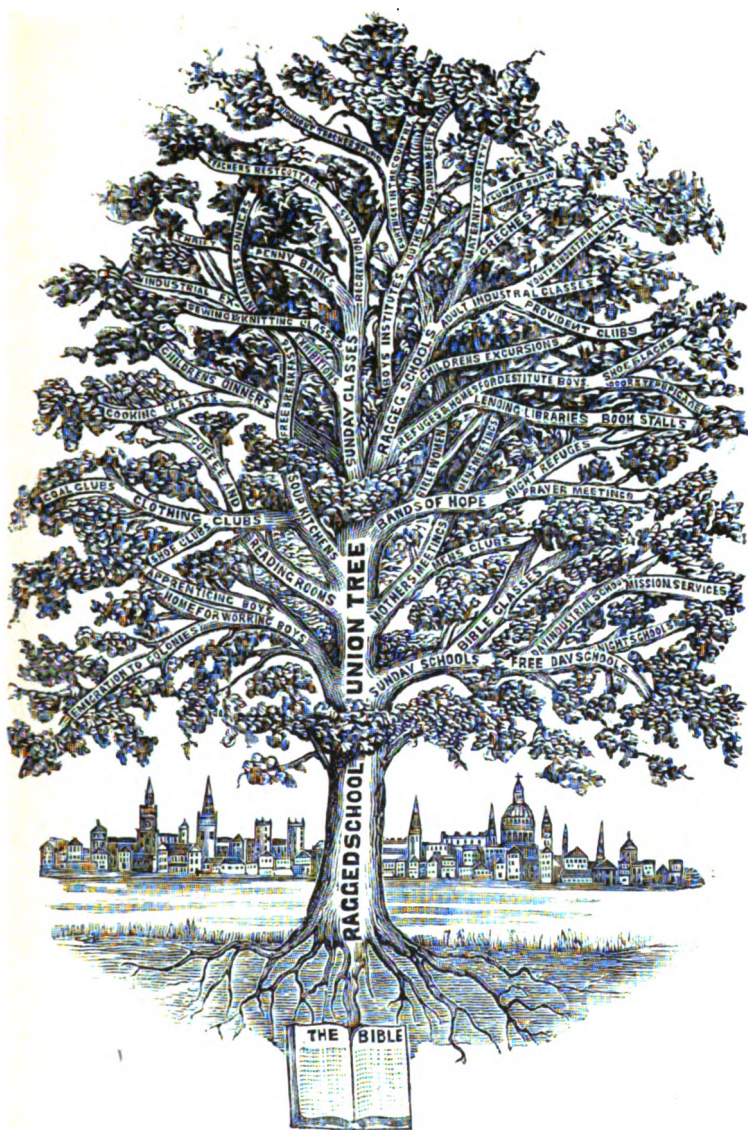
Mr. Müller resided in later years at No. 3 Orphan House. His private room was comparatively small, and simply furnished. A table, couch, one or two ordinary chairs, a single arm-chair, which only by a stretch of imagination could be described as "easy," were the chief articles of furniture. On the walls were Scripture texts, and on the table was usually an open Bible. A man of tall and stately bearing, he was a strict disciplinarian, but his kindness of heart, his gentleness, and graciousness hardly suffered it to be known.

It was in No. 3 House on March 10th, 1898, that his attendant, failing to get a response to her knock at his bedroom door in the morning, entered to find him *lying on the floor dead*! The Summons to the Master's Presence had come! It was a beautiful end to a beautiful life! No lingering hours of pain, but a Sudden Call to the Glory of the Master's Presence! The first expression of weariness and weakness had come from him only the day before he passed away. On that evening he had conducted the prayer meeting at the Orphan Houses as usual, and retired to rest at his customary hour apparently in fair health. When the news of his death in the morning, so sudden, yet so peaceful, became known, the whole City of Bristol was stirred to its depths.

From every Pulpit, including that of the Cathedral and the Roman Catholic Cathedral, reference was made on the Sunday following to the event; and the Funeral next day was the most remarkable which any-one in the city could remember.



ros. will give a "Shun" Child two Weeks in the Country. Every Penny goes to the Work. Address:—18 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.



CHAPTER LXXI.

A Brighter Picture. Modern Philanthropy.

"HEATHENS AT HOME,"—"RAGGED SCHOOLS,"—JOHN POUNDS.—CHRIST'S PEACEFUL FOLLOWERS CONQUER.—THE "SALVATION ARMY."—THE QUAKERS AND THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.—THE HEATHEN WORLD ABROAD; THEIR NUMBERS.—MISSIONARY GRAVES.—"WOLVES."—CHRIST WILL CONQUER.—MARTYRS OF OUR DAY.—P. P. BLISS AND "ASTABULA CREEK" TRAGEDY.—EARLIEST (BAPTIST) MISSIONARIES.—JOSHUA MARSHMAN.—WILLIAM CAREY.

THE PICTURE of the TREE of "branches" of good Works,—springing from the BIBLE, was designed by a great friend of the "Ragged Schools,"—now deceased,—it expresses a Profound Truth, ever to be kept in our view. It is the GREAT,—Fundamental,—TRUTH, that the Redemption,—Conversion,—and all Reformation of "Fallen" Mankind,—of Heathen Nations,—springs from the WORD OF GOD,—and of JESUS CHRIST.

Without Christ,—real Love to Him,—Desire to Honour and Obey Him as our Lord, and Master,—no Efforts will prove to be lasting, or be blessed and acknowledged by "God, the Father." IGNORE Christ, and all will be in vain! *Why?* Because all true Christians are ever dependent upon *essential* Divine Grace. We owe every good Desire,—all true Piety,—entirely to the continued Presence,—and Blessed Influence,—of God the Holy Spirit,—our Lord's Representative upon Earth,—called in the Scriptures, "The Holy Ghost,"—the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity of God. (For the "Trinity," see Page 195, Vol. I.) "*Civilisation*" is but another Word for "*Christianity*," and "*Christianity*" is but another Word for Jesus Christ. In one Word, "It is *Christ—or Nothing*!"

"I am the Vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing."—*John* xv. 5.

"Every plant, which My Heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up."—*Matth.* xv. 13.

**The Conscience of Great Nations Awakened by
Christ.
Modern Philanthropy.**



**WORTHY JOHN POUNDS, IN HIS SHOP AT PORTSMOUTH,
PIONEER OF RAGGED SCHOOLS," 1810 (?)—1830.**

This Remarkable,—excellent,—Man,—a Poor Shoemaker of Portsmouth,—gathered around him Ragged,—Untaught,—Destitute,—Neglected,—Children whom the Callous indifference of the former Dark days, let run wild into Ruin, and Crime, and then Hung, or "Transported" them. He would follow them, induce them to come to his place, by the offer of well-cooked Potatoes, such as the Poor children half-starved could not resist.

Dr. Guthrie,—the well-known promoter of Ragged Schools in Edinburgh,—always stated that it was a Picture of this good man, he once saw, in his School, which first drew his own attention, and devotion, to the Cause. The noble Earl of Shaftesbury never failed to refer to,—and to honour,—the Memory of John Pounds. In that poor, little Cobbler's Shop, at Portsmouth,—16 feet by 6 feet wide,—lay the GERM of nearly every Effort and operation subsequently carried out by the future "Ragged School" Movement. Thus, he invented contrivances for Crippled Children. He taught simple Cookery to Boys and Girls. He taught them his trade,—starting some as Journeymen. He taught them all to Read,—especially the Bible,—also to write, and simple arithmetic. He had also some knowledge as a Doctor, and Nursing, and was an adept at making Bats, Shuttlecocks, and Toys. Lastly, he sent Boys to Sea

thus forestalling the Modern "Emigration" System. This true Christian,—and Patriot,—amongst the "home Heathen" of that dark day, was a *very poor*,—self-denying Man.

A few SPRATS were found on a Shelf, in this good Man's poor, little Shop,—the day this TRUE CHRISTIAN died,—1st January, 1830,—considered by him good enough for his New Year's Dinner. Christian Readers, is there not a Lesson here for us all ?

RAGGED SCHOOLS—1840-1908.

Good John Pounds' Work is now carried on in London alone by some 4,716 Volunteer Workers, amongst the very Poorest, and Roughest Children in the "Ragged Schools." In the Chapter upon "Hints for Sunday School Teaching," in Vol. I., Page 247,—also, on Page 503,—the Writer mentions teaching for 20 years in an Unsectarian "Sabbath School" some 40 Youths, from 14 to 20 years of age. Many of the "Addresses," etc., in these two Volumes, being written for the "Class." Also, that, in 20 years,—he never met with a single case of rudeness to himself. "The best hours we ever spent,"—one of the Scholars remarked, years after he had left the School. But these were decent, well-behaved Boys,—wonderfully punctual in their attendance ; some never missing a Sunday for Years together. He also conducted a "Night School," with some 300 attenders. But, Reader, this is a *very different thing* to the work our noble Brothers and Sisters, carry on in the "Ragged Schools." What infinite Patience,—what Self-denying Grace must be needed to persevere with Rude, ill-bred, noisy, neglected, thoughtless Street Children !

Indeed, it requires "abounding Grace,"—marvellous patience, and Love to Christ,—to steadily keep up such Schools for the *very Poor*,—a class few seem capable of working amongst,—for the Great Master. All Honour to those who can do their difficult work for God !

THE "BAD" OLD TIMES, 1840.

Sixty-seven years ago the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London," revealing the condition of Ignorance and Squalor in which myriads of the Population were existing, led to the establishment of "Ragged Schools," and "Refuges." By their means hundreds and thousands of Children have been lifted out of the mire, educated, trained, and started upon respectable careers, and vast multitudes of men and women, wrecked and ruined by misfortune, have received timely shelter and succour, and have gone forth with new hopes to resume the battle of life. Such efforts, carried on as they have been amidst financial struggles and difficulties, have kept this depravity and misery within the limits

necessary for public safety, and society is unquestionably in a large degree indebted to these Institutions that the state of things had not long since become perilous. To bring these evils to a complete end, however, whilst so many demoralising agencies have been all along striving to perpetuate them, is a consummation transcending the dreams of the most sanguine philanthropists. At the end of nearly half-a-century the "bitter cry" is heard from new districts and a new generation of sufferers, appealing for help not only to the heart of charity, but also to the strong arm of the Legislature.

Conspicuous amongst the pioneers of the efforts above referred to were the Field Lane Ragged Schools and Refuges.

The statement of "outcast London" at the present time (1908) is such as to render the necessity for the continuance of such ameliorative and benevolent work as great as ever, notwithstanding the great improvement already effected.

The following extracts convey a correct impression :—

In "Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission," Mr. R. W. Vanderkiste says of the locality of Field Lane :—"A large portion of this district was called 'Jack Ketch's Warren,' from the fact of the number of persons who were hanged at Newgate from the courts and alleys, especially at the period when £1 notes were in circulation, and forgeries so common. The disturbances which here occurred were of so desperate a character, that from forty to fifty constables would be marched down with cutlasses, it being frequently impossible for officers to act in less numbers, or unarmed."

A City Missionary labouring in the District thus reported :—"Visited with two friends in the night-time, the Arches near the School, and found 17 wretched, homeless, and friendless Creatures huddled together, having crawled thither, being unable to procure any other lodging-place. They were invited, and came to the School the next morning, when bread was given them, and subsequent instruction. Lord Ashley, afterwards the Earl of Shaftesbury, hearing of it, with his accustomed promptness and philanthropy, visited this Scene of wretchedness at midnight, and found a large number of these poor creatures, some whom were sent into the Westminster Juvenile Refuge, and similar institutions, until an Attic in the neighbouring Court was taken, into which eight were admitted, who were exceedingly grateful, though they had nought but the bare boards to rest their wearied limbs upon. Friends were made acquainted with these facts, and they provided bread, clothing, and bedding. Of 50 of these poor creatures 33 had lost both parents, 14 had only one parent, and 3 only had both parents living; 23 had no shirt, 16 no shoes, and clothes of all tattered and filthy. Some had not slept in a bed for five weeks, others for five months."

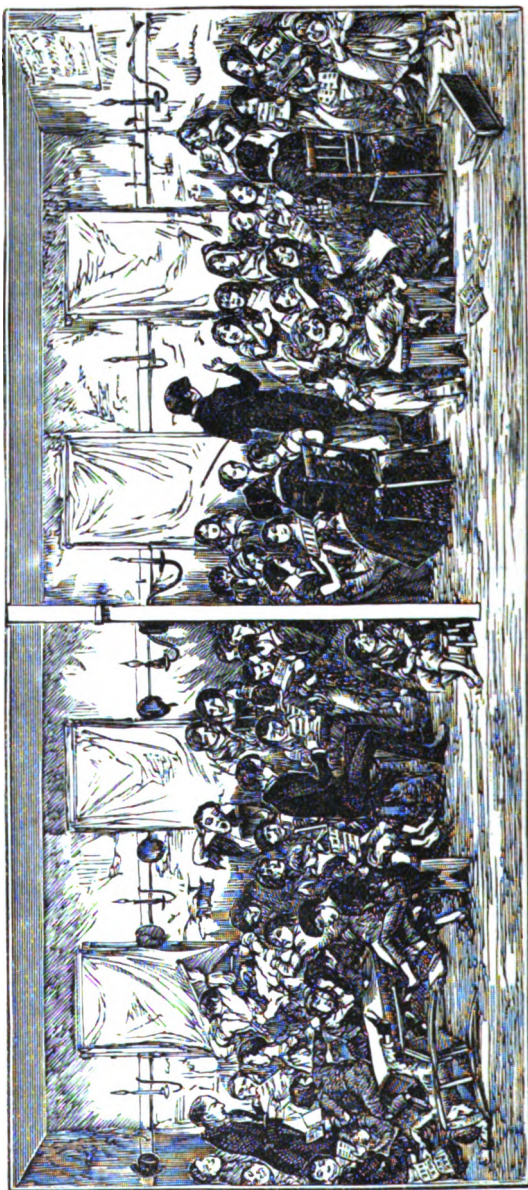
In No. 75 of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, for Saturday, June 7th, 1845, we read :—

"'A Ragged School,' quoth the Reader. 'Pray, what kind of School is that?' A few words will suffice to answer this inquiry. A 'Ragged School' is a Sunday School established by private benevolence in a city district of the meanest kind, where every house is worn-out and crazy, and almost every tenant a beggar, or, perhaps, something worse. A School, moreover, in which no children are to be found who would be admitted into any other school; for, ragged, diseased, and crime-worn, their very appearance would scare away the children of well-conducted parents; and hence, if they were not educated there, they would receive no education at all. Children of thieves, coiners, burglars, and other outcasts of society.

"The Smithfield 'Ragged School' is situate at 65, West Street, a

HEATHEN AT HOME.

THE EARLY "RAGGED SCHOOL" IN WEST STREET, SMITHFIELD, IN 1842 (formerly "Chick Lane"), LONDON.



Reader, fancy the Faith,—Patience,—Self-denial,—and above all,—the Love to God, and Christ,—which alone could have enabled the Noble Pioneers to continue the work among the neglected Poor !

locality where vice and fever hold fearful sway. To open it in any other neighbourhood would be to defeat the object of the projectors. The very habiliments of the boys, so patched that the character of the original texture could scarcely be gleaned, would almost be sufficient to preclude their ingress to a more respectable neighbourhood, and make them slink back abashed into their loathsome dens. It follows, that the object of the promoters of the Ragged Schools—the in-gathering of the outcasts—requires that it should be held amidst the homes of these outcasts. The house has that battered, worn aspect, which speaks of dissolute idleness, the windows are dark and dingy, and the street too narrow to admit a current of fresh air; and it needed, on the rainy day of March in which it was visited, but a slightly active imagination to call up visions of the robberies and murders which have been planned in it, and of which it has been the scene."

Mr. Starey, for some years Treasurer of the School, gives the following account:—"In the year 1842 I was led to visit the Field Lane Sabbath School, then lately commenced, where I witnessed a scene so foreign to anything I had ever before experienced or heard of, that it made an impression on my mind never to be effaced. On opening the door of the school, then held up a miserable court in Saffron Hill, a motley group of half-clad youths rushed up the rickety staircase into a small apartment, some ten feet square, and commenced leaping upon and overturning the forms which stood in their way; others showed their daring agility by descending from the first-floor window into the yard beneath, whilst the remainder evinced their love of fun and mischief by blowing out the lights, and giving ever and anon a specimen of their vocal talents, by a shouting chorus of some low and popular song; when, however, some order was obtained, and the two teachers present endeavoured to impart instruction with candle in hand, they were obliged to keep on their hats for protection from the rotten vegetables and animal refuse which the rebels without were continually throwing through the broken windows. Such scenes lasted more or less for several months. The School, at this time, was open on Tuesday evenings for females, and Thursday for males. One Tuesday evening, being at the school prior to the arrival of the Superintendent, I was engaged in admitting the young women and girls, when I was surprised by a woman coming hastily into the passage of the house, and beckoning me to close the door. As soon as she recovered her breath, she informed me that she had overheard a number of young men state that they intended coming to the School that evening to have a *lark*, and if the Teacher interfered, they would 'rip him up.' One having attempted on a previous occasion to *stab the superintendent*, the threat was deemed no vain one!"

OTHER HELPERS OF THE POOR. "THE SALVATION ARMY."

NOTE.—To avoid misconception the Writer has no connection with, or personal knowledge of, this earnest, excellent, organisation, dealing with the very Class other "Churches" fail to influence.

He has only met them,—during World-wide travels,—attending on two or three occasions their "Meetings." *Everywhere*, the World over, they appear to be doing excellent work for the Great Master. During the great Strike in

Australia, in 1891-2,—which caused vast distress,—(all, as usual, for no good, or object ultimately gained),—the Salvation Army were indefatigable; and their kind, self-denying, Labours,—during that bad time,—obtained the thanks of the Community. Their “Army,”—(the “Sincerest Flattery being Imitation”),—has been followed by the “Church Army.” The “Dissenter” seems ever to go first in Evangelical Work,—the “Church” having to be *roused*,—as in Wesley’s time,—to *follow*. They,—like the Friends (or “Quakers”),—decline all Infant “Baptism,” as Unscriptural, and as a piece of Dark Age presumption on the part of any Church to say through their “Priests,”—“this child is Regenerate”; when the Church knows no more about the fact,—or the future of the Child,—than the unconscious Infant does itself. There is not *one word* in the New Testament to authorise the delusive “Infant Baptism,” from Matthew to Revelations!

Recent Revelations (1908) as to the Condition of the “Slums” of the *very Poor*, and how they,—and their children,—*live*, prove that the good Work is almost as much needed as in the Forties; otherwise things would soon be as bad as ever. An annual Expenditure of £7,000 is needed, so that a generous Public is appealed to to save the Work from languishing. Office address,—Mr. Peregrine Pratt, Secretary for 34 years, Field Lane Refuges, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. There is little doubt that the Philanthropic Efforts, and the Religious awakening of England by Wesley and Whitfield,—down to the noble Philanthropist,—the Earl of Shaftesbury,—and his Colleagues,—saved our Country from a “Revolution.” The Corn Laws were repealed in 1847, and Riots ceased.

HOW 27 FARTHING BECAME £3,250,000.

The first Subscription (1866) the devoted, late, excellent, Dr. Barnardo received,—for his “Homes” for Destitute Children,—was 27 FARTHING, saved up by a POOR SERVANT Girl.

“And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast in much.

“And there came a certain poor Widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing.

“And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury.”—*Mark* xii. 41.

The Heathen Abroad.

In no department of Work for Christ, has He awakened the Sleeping Conscience of Great Nations,—like Great Britain and

America,—than in our Duty towards the HEATHEN WORLD. We cannot shirk this Christian duty! For what were the Ancient Britons,—what were our own ancestors,—before a small Body of devoted, faithful, Early Christians, with their Lives in their hands,—landed on our Shores to bring Christ's *Gospel to us*? These Islands of Great Britain, when the Gospel of Jesus Christ came to us, 1,000 years ago, were inhabited, the Reader of History will admit, by a Race of Savage Heathens, as Cruel, as Superstitious, as Fierce under their Druids,—and as hopeless a Race of Heathens as the World had seen.

Look at us now! It is easy for a Wretched Atheist, like Robert Buchanan, the Author of the "Wandering Jew,"—to sneer at what Jesus Christ has already done for this "Fallen" World, but look at the change in our own Nation before our very eyes! A more unlikely Race of Savages to hope to bring under the Mild Influence of Christ's Gospel surely never existed. Yet Christ conquered! And how does the Great Master conquer? By Force? No! By the feeblest Instruments, a few, unarmed, helpless, weak, defenceless, "Missionaries," from the Early "Christian" Church in the East. THEY did not leave our savage ancestors to themselves,—give them up as hopeless! No! The Great MASTER CALLED,—He CALLS STILL to us,—

"And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all Nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

"Therefore said he unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest."

"Go your ways: behold, I send you forth as lambs among Wolves."

"And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all Nations."

"And this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the World for a witness unto all Nations; and then shall the End come.

"Behold I send you forth as Sheep in the midst of Wolves."

THE GOOD MISSIONARIES LAND IN GREAT BRITAIN.

And the little Group of Faithful Missionaries landed on our Shores! One can imagine the Astonished,—Amazed,—Embarrassment,—of the War-like Ancient Britons,—our Ancestors,—even then "Sportsmanlike,"—and full of Fight,—when these feeble, unarmed, Folk landed! *Who on Earth were these? What were they to do?* This was an "Inva-

sion," they had never heard of ! There was no Foe to Fight !

THE QUAKERS AND AMERICAN INDIANS.

It recalls the Interview of the North American Indians,—all paint, and war-like arms,—with the early " Friends " (or " Quakers ") under WILLIAM PENN, who Founded Philadelphia in 1683.

The Savage Tribes, with Tomahawks,—“ Scalping ” Knives,—Clubs, etc.,—came to a Conference, and found *Six quiet,—calm,—Mild,* “ Quakers,” in their plain primitive dress, awaiting them !

The Savage Mind has a much greater sense of the *Ludicrous* than some imagine. The Indian Chiefs saw, in a moment,—the *absurd* Contrast,—the idea of “ *Tomahawks* ; ” and “ *Knives* , ” was *ludicrous* ! The Signal was *given*,—all arms were *hidden*,—and the “ Pipe of Peace ” at once brought forth.

It is a *remarkable* Fact that, in all the awful Savage Conflicts between the American Indians, and the early Settlers, for Years after,—not a “ Quaker ” House was *pillaged*, or a “ Quaker ” Family *injured* !

The Word had gone *forth* to all the Tribes that the Treaty made with the “ Peace Father,”—Penn,—must *never* be broken ; as the “ Friends ” never “ fought,”—or killed *any-one*. The Quakers’ houses were *marked*,—their doors were *left open*,—terrible Scenes went on in the Woods all around them, but,—through all those desperate savage Wars, only *two* Quakers were killed by error, and *entirely* through their *own* fault ! William Penn’s was “ the only Treaty,”—as Macaulay remarks,—“ not ratified by an oath,—and the *only one never broken* ” !

INDIANS ON THE “ WAR PATH,”—LOOKING IN AT A FRIENDS’ (QUAKERS’) “ SILENT MEETING.”

The Indians *quite* understood that the “ Friends ” were accustomed,—on these occasions,—to “ wait ” upon the *Great Spirit*. Also, that they were not a *fighting* People,—never carried arms, and they considered them under Protection, and under the Treaty with the “ Peace Father ” (William Penn).



MISSION WORK.—THE CONSCIENCE OF GREAT NATIONS
AWAKENED BY CHRIST.

A Million Sterling is said to have been given in America by Twenty persons alone, to Foreign Missions Work, in one year. Very different to the Slender Collection made by the Early Christian Churches at Philippi and Corinth,—(See II. Corinthians ix. chapter). Instead of the long,—weary,—Journey of Timothy to the Early Churches,—a Message,—and aid can now be sent to Asia in an hour! Formerly a copy of the Scriptures had to be slowly produced by hand, in two Languages, only, and by *infinite* labour,—and then a copy could only be procured by the very Rich. Now, the New Testament can be obtained neatly printed, for One Penny!

Now about 14,000 Bibles are being Printed every working day. 5,976,569 volumes were issued by the Bible Society in 1906;—in 409 *different* Languages. Its translation, into all dialects, is going on *ceaselessly*. The "Colporteurs," alone, sold 2,200,000 Copies of Scripture in 1906. A century ago, Robert Morrison,—the first Protestant Missionary in China,—landed in Canton. In 1824 the Chinese Bible,—translated by himself,—was printed. Now, for years, there are thousands of Missionaries, and the Chinese buy over a Million Copies a Year. The "Centenary" Fund (1804 to 1904) produced 250,000 Guineas. The Annual Receipts of the Bible Society from a very small sum the first year of its establishment (1804) became £234,725 in 1906,—giving a greatly needed Surplus,—after eight years' deficiency,—of £12,640 over the ever-increasing Expenses to supply the World with the priceless Word of God. In 1808,—only 16,544 could be printed,—against the 5,976,569 of 1906.

Our Lord foretold that it should be a "WITNESS TO ALL NATIONS."

"And as He sat upon the Mount of Olives, the Disciples came unto

Him, privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? and what *shall be* the sign of Thy coming, and of the End of the World?"

"And Jesus answered and said unto them, Take heed that no man deceive you."

"And this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in *all the World* for a Witness unto all Nations; and then shall the End come."

The then World,—in the Roman Times,—probably was a World of 100 Millions. Now our World of 1,500 Millions is more accessible to the Gospel Message than the Early Churches, and the Mediterranean was then. A Missionary can now Travel round the Globe much more safely and quickly, than an apostle could then journey from (say) Jerusalem to Spain.

And thus,—like the mysterious Movements of the "Systems,"—this World rolls on along the enlarging Curves of its great Spiritual Ascent, or Destiny! All things,—Science, Trade, Wealth, Art, Politics, are being used as a motive Power for the *silent, gradual* Progress of Christ's Kingdom. For this World belongs to Christ,—it was, indeed, created for Him,—redeemed by Him,—and now lies in the scarred Hand of the Great Redeemer of Mankind! For Christ "must Reign until He has put all Enemies under His feet,"—His Glory shall fill the Earth! It is Omnipotence Who hath sworn it! Well for them who now take sides with Him in His glorious Work of Rescue, and Restoration,—Woe to them who would madly oppose it!

"THE HARVEST TRULY IS PLENTEOUS."

But, nevertheless, Great *indeed*, is the need of "Labourers" for the *Master*! The following is an approximate Estimate of the Population of the World, and its various Religious Beliefs:

"But when Jesus saw the Multitudes He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as Sheep having no Shepherd."

"Then saith He unto His Disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into His harvest."

Twenty-six years ago (1882) Behm and Wagner,—after careful work,—put the World at about 1,456,000, exclusive of the Polar Regions. Surely, then,—with our increased facilities,—the duty of the Christian Nations is clear! As the good,—feeble, helpless Missionaries came, with their Lives in their hands, to these Islands of Great Britain,—with their Great Master's Message, so must that Message be taken to the still Heathen World! Reader! Will you assist?

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD."

Protestants	200,000,000
Catholics	353,000,000
Brahminism	223,000,000
Islamism (Mohammedan)	222,000,000
"Ancestor Worship" (Confucian)	283,000,000
Buddhists	107,000,000
Taoism	44,000,000
Shintoism	18,000,000
Polytheism	130,000,000
Judaism	9,000,000
Parsees (Sun Worship)	150,000

1,589,150,000

"SIMON, SON OF JONAS,—LOV'ST THOU ME" ?

It may be some young Reader,—may peruse this Chapter,—with all Life before him, or her. There may be in you an aptitude,—a Talent, (*not* the *one* Talent) for the Mission Field,—which with God's aid,—may in Future years,—lead many a Precious Soul, in those distant climes, to their Saviour and their God! He does not call to *all* for the Work! *All* are not *fitted* for it, but He may have sent the "call" to *you*! *Why* should the Unseen God,—the precious Saviour,—send the Call to *you* and not to *others*? *Eternity* must answer *that* Question! There may be a Work for God which *you* alone can do! No doubt a choice has to be made! Some years,—some fleeting years,—in this Passing,—Transient,—World,—a Life, for some years, devoted to *this* World,—to "Vanity Fair,"—a Life for *Self*,—a pleasurable life,—a life for *Self*,—and Gain.

This poor, dying, World,—its restless,—never satisfying pursuits,—and ignoble aims chosen in that desperate Search for a Happiness which God *alone* can give. Your choice? *Below*, a DUNGHILL! *Above*,—the Starry Crown!

"Why," some may say,—“after all, the results of the Missionary Work seem very small,—very discouraging. We all love our noble Brothers and Sisters; they are, no doubt,—giving up all that seems to render this Life pleasurable,—Friends,—Home,—Society,—Safety,—Comfort,—to carry the Great Master's Message to Places of Nameless Misery and Sin. These noble Souls give up this World,—its pleasures,—pursuits,—joys,—treasures,—and all we see are a few scattered Missionary Graves.”

" BUT THERE'S THE WIND ON THE HEATH, BROTHER " !

When George Borrow was engaged in the *hazardous* Task of *selling* the Bible in Spain, he came much in Contact with the Spanish, and other " Gypsies,"—whose difficult dialect, the " Romany,"—to their *amazement*,—he could speak perfectly. Once,—expostulating with them on their *apparently* miserable Mode of wandering life,—living in small tents,—with no family comforts,—a Gypsy replied,—“ But there's the Wind on the Heath, Brother ! There's the Wind on the Heath ” ! We know what the Gypsy meant ; the Freedom of the open air,—wandering,—Country life. .

May we not Reverently suggest an answer to our noble Missionaries,—when told that they are giving up *too much for Christ*,—giving up all that makes this Life happy, and enjoyable,—“ But then, there's CHRIST, Brother ! There's *Christ*, Brother ! The UNSEARCHABLE RICHES of Christ ” !

The Writer has travelled with good Missionaries going out to the East. “ Only a few scattered Missionaries' Graves ” ? *True !* But,—to him,—there seemed a Heavenly Halo resting upon those “ scattered ” Graves.

For they were Witnesses to the Christian,—and to the Heathen World alike of the Power of that *love of Christ*, which draws gracious Souls to such a noble Example, and devoted Life. We may venture to alter slightly the following lines of the Poet :—

MISSIONARY GRAVES.

Where the Dews glisten,—and the Song Birds Warble,—
 Their Dust to dust is laid,—
 Above their Graves arise no Pomp of Marble,—beneath the
 Palm Trees' shade,
 But all around,—is Silence,—Calm,—and Beauty,—while,—
 underneath the Sod,
 After a Sweet,—and FAITHFUL Life of Duty,—there lie the
 Saints of God !

“ Thus saith the Lord,—I remember the kindness of thy Youth,—the love of thine espousals,—when thou wentest *after Me into the Wilderness* ” (the Heathen World).

“ Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a Crown of life.”—*Rev. ii. 10.*

“ And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine.”—*Luke xv. 31.*

“ Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God.”

THE TIDE HAS TURNED,—THE SEA IS COMING IN !

Reader, you have observed at the Seaside when the "Tide has turned," how, nevertheless, at low water, there seems no Progress at all. The tiny Wavelets feebly lap the Sands. They do not seem to advance, but for all that, we know, the *Tide has turned!* The Word went forth untold ages ago, and the Mighty Ocean bows to the Supreme Will. *Very* feebly one little ripple seems to overlap the others,—only again to retreat,—and all advance seems lost. But there comes *another!* *Stop it?* You might stop the *World!* *Why?* Because behind those feeble ripples is COMING in the MAIN !

It has ever been so, as the Almighty's vast designs for Eternity gradually unfold ! These Islands of Great Britain were not won for Christ and "Christianity" at once. Oh, no ! It was with many an Ebb and Flow. Again, and again, all seemed lost ! But the Tide had turned ! Behind the feeblest Human Instrument lies the Almighty Will. So with the Spread of Christianity.

THE SEA IS COMING IN !

Like the tired Wavelets,—on white Sands ripples making,
Scarce seeming,—still,—*one* painful inch to gain,
Yet, from far distant creeks,—and Inlets,—Breaking,
Comes,—Solemn,—*Flooding in the Main!*

"For He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet."

"But now we see not yet all things put under Him."

No ! But the Tide has turned ! Christ must Rule !

"Who is this that cometh from Edom ? With dyed Garments from Bozrah ?" (Note.—Perhaps an allusion to their being dyed with the Blood of His Martyrs and Saints ?)—"This that is Glorious in His Apparel,—Travelling in the Greatness of His Strength ?"—*Isaiah* lxiii. 1.

The MASTER LEAD the Way ! Christ's *own* Path,—led Him to *Calvary's* Mount ! He gave up *all* for us ! His noblest, and best loved ones have followed in the Shadow of His Cross !

"Therefore said He unto them, The Harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few : pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest, that He would send forth labourers into His Harvest."

"Go your ways : behold, I send you forth as Lambs among Wolves."
—*Luke* x. 2.

"Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of Wolves."—*Matt.* x. 16.



Sledge Pursued by Wolves in Russia.

" WOLVES."

Well, indeed, does our Lord describe His noble, devoted, Missionaries as going out as " Sheep in the Midst of Wolves."



The two Young Missionaries, murdered at Sungpu,—near Hankow,—China, in 1893. They had but recently gone out to China, and at first,—were well received. But a well-known, dangerous, Bully, of the Village went about amongst the Rowdies, and announced his intention of killing the two Young Foreigners,—“ Foreign Devils,”—at a four days' Festival which was to take place on the last three days of June and the 1st of July. The District Chinese Magistrate, there is no doubt, knew that a conspiracy had been formed, but on the Fatal day he took care to be engaged on an Inquest some miles away, to avoid any responsibility, or being mixed up with the affair. The first three days of the Festival passed off quietly ; but on the fourth the “ bully ” led

a Mob of Country people to attack the Missionaries' house. The two ill-fated young men fled to the next house, and to the garret. Thence they were driven to the roof, and were pursued by the Scoundrels, armed with iron rods, from roof to roof to the end of the row of houses. There was nothing then left for them but the tender mercies of the howling mob below, and they were battered to death with iron-spiked poles and clubs. For three days the bodies lay in the Street: but at length they were brought to Hankow by the Chinese officials; and, on July 9, the whole foreign population of the great port followed them to a Christian Burial.—Our Portraits are from Photographs sent by Mr. W. E. Little.

Again we read,

"WOLVES."

In 1901 a party of English Missionaries sought to make a foothold in New Guinea, long a hotbed of Cannibalism. It was headed by the Rev. James Chalmers, the noted explorer and veteran Missionary, and Dr. Oliver Fellows Tompkins, of the London Missionary Society. Two other young white men, James Walker, and Thomas Rathbone, accompanied them, together with eleven Native Converts. They set out from Thursday Island in a little Schooner, the "Niue," owned by the Society. A week later they dropped anchor off the coast of Coaribatta, and a few hours afterwards several native canoes, filled with Savages, came out to greet the Missionary party. The Chief of the Island welcomed them all and assured them that they would be safe with his tribe.

Presents were exchanged, and the entire party went ashore next day. Suddenly they found themselves surrounded by 800 Warriors armed with Clubs and Knives. Dr. Chalmers saw there was no hope, and in their own tongue addressed the Cannibals, begging them to give up their practices and Worship the true God. In the midst of his address he was clubbed to death. Dr. Tompkins being compelled to witness it. Next morning he and the two other young men were put to death, and in the evening the eleven native converts were massacred. The bodies were cut up, the flesh sorted in baskets, and distributed among the Villages, where there were feasts that lasted several days—and this in the twentieth century!

The only difference due to the coming of the white man is that what was openly done is now done in secret. It is a religion, a ceremony, part of the traditions of centuries. That is why it is so hard to eradicate. Even little children of tender years eat human flesh in New Guinea—no wonder the taste is inborn and stubbornly resists civilisation.

Weird and wild are the Rites in those far-away spots where cannibalism is a religion. Strange music on queer instruments, crooning songs, unearthly yells and cries are part of the ceremonies.

The great chiefs decorate their "tambu" houses with the skulls and thigh bones of their victims. The Rev. Mr. McLoughlin's remains embellished the present chief's house until the gunboat recovered them.
—*Daily Paper*.

Details of the death of the Rev. Alexander McLoughlin, of the Presbyterian Mission to the Solomon Islands, were given in a recent issue of the *New York World*. He was killed and eaten at St. George Island on November 1 last, and word of his death has just reached the United States by way of Samoa. His bones have been sent home to New Zealand and decently buried.

"Despite the warnings of travellers and seafaring men, the intrepid Missionary decided that there was work for him in the South-west corner

of the island, where the natives are unusually fierce and all Cannibals. For a few weeks they seemed afraid of him, and listened to his expounding of the Gospel, but eventually they resented what they deemed was his interference with their tribal customs. To set an example for other missionaries they killed him and displayed his skull and bones on a "tambu" house.

Word finally reached New Zealand. A gunboat was hastily despatched by the Colonial Government. With guns trained on the island, Chief Onehunga was forced to give up the bones, pay an indemnity in pearls which amounted to \$50,000, and sign an agreement to abstain from cannibalism.—*Daily Paper*.

FOLLOW CHRIST IN THE SHADOW OF HIS CROSS.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a Crown of Life."—*Rev. ii. 10.*

"Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their Souls to Him in well doing, as unto a Faithful Creator."—*I. Peter iv. 19.*

"And He that sat upon the Throne said, Behold, I make all things new."

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."—*Rev. xxi. 4.*

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."—*Rev. xxi. 7.*

It is certain that no Christian Church *ever flourished*,—or ever will,—in which the Mission Work in Heathen Lands is *neglected*.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ has changed the face of Europe, and America, and we must carry the GREAT MASTER'S Message on to the Heathen World,—at all costs!

THE "CONSECRATED" GROUND, ETC., DELUSION.

How many dear, devoted, Martyrs,—or Servants of Christ, have met their Deaths in a terrible form. But the Reader, it is thought, will agree that the common Sense with which all human beings are more or less endowed, dispels the absurd delusion of "Consecrated" Ground, and all such nonsense. How many a true Christian,—loved by God,—a true Servant of Christ,—has been murdered, or gone down in a "Wreck," amidst a Scene of Storm and Terror,—Calm,—and ready to meet the Bridegroom, so long beloved,—and looked for. Surely the vast ocean cannot be called "Consecrated ground." Then what can it matter *one atom* to a Saint of God, whether

the body is sunk 50 Fathoms deep, at Sea, or lowered into what is delusively called “ Consecrated Ground,” in a “ church-yard,” by a Parson ?

Approached by ordinary common sense and reason, there is, in all “ Sacerdotalism,” something *childish* in its clinging to *outward* “ externals,”—unable, apparently, to ever grasp the *spiritual*,—simple,—teaching of Christ.

ASTABULA CREEK, OHIO, U.S.A.

FRIDAY NIGHT, 29TH DECEMBER, 1876.

For Example, let us take the Death of that Earnest Christian “ Revivalist,” sweet Singer,—the Composer of so many beautiful hymns, MR. P. P. BLISS,—the Colleague of Mr. Moody, and Mr. Sankey,—the Author of “ HOLD THE FORT,” and a number of their “ Revivalist ” hymns. He was engaged to Sing at one of their Great Chicago Meetings, and had been “ wired ” for ; replying by a *last* telegram,—“ Shall reach Chicago Friday night, Buffalo and Lake Shore Line.” Their train having broken down on the Thursday, ten miles off Waverley (N.Y.) caused them, however, to miss the “ connection,” at Buffalo ; else they would have reached Chicago on the Thursday. This delay caused Mr. Bliss to decide, with his Wife, to sleep at Hornellsville. They left in the Morning,—and took the connecting train at Buffalo, on Friday night. This was the heavy “ Pacific Express ” Train, with 11 Cars,—three hours late, owing to the Snow, and Drifts. *That night* proved the *Wildest* of the year ! The heavy Train struggled through the Storm and Snow drifts,—till they reached the Single Span Iron Bridge across ASTABULA CREEK. The Bridge was 159 feet (53 yards) long,—and 70 feet above the Frozen River below. The Leading Engine had slowly crossed,—and reached the solid ground,—when the entire Structure suddenly gave way, and the heavy train, with the Second Engine, and the broken iron bridge, crashed down on to the Ice, 70 feet below ! In 10 minutes,—(the Stoves setting fire to the wreckage) the entire mass was in a blaze, fanned by the Howling Gale. How any of the Passengers,—most of them asleep in the Saloon Cars,—crawled *alive* out of that mass of entire broken up wreckage is miraculous. It was estimated,—probably correctly,—that there were 160 on board,—and marvellous to relate,—56 issued from that awful Scene, but how *injured* is not known.

Days after, the River was dragged,—a few articles were brought up, but not one *single* vestage, or Souvenir, of Mr. and

Mrs. Bliss,—was ever obtained ! The Flames burnt everything ! They had disappeared for ever, without leaving a trace behind them !

But here, again, Reader,—*what* did it matter to this excellent Christian Man, and his Wife,—(herself devoted to the Cause, a fine Singer,—helping her husband on most occasions at their Meetings),—whether they were laid in "Consecrated" Ground by a "Bishop," Parson, or not ? They were on the GREAT MASTER's service, when Death came, and *all was well*. "Consecrating" a Church or chapel, or a "Burial Ground" is all *nonsense* !

It is "Christian" People,—the Redeemed,—Forgiven,—accepted,—Converted Believers,—the beloved of Christ,—who alone "Consecrate" the place of Worship,—or the Burial Ground, in which, at last, they are laid.

THEY "CONSECRATE" the "Church," it is not the "Church" which "consecrates" *them* !

Every true Child of God can confirm Mr. P.P. Bliss,—in one of the many Hymns he composed,—which were so beautifully Sung by him, and his Wife together, at *many* a "Revival" Meeting.

" TO DIE IS GAIN."

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—*Philippians* i. 21.

To Die is *Gain*,—all Earthly Cares forsaking,
From Toil,—and Pain,—to Endless Joys awaking,

To Die is GAIN !

To Die is *Gain*,—the Weary Soul Home bringing,—
O'er Rugged Plains,—Sweet Heavenly Voices Singing,
To Die is GAIN !

To Die is *Gain*,—from Strife and Sin, to Sever
With Christ to Dwell,—for Ever,—and for Ever,—
To Die is GAIN !

"Let me die the death of the Righteous ! and let my last days be like his !" — *Numbers* xxiii. 10.

Let us turn to conclude, to,—

The Mission Field Abroad.

The noble Pioneer BAPTIST Missionary,—the REV. JOSHUA MARSHMAN (b. 1768, d. 1837) (69),—died after years of splendid labour,—a very poor Man. He and his excellent Wife sailed for India, May, 1799,—at the call of the Missionary Society,—he being a noted Oriental Scholar,—giving up a profitable School at Bristol, and an easy life for Study. They were met by that remarkable man, once a poor journeyman Cobbler,—WILLIAM CAREY, the Great BAPTIST Missionary, and Oriental Scholar.

These Gifted Servants of God thus commenced the first “Seramphore Mission.” It is remarkable to notice how many of our Earliest and most Successful Missionaries,—whose efforts were greatly blessed by God, and whose lives were spared for a lengthened Period (like John Williams of the South Sea Islands),—were “DISSENTERS,”—“NONCONFORMISTS.” Indeed, that Devoted, Holy,—Christian,—the excellent HENRY MARTYN,—who joined with them cordially at Seramphore, in 1805,—is OMINOUSLY alluded to by a “Church” Writer,—as “The ONE Heroic Figure in the Church of England.” His was, indeed, but a short Career—left for India, 1805, dying in Persia, in 1812.

Mr. Marshman, originally a Weaver, established a little Printing Press at Seramphore. He translated the Bible not only in the Indian Dialects, but he was familiar with the Chinese, in which he produced various works. Again, and again, their good work was stopped for want of Funds, and in 1812, the beautiful little Printing Press and House were burnt down. But the indomitable Missionaries,—with aid from England and India, got it up again in twelve months. In 1829 their daughter married Lieutenant (afterwards) GENERAL HAVELOCK, that noble Figure in the “MUTINY.” Mrs. Marshman kept a most useful Mission School for 40 years in India. Mrs. Marshman is noted as being the FIRST WOMAN Missionary. She and her husband practised such rigid economy, that, when his Income increased, through his Professorship,—and her School,—this devoted couple lived,—with their Family,—upon £100 a year, and were able to contribute £2,000 a year to Christ’s Mission Cause. Indeed, before his Death,—6th December, 1837,—he expressed his thankfulness that he and his excellent Wife had, between them, been able to contribute £30,000 towards the Spread of Christ’s Gospel in India. A truly “Consecrated” Life!

DR. WILLIAM CAREY.

Dr. William Carey (b. 1761, .d. 1834) (73),—the Amazing Baptist Pioneer of our Indian Missions,—and great Oriental Scholar,—as a Boy helped his Father at Paulerspury,—11 Miles off Northampton,—a grand County for Agriculture and Botany, and he taught himself the latter Science so as, years after, to found the splendid Botanical Gardens at Semapore, write standard Books, and Correspond with, and send specimens to, Museums: besides being Professor of Oriental Languages at Fort William College. Before he died he had added new Missions to which hundreds of natives flocked. His father was a poor Weaver in a small cottage. Carey then became from 16 to 28 a “journeyman” Shoemaker, *very poor*,—tramping many a weary mile to Northampton and Kettering, Preaching on the Sunday at Moulton, and teaching in a School part of the day. Note.—The worthy Quaker, George Fox, it will be remembered, worked eight years with a *Shoemaker* at Drayton, till, at 19, he heard the “call” in 1643, to preach all over the Country,—that great Patriot,—Oliver Cromwell,—conversing with him. It was only after years of labour that William Carey could rouse even the good Baptist Church to the claims of Missionary Efforts. The East India Company absolutely forbade any Missionary Work in India. It was considered in that day a most doubtful undertaking. But the remarkable Treatise Carey wrote, “An Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians,” as to the Conversion of the Heathen World,—excited at length much interest, and Carey left for the Missionary Field in 1792.

He, at first, met with terrible troubles. His wife becoming deranged. She was a Survivor, as a girl, of the “Black Hole” at Calcutta Tragedy. Carey was driven out of Calcutta by the East India Company, who were bent only on *making money* out of India,—his Children were ill, and they very poor. A Bengali, however, offered him the loan of a house and gardens. Later on,—he built a Bamboo House in the Country, and some 3,000 to 4,000 Native Families squatted around them. He established a small Chapel there,—a School,—and a Printing Press, and eventually was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages,—by the Government,—at Fort William. The Holy, and Devoted man, Henry Martin, together with Carey, Parsons, Taylor, etc., all met together in love, uniting at Serampore,—Nonconformists and “Church,”—waiving all differences. (They were almost all Dissenters) Dr. Carey writes, 20th January, 1807,—“It would have done your hearts good to have joined us at our meeting in what we call ‘Henry

Martyn's Pagoda.' the utmost harmony prevails, and a union of heart, unknown between the different Denominations in England." These good Men were all Servants of the one Great Master Christ. This was before "Sacerdotalism" began to afflict the early Churches of India; there was not a Bishop in India till 1813.

This Gifted Missionary,—once a Cobbler,—produced Dictionaries and Grammars, in Mahratta,—Sanskrit,—Punjabi,—Telinga,—Bengali,—Bhotanta dialects, and edited no less than 27 different Translations of the Scriptures before he died in 1834!

TRULY "CONSECRATED" MEN, PROPERTY, TALENTS, ALL
CONSECRATED TO GOD.

JOHN G. PATON.

It is, perhaps, in the Missionary Field we meet with the noblest example of truly consecrated Ministers of Christ. Thus we have Dr. John G. Paton, the heroic Missionary of the New Hebrides, who died in January, 1907. Born near Dumfries, in 1824, he was educated for the Presbyterian Ministry. At an early age he left for the New Hebrides, in 1850,—truly described as the darkest place upon Earth. The Islands were inhabited by ferocious Savages,—Cannibals,—ever at War. The first Missionary,—John Geddie,—with Inglis,—who had been there since 1848,—with Mr. and Mrs. Matheson,—from Nova Scotia,—received Paton, and his companion Copeland,—when they landed at Aneityum, and they fully realised that they would *either* convert the man-eating Savages to Christianity,—or *forfeit* their own *lives*! Paton went to Tanna, where there was then nothing but tribal Wars,—strangling Women,—terrible savagery,—and eating of men. No less than Seven devoted Missionaries were murdered, including the brutal killing of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon in 1861. Dr. Paton was strongly advised to leave for New Zealand, but he would not listen to it, although he lost his Wife and Child, by fever,—some months after landing.

No less than forty attempts were made to murder him during the forty-nine years he laboured amongst no less than 30 of these Islands. In time, this undaunted, and indefatigable Servant of God taught himself their various dialects, and gradually instilled the mild teachings of Jesus Christ into the brutish savage mind. Gradually,—as in that long struggle in the South Sea Islands,—success at last came. One after

another, the Chiefs decided to give up their Idols. Mr. Paton came to England,—more than once to speak of the Work,—the last visit being in 1901. With his own hands he set up and printed works in the Tannese dialect, with a hand Press. The converted Converts *toiled* for 15 years,—producing arrow-root,—till they obtained sufficient Funds to print the Bible in Aneityumese. Later, the Scriptures,—under Dr. Paton's direction,—have been translated into 22 of the Native dialects. In 1907,—after 49 years heroic labour, and miraculous escapes,—the good man lived to see 18,000 Converts on eight of the Islands,—18 organised Christian Churches,—about 300 Buildings used for Schools,—or places of Worship,—also hospitals, and training Institutes.

The Traders can now, at last, land safely on these once terrible Islands. Still there are some 80,000 savages upon the other Islands, not yet civilised,—and the old, terrible wars and cannibalism still go on. The heroic Missionaries lived close to the famous Boiling Springs, which appear to have been utilised for ages for cooking their victims, prisoners of war, etc., or those slain in Battle. The practice of cannibalism was undoubtedly due to their Superstition that the Practice made them strong in War. There is in one of these Islands a true Shrine of a number of devil Idols, carved out of tree trunks,—from 3 to even 25 feet in height,—with tongues hanging out, and hideous carved faces. Black Birds carved in wood were placed over the heads of most of them, while stone altars were in front to sacrifice victims upon. NOTE.—One more proof, Reader, of our contention in this book of the utter, universal "Fall" of Mankind, and one more proof of the idea of the "New Theology" that we possess a "oneness" with the Divine Nature is absurd.

NOTE.—As in New Zealand, the Converts to Christianity, alike agree in their conviction, that—before their conversion,—they must have been under the direct influence of the Devil. It was on one of these Islands that good Bishop John Coleridge Patteson, was murdered, 20th September, 1871,—also John Williams, of Erromanga, and James Chambers (Tamate). In slavish fear of their Idols, and Spirits, they also have a superstition "that natural deaths by sickness are caused by the Witchcraft, or Poison of known Enemies of the dead Person, and consequently terrible "*vendettas*" ensue,—to obtain revenge for the fancied Injury,—by Ambush, and Treachery.

And,—one blushes to say it,—great numbers of,—to all appearance,—English, or French made Rifles, are brought to these Islands, and sold to these Savages together with the "expanding" bullets, now forbidden in European, civilised armies,—which cause awful wounds in these poor Savages' battles. Fancy any persons calling themselves "Christians" being guilty of such atrocious "business" as this! It merely shows the Power of that DEVIL'S BAIT,—"*Money*"!

A FABLE. PERSUASION,—NOT FORCE.



Boisterous Wind, and Mild Sun, decided to try which could force the Traveller to take off his coat. The Wind blew fiercely,—but the Traveller only more *resolutely* wrapped his cloak around him.



But when its turn came the Sun quietly exerted his silent Powers; *off came* the Traveller's Coat, and the Mild Persuasive Measures conquered.

Moral,—*Persuasion* is better than *Force*! It is thus the true Religion of Christ, by the Silent, Blessed Influence of the Holy Spirit, leads Man to God. God's Plan is "persuasion," not "force," and it is by this Blessed, Spiritual, Silent Agency, Christ is changing this "Fallen" World.

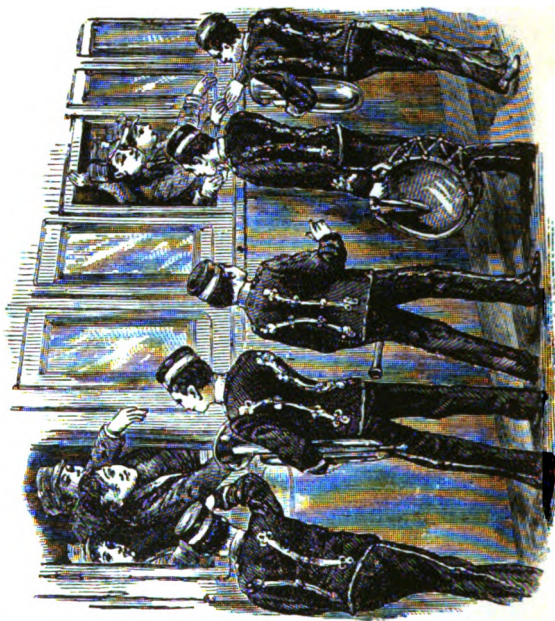
MODERN PHILANTHROPY.—DR. BARNARDO'S "HOMES."

Look first on that Picture,

And then upon this.—(*Shakespeare*).

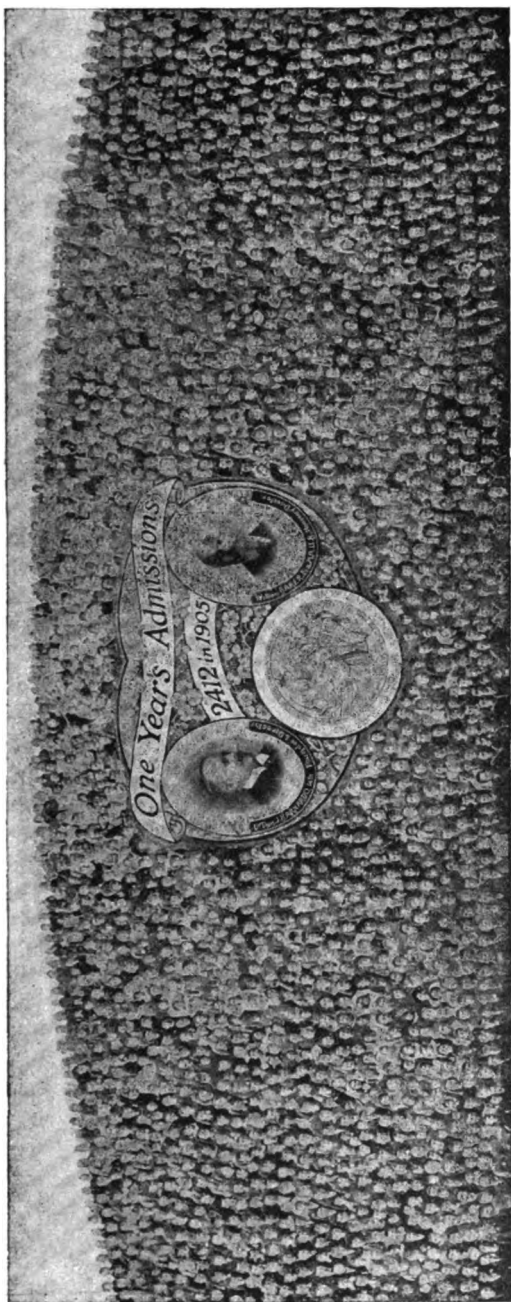


"Give us a Chance in Life"!



"Barnardo" Boys off to Canada—rescued from drunken parents, and evil surroundings,—taking leave of their Band.
17,474 were given a start in Life in 1906.

Picture representing 2,412 destitute Children, received from various Towns, into the Homes in 1905, the year Dr. Barnardo died.



The first Subscription Dr. Barnardo received was 27 Farthings a poor Servant Girl had saved up to give to the Missionary Society.

Office for Subscriptions,—greatly needed, 1908,—18, Stepney Causeway, London.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Modern Philanthropy. A Brighter Picture.
The Conscience of Great Nations Awakened by Christ.
HOME "MISSION" WORK. "HEATHENS AT HOME."

DR. BARNARDO AND DESTITUTE LONDON CHILDREN, 1866.
 THE DONKEY SHED. THE CHILD WITH NO HOME. CHILDREN
 SLEEPING OUT AT NIGHT, ON IRON ROOFS. THE POOR
 SERVANT GIRL'S 27 FARTHING. THE GOOD LADY'S
 £3,000. WHO HAS THE MONEY WHICH SHOULD CLOTHE,
 FEED, AND EDUCATE THESE DESTITUTE CHILDREN? THE
 BREWER, DISTILLER, GIN-PALACE PROPRIETOR WHO
 NOW NEED "COMPENSATION."

Barnardo's Homes for Destitute Children.

HOW A POOR SERVANT GIRL'S 27 FARTHING BECAME
 £3,250,000, BY THE YEAR THE DOCTOR DIED (1905).

"The Poor shall never cease out of the Land."

NOTE.—It is impossible that it should be otherwise,—while
 human Nature,—its Sins,—and Follies,—oppose the laws of
 Christ.

"Therefore I charge thee thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy
 Brother,—to the Poor,—and the NEEDY in the Land."—*Deut.* xv. 11.

THE above "charge" of God,—and the habitual, solemn,
 Teaching of our Lord throughout His entire Ministry,
 is very different indeed to the Life of shameful Extrava-
 gance in our day! £20 to £40 given for a Dress, or a
 Seat at "Operas,"—£6,000 for a gold Snuff Box,—£30,000 for
 a Picture,—£25,000 for a "Pearl Necklace," or "Diamond
 Tiara." A Pearl Necklace, estimated to be worth £44,000,
 sold, it was said in the Papers in 1908, for £68,000, had to pay
 first, a duty of £4,400,—then condemned to pay another of
 £22,000, if it was to reach U.S.A.!

SELFISHNESS. ITS END.

It is well ever to remember that the MISER,—hoarding every
 penny of his wealth to the last hour of his life,—and the Reck-
 less, unprincipled, SPENDTHRIFT,—luxurious, immoral,—ruin-
 ing himself, and others, are really TWIN BROTHERS in Char-
 acter. Their lives,—so exactly in contrast,—indeed,—are

essentially the very same in spirit. They merely represent two different Phases, or Forms, of the same Sin of Selfishness. Unless Christ was mistaken,—and His habitual teaching delusive, and untrue,—there will be a terrible End to such Lives!

CHRIST'S WARNINGS.

“Even as ye did it not unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not unto Me. And these shall go away into everlasting Punishment, but the Righteous into Life Eternal.—*Matt.* xxv. 45.

The late excellent Doctor Thomas John Barnardo,—(born 4th July, 1845,—died 19th September, 1905),—thus describes the small commencement of his great Work in London for the Poor outcast Boys in London.

“I had been accustomed for two or three years, as my Studies as a Medical Student gave me time of an Evening, to conduct a little Night School for poor, destitute, rough boys and girls. They were poor little things,—ragged, hungry,—very often cruelly ill-used little creatures. My days were mainly spent in the dissecting Rooms of the Hospital, and I had thought of offering to go out as Missionary to China, and knew that such knowledge would be useful. I had also to study in Medicine, etc., in the Evening. But I reserved two nights a week,—which I called my “free” nights,—as well as the whole of Sunday,—to attend this little ragged School in a Shed in the heart of squalid Stepney.”

(NOTE.—*Reader*, what a lesson does this afford of the life of a “Christian” Youth, already devoted to the Great Master’s Work. It is such whom God honours, and whose efforts He accepts and blesses.)

It was while helping at a Bible kiosk in the Paris Exhibition of 1867 that he met Lord Shaftesbury for the first time, and a little later that he made what he always regarded as the real beginning of his life’s work. With the help of one or two fellow-students he hired an old costermonger’s stable. He writes:—

“Into this old disused, and transmogrified, donkey shed, as soon as it was ready, we gathered a crowd of idle, ill-washed children, on two nights a week and on Sundays, and there it was that I had my first indication of and inspiration towards what proved to be my life’s work. Were children ever so closely packed! ‘Teacher, they’re squeegeeing of me!’ calls out one. Another says, ‘Teacher, I cannot breave!’” and the doctor adds, “I could hardly ‘breave’ myself!” Here, too, began that preaching work which led to the formation of a small Christian community, and later to the famous

"Edinburgh Castle" Coffee Palace and People's Mission Church, the whole story of which is told in the Memoirs. The awful squalor, and poverty, of the neighbourhood was made worse at this time by a visitation of Cholera. The young medical student toiled nobly both professionally, and as a religious worker, the plight of the children specially appealing to him.

In these days the children knew the ways of *sin before its meaning*: of crime, as a means of obtaining money and food, and avoiding the *blows of infuriated parents*. They lost, before they possessed it, that innocence without which there is no Child life, and they grew up a burden to the law, and a terror to man.

"How well I remember,—(this was written in 1905, the year the good Doctor died),—"that poor little shed where donkeys had once been kept. But my fellow-students,—who helped me were content. We had it whitewashed, rafters and walls, and it was, at least, watertight. It had the advantage of being in the very heart of that poverty-stricken over-crowded, district. A tumultuous little crowd of Youngsters calling us 'Teacher,' listened,—with varying attention to the Bible Stories, etc.,—and were ever ready to join in chorus, any tuneful Melody. One,—to me,—ever memorable night,—for I think, *that night*, God decided where my future *Life's work* was to take place, and *not* in distant China,—I noticed a little ragged Boy,—who had been listening quietly throughout the Evening,—and who showed no signs of leaving with the rest. 'Come! my boy! It's time to leave, and to put the Fire, and the Lights out.' 'Please, Sir, let me stop to-night; do let me stop. I won't do no 'arm!' 'Indeed, I can't,—I must lock up. It's time you were going home, and to bed, a little boy like you. Your Mother will expect you!' 'I ain't got no Mother! I ain't got no Parents,—I ain't got no 'om!' I did not know whether to believe him! He said he was ten; he looked like a care-worn little Creature of Seven or Eight. He had, it seemed, met a boy of our School, who told him he thought the Teacher would let him stop by the Fire. It was a raw Winter's night: a bitter East wind struck through us, however we wrapped up! My very heart sank at the thought. 'Is it possible, in this Great City, of untold Wealth, little destitute Children have to pass the nights in Winter without a 'home,' or clothing?' I took him home! How the poor little creature did eat! The sweet, hot Coffee put new life into him.

THE CHILD'S HISTORY.

" I got along o' a lot of boys, Sir, down near Wapping way ; an' there wor an ole lady lived there as wunst knowed mother, an' she let me lie in a shed at the back. While I wor there I got on werry well. She wor werry kind, an' giv' me nice bits o' broken wittals. Arter this I did odd jobs with a lighterman, to help him aboard a barge. He used me werry bad, and knocked me about frightful. He often thrashed me fur nothin', an' I didn't sometimes have anything to eat ; an' sometimes he'd go away for days, an' leave me by myself with the boat."

" Why didn't you run away then, and leave ? " I asked.

" So I would, sir, but Dick,—that's his name,—they called him 'Swearing Dick,'—one day he thrashed me awful, an' he swore if ever I runned away he'd catch me, an' take my life ; an' he'd got a dog aboard as he made smell me an' he telled me if I tried to leave the boat, the dog would be arter me ; an' sir, he were *such* a big, fierce 'un. Sometimes, when Dick were drunk, he'd put the dog on me, 'out of fun, he said. And look here, sir, that's what he did wunst."

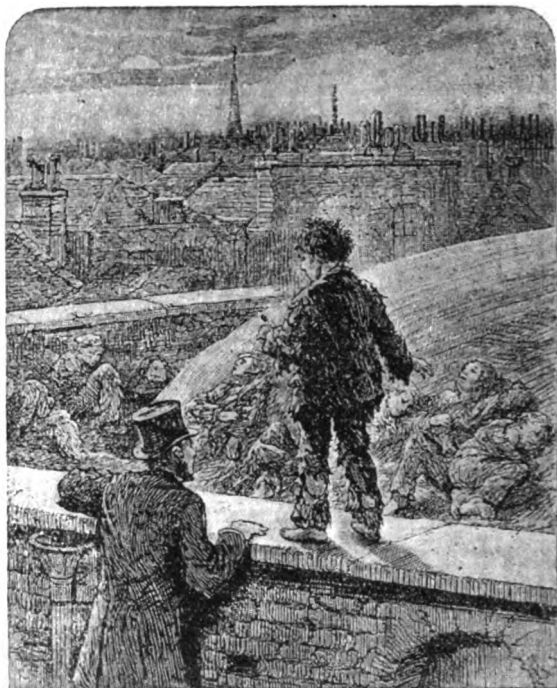
And the poor little fellow thereupon pulled aside some of his rags and showed me a long, scarred, ugly mark, as of teeth, right down his leg.

" I stopped a long while with Dick," he continued ; " I dunno how long it wor. I'd have runned away often, but I wor afeared. One day a man came aboard when Dick wor away, and said as how, Dick was gone—'listed for a Soldier, when he wor drunk."

" The boy offered,—if I did not believe him,—to take me to a number of boys sleeping out that night ! His name was 'Jim Jarvis.' Then we knelt down together,—I asking the Lord to direct us, and to bless this little Waif of the Street. It was half-an-hour after Midnight, when we sallied out on our quest, Jim no longer shy, but with his cold little hand, confidently in mine.

" We passed quickly out of the Main Streets,—my small guide leading us to Houndsditch,—down a narrow Court,—then down a net-work of narrow Passages, into the once well-known "Petticoat Lane,"—now no more. His little feet went patter, patter, on the cold pavement,—his poor Rags pulled across his chest,—till I regretted having brought the child from my Rooms. At length, we came to the place. He said ' the 'Pllice were something cruel arousing 'em, and making em ' move on ' at night,' as they had to discover these secret places to sleep in. I saw nothing but a Wall. ' They're lying up there on that Shed ! '—pointing to an Iron Roof of a Shed,—which seemed beyond our reach.

" ' Stop a minit,' said Jim, ' and come arter me.' Quick as a ferret Jim was away up, over, and along a boundary wall. He had stuck his naked toes into the spaces between the worn brickwork, and mounted the wall which supported sheds by the side of an old and mouldy wharf. With the aid of a stick, kept there to help the smaller children up with, I, too, with some scratches,—managed to scramble up.



NOTE.—Reader, fancy yourself a destitute child with no Parents to care for you. Or fancy your own little children,—just at the age needing care, training, food, education, and the constant attention of Parents and friends,—sleeping out all night in Rags, on Iron Roofs,—in our Cold Climate, exposed to Rain, Snow, Bitter Winds, and Frost. And this in the RICHEST CITY this World has ever seen! WHAT brought them there? In countless instances, what brought Ruin on their Families and their degraded (so-called) Parents? WHO had the MONEY? Who is getting it still in 1908? Why the Brewer,—the Gin Palace owner,—the Distiller,—with his swarms of Liquor Shops IN ROWS in our poorest Streets. The Brewer is not there, oh, no! He is rolling in their money, in his Splendid House and Grounds, in Luxury,—sweated out of Poor Children's lives,—debauched Parents,—and Ruined Homes, unable to resist their Retail Drinking Shops.

“On getting up, what a sight presented itself to me! A Bitter Wind was blowing. There, with their heads upon the higher part, and their feet somewhat in the gutter, but in as great variety of postures,—some coiled up, some huddled two or three together, others more apart,—lay a confused group of boys out on the open roof all asleep. I counted *eleven*. No covering of any kind was upon them. The rags that most of them wore were mere apologies for clothes,

apparently quite as bad as, if not even worse than, Jim's."

And there, as the moon shone out, the seeker-out of the "lost" saw right before him a woebegone group of eleven poor boys, of ages varying from nine, to eighteen, sleeping in all postures, in the gutters of the iron roof, clad in thin rags, with not a shred more to cover them, exposed under the open sky to all winds and weathers—a spectacle to angels and to men, and enough to break any heart of love!

"Just as the pale light fell upon the upturned faces of those poor children, exposed to a Winter's night,—with rain threatening,—it seemed to me as though the hand of God Himself had suddenly pulled aside the Curtain which concealed from view the untold miseries of destitute Children in the Streets of London.

" 'Shall I wake 'em, Sir?' I was overcome with my heart beating with compassion, that I could only say, 'Hush! don't disturb them!' At that moment,—standing there alone in the silence of the night, I felt helpless, and useless to waken these eleven sleepers. It was, to me, a Revelation and a Message! I made up my mind with this boy to help me, such Children should be sought out, and cared for.

" 'Shall I wake 'em up, Sir?' asked Jim, as one of the sleepers moved. To Jim, the sight was customary enough; this was one of his own familiar sleeping haunts. It evoked no sentiment in his heart, inured as he was to such experiences. 'Shall I wake 'em up?' 'No, no!' replied the awestruck visitor. So with one more glance at those upturned faces, white with cold, and hunger, a Sight to recur for weeks, and weeks, until I found some action to take in their behalf, I breathed a Prayer for aid, and we hurried away.

" 'Shall we go to another lay, sir? *There's lots more!*' But I had seen enough, and I needed no fresh proof of the truth of his story, or any new incentive to a life of active effort on behalf of destitute street lads.

"That dread night of discovery determined my subsequent career. I gave up my idea of going to China as a Missionary. Often since, amid scenes of comfort, I have seen before me the upturned, piteous faces of these eleven outcast boys, realised their awful misery and destitution, heard their mute appeal for assistance, and afresh registered in my own heart the resolve to devote my future life, by God's help, to their rescue and training. I knew no one then who could render me any help in the rescue and care of these boys. I was, comparatively speaking, friendless, and unknown in London myself; but our heavenly Father, who feeds the hungry ravens, heard the prayer of my heart, and gradually the way opened to accom-

plish this work I had set before me. I asked Him if it was His Holy Will, to permit me to provide a shelter for such poor children, to give me the wisdom needed to seek them out, and to bring them in to learn of God, of Christ, of Heaven. How that prayer was heard, and how all *over the kingdom*, nay, *all over the world*, thousands of kind hearts have been moved to uphold my hands in this work, is now a well-known story."

DR. BARNARDO'S CAREER.

Spanish ancestry on the father's side, and Quaker traditions on the mother's, prepare us for an individuality in which Southern traits, dwell together in unity with British qualities. We watch a temperament eruptive yet tenacious; a manner masterful, yet winsome; and a judgment swift, yet sober. But the deeps which called to each other in his being were limitless natural affection, and profound Christian devotion. These yielded the driving power for a career of which it can be written: "He helped during his lifetime more or less permanently a quarter of a million of children, nearly sixty thousand of whom he maintained, educated, and started in life under his own roof." His heart was described by a working man as being "as large as 'Ide Park." But his personal religion was the commanding factor, and it is notable that his real religious life began somewhat late during a revival in Dublin, in which city he began his evangelistic work at a very early age. For he was "converted," as he used to relate with joyful conviction—when he was but 17 years old, by an address delivered by one John Hambleton, the converted Tragedian, and at once began to teach in the Ragged Schools and preach in the open air. Hearing of the remarkable work of George Müller, of Bristol, Barnardo wrote to him for advice in the following terms:—

"I have for some time endeavoured to put by a little weekly out of my pocket-money for the Lord, and I am now desirous of your advice and counsel. Living in the heart of the city of Dublin, I see daily around me numbers in a dying state, dying because they have not life eternal, and I am anxious, with God's help, to do something to arrest them on the brink of ruin, but I am so very young, being a lad of only 17 years; but I have been thinking lately that if I, in connection with young Christian friends, were to hire a room for one night in the week and there with those friends hold a revival prayer meeting the Lord would bless us. I have been bringing the matter for some time back before the Lord, and to-day after rising from my knees the finger of the Lord appeared to point me to you and to abide by your advice."

Müller, thinking that Barnardo was too young to Preach, advised him to study the Bible in private, but he at once began to assist in a ragged school, and later he set to work to evangelise in a notorious slum area in Dublin. Here he received his first indelible impressions of the social need. He owed much to the friendship of Mr. H. Grattan Guinness in Dublin. Through him he came into touch with Mr. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, and offered himself for that work. Fortunately, Mr. Taylor advised him to study medicine first, so he became a student at the London Hospital. The sordid conditions of life and the degraded population in Mile End aroused his compassion, and he was soon at work in a ragged school and making earnest religious appeals in the open air. So enterprising was he that he went to a popular "penny gaff," paid the proprietor for a footing on the stage, won attention by a solo, and proceeded to give an address. Fearing the

effect on his customers, the lessee interfered; so young Barnardo demanded his money back for breach of contract. The curtain fell amidst cheers, and, announcing his intention of speaking outside, the student left the stage. But the crowd left the benches! So he was able to appeal to them further against their way of living. On another occasion he tried a similar method in a low-class beerhouse, and was rather badly mauled; but when his assailants found he refused to prosecute them "they declared from that day no one should injure a hair of his head." Dr Barnardo says: "I believe this incident did more to open hundreds of doors in that particular quarter of East London, and to give me a greater influence over the rough lads and girls of that quarter, than I could have attained had I been preaching or teaching among them for years." Entering a low Drinking Saloon, which was crowded with youths and young women, he jumped on a table and shouted that he had come to sell Bibles and Testaments. A scene of wild uproar followed, during which Barnardo begged for a hearing.

But it was labour lost to attempt reasoning with such a crew. "Chuck 'im down!" "Bonnet 'im!" "Put 'im out!" were the only replies to my appeal. To get silence I volunteered a Solo. They joined in the chorus uproariously. But all my expedients failed, and I was getting exhausted, feeling that no good could be done among them. For the most part all in the room were *under the influence of drink*, and although many were boys and girls, they were wild with excitement, and beyond control. Crowding round the table, pulling at me and at the books, that happened which might have been expected. In short, I presently found myself on the ground with the flat part of the table pressing upon me, its legs being in the air, whilst several of the biggest lads leaped inside it, dancing a "devil's tattoo," to my great discomfort and injury. When I reached my lodgings it was found that I had had two of my ribs broken, but I was not dangerously injured, and after the exhaustion of the shock had passed over, and firm bandages had been applied, I felt but little inconvenience from the fracture, although it was quite six weeks before I regained my strength. A Constable waited at my rooms to know if I would prosecute the ringleaders, but he received from me, as soon as I was sensible, an emphatic refusal.

When this became known, his rooms were daily besieged by relays of young Roughts *inquiring after his health*, and his *popularity was assured*. Soon afterwards Barnardo and a few fellow-students determined to start a ragged School of their own in a humble way.

There was a very old dilapidated shed to let, which had been used not long before as a stable for costermongers' donkeys, there being a street market not far off. After some debate we rented this shed. It cost us 2s. 6d. per week. This sum was contributed from our joint funds. When we obtained possession we found that there was no flooring. Rough cobble-stones and earth would hardly do! So we had to look about for a carpenter, and found a journeyman who undertook the job of putting a rough flooring down. I forget what it cost us. I think it came to something like two or three pounds; but I know that that bill made a considerable hole in our very limited resources. None of us had much money to spare. When, after the flooring was done, other repairs were needed, we decided that we could not afford to hire labour, and we must do them ourselves. And we did. We set to work right manfully. The rafters were cleaned and whitewashed, and the walls were lime-whited. We bought a couple of lamps second-hand, and these we hung with wire from the rafters, and they shed sometimes a spluttering radiance on the audience beneath. Then we had to get seats and books of some sort. Altogether our resources were deeply involved by the great expense of the new undertaking. Well, into this

old, disused, and transmogrified donkey-shed, as soon as it was ready, we gathered a crowd of idle, ill-washed children, on two nights a week and on Sundays, arranging the week-nights so that two of us should be on duty at a time, while on Sundays we all were there. A crowd of unkempt youngsters filled the place as soon as the doors were open.

He, at first, had felt a call to go to China as a Medical Missionary. With that end in view he came to London, and entered the London Hospital as a student. But Philanthropic and Evangelistic work occupied much more of his time than lectures and study. He became almost at once Superintendent of the Ernest Street Ragged School, and penetrated into many of the worst haunts of the neighbourhood, in order to say the word in due season.

LONDON.

THE FIRST SUBSCRIPTION. HOW A POOR SERVANT GIRL'S 27 FARTHING'S BECAME £3,250,000 BY THE YEAR 1905.

In a few months after Jim's revelations a dozen boys were lifted from the streets—sheer Waifs and Strays they were in those early days, not merely destitute, but homeless and friendless. These were at first boarded out in decent families, and paid for by the gifts which followed the farthings of the Agricultural Hall. In 1867 a house was taken at 18, Stepney Causeway. The actual rooms have long been swallowed up by the Institutions, to accommodate which more than half the Causeway has been rebuilt. Twenty-five boys were soon in residence, and the work formally began. "It had no capital," writes Dr. Barnardo, "it was opened in defiance of all the rules of worldly prudence. It had not a penny in the bank, nor then any Prospect of any. *Yet the Money came!*"

At a Missionary Meeting convened in the Agricultural Hall by the Rev. Dr. Thain Davidson (who has only recently gone from amongst us), the young medical student was suddenly called upon to take the place of an absent speaker. Dr. Davidson had heard something of his nights in the old donkey-stable, and he introduced him forthwith as an East End worker. Diffident, and wholly unused to public speaking, as he then was, Dr. Barnardo nevertheless faced his audience, and told them the story of Jim, and of what he had seen under Jim's guidance. They were first-hand facts and they carried conviction.

At the close a young Servant-girl timidly came up to the Speaker, told him she had saved something for Foreign Missions, but that she had heard his address that night and thought she should like to give it to *him* for his work in the East End. She handed the embarrassed Student a small Packet; and the contents turned out to be 27 farthings—the first gift he received for rescue work.

DOCTOR BARNARDO DESCRIBES THE SCENE.

THE 27 FARTHING GIFT.

Reader, What a Lesson to the Wealthy, Squandering countless Thousands upon Jewels, Operas, Races, and Luxury!

" When the Missionary Meeting was brought to a conclusion, I was leaving the platform, and had just reached the arena, when a young woman came up to me. She looked of the servant-girl class. I remember that she had a good and simple face, and that her eyes were filled with sympathy. ' Please, sir,' she said, ' may I speak to you?' I said ' Certainly.' She went on: ' I came here to help the Missionaries. *I have been praying for them for years.* I am only a servant, and I cannot give much, but I have saved all my farthings for them. But, sir,' she continued, ' when I heard you, I thought that we had the Heathen not only abroad, but here, at our very doors, and I wondered if you would let me give this which I had brought for the heathen to your poor children.' And, in a moment, before I could reply, she had placed in my hands, wrapped up in paper, what was clearly a parcel of coins. I felt not a little embarrassed. When at last I reached home, I opened the packet and found that it contained 6½d. in farthings! I knew not what to do or what to think with regard to this gift. Presently, however, it came home to me that I had been asking God for guidance and help, and that this was His way of giving both. Here was a small gift, a humble one, and from a humble person. But it might be the seed of a great deal. So I reverently wrapped the coins up in a paper and laid them in a drawer, where they remained some time."

The Incident helped to decide Barnardo's future. Abandoning for ever the thought of going to China, he straightway determined to devote his life to the destitute children of England, and especially to those of the metropolis. He resolved that the doors of his Homes should always stand open, that no really destitute child should ever be refused admittance.

THE £3,000 GIFT.

In 1870 he opened his first Home at 18, Stepney Causeway; in 1872 he bought the Edinburgh Castle public-house, and transformed a flaring gin Palace, and low Music-hall, into a great centre of Evangelistic work. The money came—somehow. It often seemed to drop from the skies just at the critical moment. More than once, when the Treasury was empty, or when the hour for completing a purchase was on the point of striking, the necessary cheque always arrived, and

arrived, as Barnardo firmly believed, in direct answer to prayer. For example, one day a lady called to see him :—

“ Standing at the door of my office, while tears rolled down her face, she said : ‘ I bring you this money, because your doors are never closed to any poor Child. Go on with your blessed work ! Never turn away one destitute child. God will surely help you ! ’ and, to my astonishment, she placed in my hand a Bank of England note for £1,000 ! I had heard of such things, but never before had an incident of this kind befallen me. I fairly gasped for breath, while wonder and gratitude struggled for expression. My Visitor gave me, however, fresh cause for such feelings as she added, ‘ And I rejoice to know that your Children are kept free from the Workhouse badge or taint, and that you seek to bring them up in the fear of the Lord ’ ; and then another note for £1,000 was placed in my not unwilling hand ! I now resigned myself to the inevitable ! I could only feel, though I dare not say it aloud then, “ O Lord, how wonderful are Thy ways ” ; and certainly this feeling was increased to utter bewilderment, when my Visitor slowly took a third note for £1,000 from her bag, and placed it where the other two already were, in my hands. Declining to give her name or to accept a receipt, but assuring me that she was familiar with every detail of our work, and had visited it and inspected it, and prayed for it, my Visitor turned away and was gone ! ”

NOTE.—Reader, “ God listens to them,—who *listen* to *Him* ! ”

STILL IT WAS A HARD STRUGGLE IN 1866.

He had indeed a hard battle to fight, even while the Homes were steadily growing and supporters multiplying. “ Very few were the persons who stood by me,” he says, “ when I awoke to the wrongs of Childhood and tried to imbue others with my youthful fervour. My facts were scouted, my inferences derided, my appeals were ridiculed. The great mass of public opinion and even of the opinion of many of the wisest and most enlightened, was that all this was inflated enthusiasm which would soon die. I stood practically alone, without friends or influential backers.”

THAT NOBLE PHILANTHROPIST, THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

The young Student’s story got into the Press, and it reached the eyes of the Earl of Shaftesbury, then fighting his bravest to right the Wrongs of over-burdened Child-workers. The

result was an invitation to dinner at Grosvenor Square, and some searching questions after.

Dr. Barnardo stuck to his guns, and, offered to back his assertions by visible proof forthwith. The Challenge was accepted, and the party, with Lord Shaftesbury at its head, were conveyed to the East End in their dress suits, where, at the cost of a halfpenny a head, no fewer than seventy-three "sleepers-out"—poor children,—were unearthed. That "find" had momentous issues; it raised up influential friends; it brought the work to the notice of the Public; and it helped to awaken and shame the Christian Conscience into action. "*All London shall know of this,*" said Lord Shaftesbury; and he kept his word.

THE EVER-OPEN DOOR.

Even in those early days, when his "Family" was only 25 strong, Dr. Barnardo had mapped out clearly the lines along which his work subsequently developed. He boldly, and, as to many it then seemed, almost grotesquely inscribed on his banner the now well-known legend: "No Destitute Child ever refused Admission." He swept away all restrictions save the vital one of *need*. Illegitimacy before his time had barred many a door. So had the criminality of father or mother. So had disease or deformity or blindness. But at the door of the little house in Stepney Causeway, then as now, the greatest need had the warmest welcome, and *absolute* need was never refused.

A GENEROUS NATION ROSE TO HIS APPEAL.

The gift of the Pious Servant-girl was the precursor of a multitude, for on the day of Dr. Barnardo's death the amount of money entrusted to him by the public had amounted to within a few pounds of £3,250,000.

JESUS, AND THE WIDOW'S FARTHING.

And He said unto them in His doctrine, Beware of the Scribes (Priests), which love to go in long clothing (Gorgeous Vestments), and love salutations in the marketplaces,

And the chief seats in the Synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts:

Which devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: these shall receive greater damnation.

And Jesus sat over against the Treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the Treasury: and many that were rich cast in much.

And there came a certain poor Widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing.

And He called unto Him His disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor Widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the Treasury:

For all they did cast in of their abundance: but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.—*Mark xii., 41.*

RECEIPTS FROM 1868 TO 1905.

				£	s.	d.
1868	214	15	0
1869	818	2	4
1871	2,429	10	4
1872	7,010	14	4
1873	15,297	17	3
1874	12,441	15	10
1875	23,312	6	8
1876	25,549	13	1
1900	148,614	19	9
1901	145,757	8	8
1902	178,732	13	8
1903	179,740	3	11
1904	187,508	15	1
1905	196,286	11	0
(1908) Gross Total				£3,315,932	13	5

The year 1905 is a highly memorable one in regard to the gifts. We have received as ordinary income the *largest amount ever contributed in any one year* in aid of the work of the Homes, namely, the sum of £196,286 11s. od. In addition to this, however, the Memorial Fund, which was established shortly after the death of Dr. Barnardo, had realised by the 31st December the sum of £39,570 1s. 8d. This latter sum has been treated as paid in to capital account, and at once employed for its legitimate purpose in discharging debts and liabilities. A further sum of £25,000 was paid to us in October as the amount of insurance on Dr. Barnardo's life, for which the Association had been paying the necessary Premiums.

Our Ever-Open Doors are as follows :—

Bath	55 New King Street.
Belfast	110 Great Victoria Street.
Birmingham	23 Digbeth.
Brighton	29 Devonshire Place
Bristol	34 Park Row.
Cardiff	15 Moira Street.
Hull	39 Beverley Road.
Leeds	24 Kirkgate.
Liverpool	171A Islington.
Newcastle-on-Tyne	...	24 Shieldfield Green.
Plymouth	13 Buckland Terrace.
Portsmouth	293 Commercial Road.
Sheffield	81 and 83 William Street.
Southampton	...	128 Above Bar.

EMIGRANTS TO CANADA : 1867-1905.

	1903	1904	1905	Total.
Boys	836	863	981	12,421
Girls	401	403	333	4,580
Grand Totals	1,237	1,266	1,314	17,001 (1908)

In addition to the above 17,001 Boys and Girls sent out to Canada, 473 young people have been placed out in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, making a total of 17,474 Emigrants to end of 1905.

Society or Agency.	Children Immi- grated.	Applications received for Children.
Bristol Emigration Society, St. John, N.B. ...	40	114
Girls' Home of Welcome, Winnipeg ...	*	
Shaftesbury Home, Winnipeg ...	3	
Canadian Catholic Emigration Society, Ottawa ...	328	794
Dr. T. Bowman Stephenson, Hamilton ...	84	482
Miss Macpherson, Stratford ...	200	694
Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, Sher- brooke (Boys) ...	45	53
Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, Niagara- on-the-Lake (Girls) ...	39	387
Mr. Fegan's Home, Toronto ...	53	500
Rev. Robert Wallace, Belleville ...	116	595
Mrs. Birt, Knowlton ...	169	1,065
Mr. Middlemore, Halifax	300
Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Toronto, Peterborough, Winnipeg, and Russell, Manitoba ...	1,574	12,103
Mr. Quarrier, "Fairknowe," Brockville ...	157	746

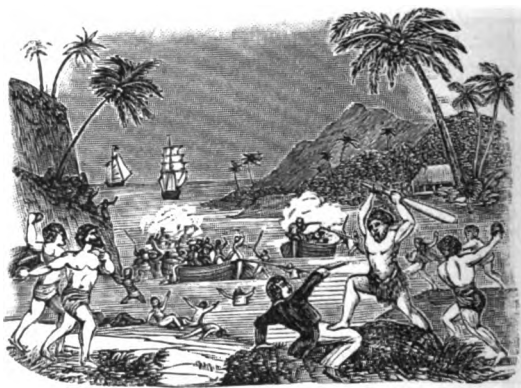
There is no delay. We have no "Waiting List"; it is a working principle that we have *always* room! We have no voting system. No patron is required; no nomination or recommendation; no money or doctor's certificate. We have no rule as to age, or legitimacy, or complete orphanhood, or respectable parentage. All such "top hamper" is cut adrift: the Homes deal with the child, and with the child only, on its merits. In the case of a girl applicant, the door is even slightly wider. If such a girl is not quite destitute, we will yet admit her if it turns out that she is living in evil or immoral surroundings. But that is the sole exception to our single rule and test for any applicant: *No Destitute Child ever Refused Admission, and no Child ever Admitted unless it is Destitute.*

AFTER ADMISSION.

All children on admission are taken into the Receiving Houses before they pass into the actual life of the Homes. They are medically inspected, their chests measured, vaccination and other marks noted, an examination is made of the teeth, eyes, hair, head, the condition of their glands, and their state of development. Height and weight are also recorded, and any marks, scars, or deformities. They are bathed and clothed.

The character and propensities of the child are noted, and then a Home is selected according to the result of the examination, combined with consideration of the family history. *Babies* and the youngest children are, if healthy, boarded out at once. This method has been found preferable to all others for little people under five or six years old. 485 little boys and girls *under five years of age* were admitted to the Homes for 1905, and 1,100 were under our care at the close of the year. *Babies*, if destitute, are never declined, even although they may be of feeble health or physique, and even although the cost entailed upon the funds for their maintenance is exceedingly heavy, working out at an average of £30 *per annum* for each ailing baby as compared with £16 *for a healthy child*. *Boys from 5 to 8* may go to the Children's Fold. If a little older they are sent to Norwood, or Epsom, or Jersey. *Boys from 10 to 14* may be received at the Leopold House Orphan Home or the Watts Naval Training School. It is undoubtedly right that junior boys of these ages should, if possible, be brought up in the country where the air is fresh and health conditions are better than in town. A city is full of disadvantages to tender years. *Boys over 14* years of age will probably go at once to Stepney, and be apprenticed to one or other of the Industries there carried on. *Older Youths* of 16 or over are placed in our Labour House, there to be tested rather than trained before being placed out in employment in England, or sent to sea, or emigrated.

Attacked by Savages.



This was before the Good Missionaries went to them. They *now* play at Cricket,—sing Ira Sankey's Hymns,—and are becoming quite as good "Christians" as many of our People *nearer home*.

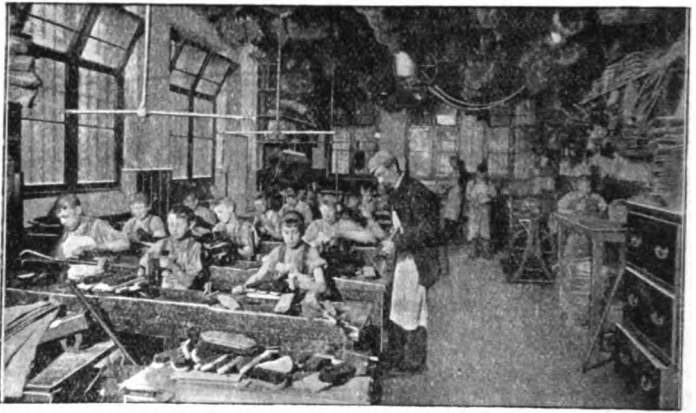
IN THESE TWO PAGES, WE HAVE VIEWS OF CHILDREN, UNDER
TECHNICAL TRAINING,—USEFUL TO THEM WHEREVER THEY MAY
EVENTUALLY GO.



Carpentering.



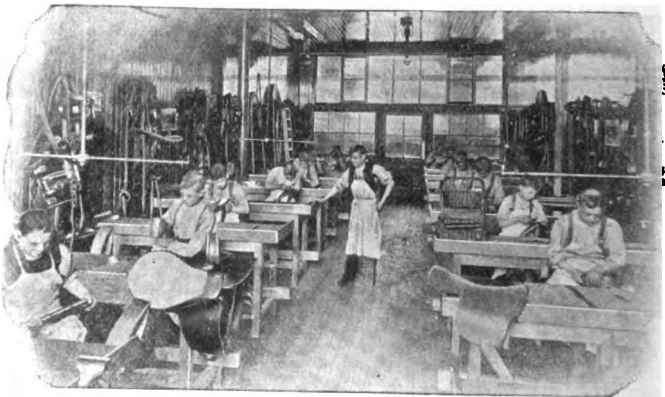
Bootmaking.



Brushmaking.



Tin Workers.



Saddlers.

ADDITIONAL HOMES AND AGENCIES.

Beyond and beside all these agencies (some of them well fitted to tax the sole energies of any single man) there are many others in London alone (Leopold House, Labour House, "Children's Fold," etc.). "Babies' Castle," with 120 inmates, stands down in Kent. There is the Little Boys' Home in Jersey. There are Homes for Girls, Cripples and Incurables at Exeter, Tunbridge Wells, Stockton, Middlesbrough, Birkdale, etc. At North Elmham, Norfolk, is the great Watts Naval School, given under such interesting circumstances three years ago, and where now 300 little bluejackets are in training for the sea: with a large *et cetera* besides, including three open-all-night Free Lodging-houses in the deeps of London slumdom.

We cannot here even list all the organisations that cluster to-day round Dr. Barnardo's honoured name. He had 1,300 Crippled Children and Babies under his wing. "Defective girls" were not overlooked, and their beautiful work, and contented, if pitiful, faces, always attracted attention on Founders' Day, or at our Annual Meetings. The Story of the "Edinburgh Castle" can merely be named: the story of a Gin Saloon, bought in the face of great opposition, converted into the first "Coffee Palace" in the kingdom, and made the centre of a splendid evangelistic organisation. The People's Mission Church there to-day has a hall with 3,000 sittings, few of which are vacant each Sunday evening. For years Dr. Barnardo himself preached there regularly, week by week, proving himself an earnest, attractive and forcible speaker, and winning the attention of East End working-men, who would not have been seen inside the ordinary churches.

A GENEROUS PUBLIC.

The Public rallied round him with vigour.

From 1867 to 1877 he received 1,500, from 1877 to 1887 9,384 children. During the first decade his subscriptions amounted to £154,099 13s. 6d., during the second, £582,763 17s. 6d. He had eight homes and mission branches and fourteen cottages in the girls' village home. In the Jubilee year he had twenty-five homes and mission branches and fifty cottages in the Village Home. The year 1887 alone saw the erection of her Majesty's Hospital for Sick Children to accommodate seventy patients, at a cost of £9,000, erected as a town memorial to the late Queen; the opening of blacksmiths' and wheelwrights' matmaking, harness-making, and printing shops; five cottages bought to be used as lodgings for homeless children, and three added to the main offices; a shelter for destitute girls added to "Sturge" House; a thousand more acres acquired for the Manitoba Farm, and buildings completed to accommodate 200 youths from the London labour yard; whilst the original plan of the village was practically finished by the opening of nineteen cottages.

The work grew and prospered amazingly. Barnardo continually extended his energies into new fields, and in none was he more successful than in his great emigration schemes. His homes have sent out batch after batch of young emigrants to Canada, and, with scarcely an exception, the Barnardo boys and girls are doing exceedingly well. For Barnardo believed that social rescue work is practically impotent without the vitalising force of strong religious influence, and he trained all his thousands of children in the fear of God. London was his principal care, but he made the whole of England his parish.

In 1891 he began to carry out his great desire to found a home in

every city. These he called his "Ever-Open Doors." It was to catch the homeless children of the whole country that he spread his net wider and wider, throwing it as far north as Newcastle and Edinburgh, then to Plymouth, Bath, Bristol, and Cardiff in the west, to Belfast in his native land, and southward to Brighton, Southampton, and Portsmouth; up and down the great centres to Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, establishing branch homes at Cambridge originally for incurables, but now for working girls; at Hawkhurst, Babies' Castle (given by Mr. Moillet); at Epsom for little boys; Llandudno for delicate girls; Hackney for deaf and dumb girls; Birkdale and Bradford for incurables; Swanage for little boys; Exeter for Devonshire girls; Northampton for orphan girls; Shirley, Southampton, industrial home for girls; Tunbridge Wells for cripples; and the last two homes, which he arranged, but which he was not permitted to open, at Middlesbrough and Weymouth.

Here, again, are a few figures relating to the number of children who passed through his hands:—

The number of children dealt with by the homes during 1905 was larger than in any previous twelve months. They reached the enormous total of 19,950, and of these 11,277 had been, first and last, resident in the homes during the year or some part of it. The admissions in 1905 were 3,422 temporary, and 2,412 permanent. Relief operations in the form of free meals and free lodgings, and gifts of garments, boots, blankets, hospital letters, etc., were extensive—190,104 meals, 28,484 lodgings, and 69,739 gifts of clothing, etc., 1,314 boys and girls were emigrated to Canada and 2,367 were placed out in situations at home. The number of children boarded out rose to 4,160. There were 1,040 *babies under his care*, and 550 *children afflicted or incurable*. Of these boys and girls, 900 *were under careful technical instruction*. The total number of young people rescued by the homes at the end of 1905 was 59,384. Concerning the income, the year 1905 touched high-water mark; it amounted to £196,286 11s., an advance of £8,777 15s. 11d. over 1904. The ages and condition of the children admitted in 1906 also show how his principles worked in practice, and the present urgent need there is for the work of the homes to-day.

AGES ON ADMISSION, 1906.

283	were infants of 2 years old and under.
189	" between 2 and 5 years of age.
641	" " 5 " 10 "
523	" " 10 " 14 "
287	" " 14 " 16 "
168	" over 16 years of age.

Total 2,091 permanent admissions.

PARENTAGE OF ADMISSIONS, 1906.

Class I.—	344 (or over 16 per cent.)	were entirely orphans.
" II.—	1,113 (or " 53 ")	had only mothers living.
" III.—	259 (or " 12 ")	had only fathers living.
" IV.—	375 (or nearly 18 ")	had both parents living.

Total 2,091 permanent admissions.

Again, of *these children* 715, or 29 per cent., were rescued from *grave moral danger*, and 1,697, or nearly 71 per cent., from *utter destitution*.

These are extraordinary figures, which show alike the terrible need that exists in England for men to carry on Dr. Barnardo's work, and the practical genius for organisation which he possessed in such conspicuous measure. They show, too, how generously the people of England supported him in his tireless endeavours, for it is estimated that he received during *thirty-five* years the stupendous sum of *Three and a Half Millions Sterling!*

PRESENT POSITION OF THE HOMES, 1908.

Two years have passed since the death of Dr. Barnardo, whose name and whose remarkable lifework will ever be held in grateful remembrance by all lovers of little children.

DR. BARNARDO'S SUCCESSOR.

The financial liabilities of the homes at the time of Dr. Barnardo's death were as follows :—

Mortgages	£100,500
Special Loans	12,000
Canadian Liabilities	14,000
Tradesmen's accounts, builders' contracts, bills payable, and interest created on mortgages	99,700
Overdraft at the Bank	22,800
A total of...	<u>£249,000</u>

" It gives me great pleasure to report that these liabilities have been reduced from £249,000 to £82,550. This result, directly due to the benevolence of the Christian and Philanthropic Public, is most cheering, and the Council gratefully desire to thank their supporters the world over for this remarkable instance of munificent sympathy and support.

During these two years the work of the institutions under the able management of MR. WILLIAM BAKER has gone on apace, and more children are in the homes to-day than ever before. Admission has been claimed for 22,512 children from London and the provinces, and help and homes have been found for 17,802. The remaining 4,710 friendless and utterly destitute have been received permanently into the homes, and are being educated, maintained, and trained until they reach an age to hold their own.

It is evident that the homes have a great work still to do in acting as a clearing house for destitute children, in keeping them out of our prisons and workhouses, in solving problems for magistrates and police all over the country, in clearing the streets and lodging-house dens, and in raising to respectable and independent citizenship, both here and in Canada, many thousands of poor children who would otherwise sink into pauperism and crime.

The Charter of the homes remains unchanged after forty-three years. No destitute child, or no young girl in moral peril, is ever refused admission. There is no waiting list, no voting, no golden key. If the case be of urgent need, "admit first and inquire afterwards" is still the motto of our work.

I earnestly hope that friends of the children will unite to complete the work which they have begun so well, and that all who sympathise with the miserable condition of destitute little ones will aid me in freeing the

homes from the incubus of debt that had accumulated around Dr. Barnardo's Homes.—Your obedient servant,

HOWARD WILLIAMS, Hon. Treasurer.

72 St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

Or, Office for Subscriptions, 18 Stepney Causeway, London, E.

THE GREAT MASTER IS "MUCH DISPLEASED."

CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

"And they brought young Children to Him, that He should touch them : and His disciples rebuked those that brought them.

"But when Jesus saw it, He was *much displeased*, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not : for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little Child, he shall not enter therein.

"And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."—*Mark* x. 13-16.

"I think,—when I hear the SWEET STORY of old,
How JESUS came down amongst Men,
And bade little Children to "come unto Him,"
I should like to have been with Him then !"

IN MEMORIAM.

DOCTOR BARNARDO ENTERED HIS ETERNAL "HOME," 19TH
SEPTEMBER, 1905.

"Suffer the Children unto Me to come,
The little Children," was the Voice of Christ,
And, for His Law, whose lips to-day are dumb,
The MASTER'S Word *sufficed*."

"Naked," he clothed them ; "Hungry," gave them Food ;
Homeless and "Sick," a hearth and healing Care ;
Led them from Haunts where Vice and Misery brood
To Gardens clean and fair !

"Thus he,—who had their Love for his Reward,
In that Blest HOME,—to which his soul has gone,
Now hears,—with Joy,—the Welcome of the Lord,
Servant of Mine,—Well done !" !

"His lord said unto him, *Well done*, thou good, and faithful, servant : thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things : Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Matt.* xxv. 21.

"CONCLUSION."

Reader ! Is it not such admirable efforts as these,—reaching the *real poor*, and *deserving*,—we should assist rather than giving our coppers to every "Professional" street Beggar we meet ? Unthinking, emotional, so-called Charity, dispensed without any inquiry, merely encourages pauperism as a Profession ; you are not visiting, nor aiding the genuine or deserving poor, but encouraging, too often, the cunning, lazy, deceitful, and drunken,—a curse to the Community, and to themselves. Many of these professional beggars would rather die than do an honest day's work. With all self-respect gone, they are resolved that others shall support them, so they whine, and sing, all day, dragging wretched Children about with them. "Barnardo's Homes" have been for Forty years a work of Faith. The Sums needed to keep all these helpless Children till old enough to keep themselves, have not permitted investment, or sums to be laid by.

Although firmly believing that it ought to be a National Work, and that every neglected, hopeless, destitute child,—being a *Child of the State*,—has a claim upon our Country, and ought to be taught, trained, and given a chance in life *by the State* ;—still, until that claim is admitted,—we have our individual responsibility as Christians.

"Oh ! don't talk to me ! I have my own Family to see to. I feel no interest in Philanthropic efforts,—and shall not contribute to them !" It is not for the sake of the poor, the ignorant, the sick, ill-used, helpless children in our large towns that these pleas are made. Reader ! *It is for your own*. Give or not give,—God's work,—Christ's work,—will be done, either with or without you,—*be assured of that !* But it will one day be a question of untold, speechless, importance to *each* of us,—whether according to our means,—we took part in Christ's work upon Earth, or turned a deaf ear to His call !

"When I look round at my Congregation,"—says a Clergyman of the Church of England,—"*I wonder where the Poor are ! But, when I see their Contributions to good works,—I wonder where the Rich are !*"

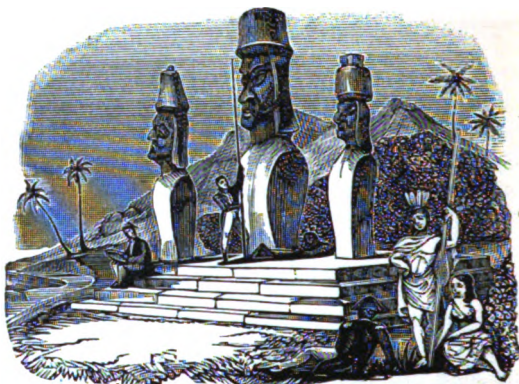
"And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left."

"Then shall they also answer Him, saying, Lord, *when* saw we Thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto Thee ?

"Then shall He answer them saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment : but the Righteous into life Eternal."—*Matt. xxv. 44-46.*

THE MISSIONARY WORK ABROAD.



Idols. Heathen Gods.



The Good News of Jesus Christ.

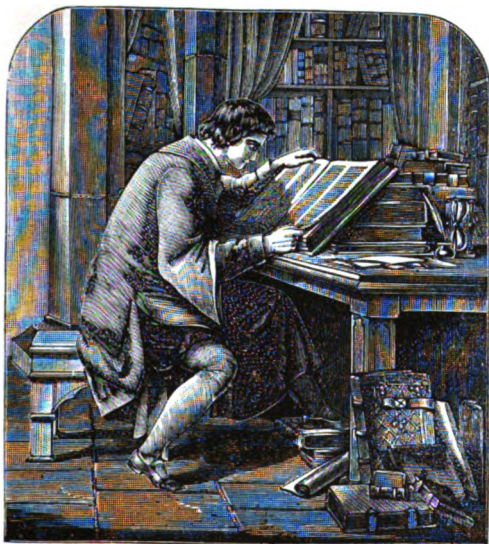
CHAPTER LXXIII.

PART I.

**Defence of Nonconformity. Dissent. Protestantism.
Religious Toleration. Civil and Religious Liberty.**

A Chapter for the "Nonconformist" alone.

Martin Luther finding one of Gutenberg's early (1450-5) Printed Bibles
—(called the Mazarin Bible) —in the Convent of Erfurt.



The "Dissenter" who "Shook the World."

Martin Luther,—as a Youth,—discovering the neglected Bible. The
DAWN of the REFORMATION from the Mediæval Corruptions of Religion
in the "Dark Ages."

PART I.

**LUTHER'S GREAT FUNDAMENTAL TRUTH.—ALL TRUE "CHRIS-
TIAN" ARE ONE IN CHRIST.—EVERY LOVER OF JESUS
CHRIST IS TO OUR LORD, "BROTHER, SISTER, AND MOTHER."
—SPLENDID GALAXY OF "NONCONFORMIST" DEVOTED
CHRISTIAN MEN.—FATAL UNION OF "CHURCH AND STATE."**

JOHN WESLEY ON THE SUBJECT.—MONEY, AND STATE POWER RUINOUS TO PIETY.—CHARLES V., AND HIS SON, PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.—THEIR DEATHS.—FRIGHTFUL CRUELITIES OF ALVA.—EIGHTY YEARS WAR, SEES PROTESTANTISM, AND DUTCH REPUBLIC'S RISE, AND SPAIN'S IMMENSE EMPIRE FALL.—BURNING OF PROTESTANTS IN MARY'S REIGN.—THEIR TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS.

THERE ARE PIOUS, SINCERE, FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST IN ALL CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS.

THIS Work is not a PROSELYTIZING one. It is not, in any way, connected with,—or intended to advance the VIEWS of ANY especial Christian Denomination amongst the Protestant Churches. Having attended them almost all,—the World over,—the Writer merely gives the result of his experience in this Work. It has ever been entirely an individual effort,—unassisted,—and certainly unbiassed by the Advice, or Opinions, of any person, or Sect. It claims throughout, that there are Sincere,—Pious,—Followers of our Lord Jesus Christ in ALL Christian Churches,—whether Protestant,—Catholic,—Greek Church,—or Nonconformist. But it is,—nevertheless,—*certainly* a PROTESTANT Work,—and what is more,—a decidedly NONCONFORMIST Protestant one.

Therefore,—as the "Church-goer,"—trained from Childhood to "Church" Ritual, "Church" Services,—and a Religion of Proxy by Priests,—will *never* agree with the simpler,—"Early Church"—views of the "Dissenter,"—and it is still more certain that the "Nonconformist" will never agree with *his*,—while this World lasts,—why not agree to *differ*? Why allow that sleeping Tiger "Bigotry," which we all inherit,—through our "fallen" human nature, to, as usual, bring in Hatred of all we *cannot* force to believe *precisely* what we do? Why read the following Chapter,—unavoidably,—from its very nature, and propositions,—likely to hurt the susceptibilities of those for whom it is not written,—and by whom it is not intended to be read? The Chapter is introduced by necessity. The old, old Struggle between "Church" and "Nonconformity" is, once more, apparently to commence; this time in Protestant England. Protestant,—Tolerant,—England is now *not* only threatened by "Ritualists" ("the Traitor within"),—but also by an Invasion of Foreign Priests, Bishops, Nuns, Monks, etc.,—apparently,—after unsuccessful Ages,—driven from their proper Country, and Flocks,—(Sacerdotalism after 1,000 years having driven half the Male

Population of France into Scepticism),—it coolly comes to a Protestant Nation, and Country,—with a Programme boldly stated to be the “CONVERSION” —(Heaven save the mark!)—of Enlightened, Protestant, England, back to the Mediæval Superstitions,—and Unscriptural,—“Dark Age,”—delusions of the Past!

It is, therefore, clearly desirable that the Views of “Nonconformity” should be stated in the *boldest* manner the English Language permits of. Giving,—in every case,—the Scriptural Reasons for its beliefs,—and calling upon History to Confirm those Views by Historical Evidence, and the “Irresistible” Logic of FACTS. Let Priests of Non-Protestant Nations keep to their own neglected, and far from satisfactory, Flocks,—who surely never more sorely needed their ministrations than at the Present Time! Why abuse the hospitality, and Common Sense of Progressive,—Protestant,—Enlightened,—Nations by suggesting their return to discredited “Middle” or “Dark Age” Superstitions, excusable, perhaps, in a day of abject Ignorance,—but quite out of place in our day of Intelligence,—the Open Bible. “Once Bitten,—twice Shy!” Protestant England with its Colonies,—also Germany,—and America, have had quite enough of Priestly Bigotry in their Past History, and owe their Present Splendid Position,—an object Lesson to the World,—to having thrown over “Priestcraft” FOR EVER!

Efforts will,—it appears from the following,—be attempted to oppose the Grotesque Effort:—

A PROTEST.

The Protestant Alliance has issued a strongly-worded Manifesto on the Subject of the forthcoming Roman Catholic Eucharistic Conference to be held in London.

It views with alarm the progress made by the Roman Catholic Church within recent times. The manifesto concludes:—“The publicly-avowed determination of the Papal power to put forth all its energies to pervert this Country from Protestant Truth to Papal Superstition, the Slavery of the Confessional and the Idolatry of the “Mass,” imperils the Social condition, the material interest, the Civil Liberty, and the Religious Freedom of this Empire.

“The Protestant Alliance therefore calls upon all British Protestants to combine for the defence of Scriptural Truth against Sacerdotal error.” —*Daily Paper.*

Those of us who remember the “No Popery” excitement 59 years ago, in England, will agree that such a “Procession” through the streets would have been impossible in London in the early “Fifties,” We read in the Papers:—

“Pungent Criticisms of the Duke of — are appearing in the Italian Liberal Press on the strength of a Report from a Vatican Source that

his Grace intends provoking a Vote at the forthcoming Eucharistic Congress in London in favour of the *Restoration of the Temporal Independence of the Papacy*.

"Leo XIII., who grew more than ever irreconcilable on this question during the declining years of his Pontificate, compelled all foreign Catholic Congresses of importance to pass Resolutions protesting against the Italian Government and affirming the necessity of the civil independence of the Papacy."

"*'La Stampa,'* of Turin, in a lengthy article on the subject of the Eucharistic Congress, reviews the history of England's unofficial relations with the Roman Curia since the Reformation Era, and reminds the Public of the Duke of ———'s painstaking endeavours to flatter the *temporalist yearnings* of the late Pontiff."

"Since the indignant outburst of Italian wrath against the Duke on the occasion of his Presentation of an English-Pilgrimage to the Pope eight years ago, the temporalist agitation has been wisely allowed to fall into desuetude among English Catholics, so much so, that I am able to state from personal knowledge that the Catholic Union of Great Britain, *originally* founded with the formal object of *promoting the restoration of the temporal power*, has been glad to secure fresh members after a frank understanding with the Secretary, Mr. ———, that they were *utterly opposed to the Papal pretensions of civil Sovereignty*."

"*'Il Secolo,'* of Milan, the most widely-circulated democratic Liberal journal in Italy, calls the attention of Signor ———, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to the Duke ———'s rumoured rôle at the Congress. '*Il Secolo*' urges, apart from the unwisdom of alienating the sympathy of tolerant Englishmen, and giving a handle to '*No Popery*' agitators, that the *signal courtesy* which, according to another *clerical* report, King Edward is to extend in the *reception of the Papal Legate* and his *Cardinal colleagues at Windsor*, should be in nowise compromised."

—*Daily Paper.*

NOTE.—Although the above was written under a misconception, no such "Reception" ever taking place or ever thought of, it is evident that even Italy,—the Home of Sacerdotalism,—remembers the terrible old times, and will never submit to Priestly Tyranny again. What would the Papal Court have said, had the Recent "*LAMBETH CONFERENCE*" of 240 Archbishops,—and Bishops of the Church of England, which met in London, 6th June, 1908,—have elected to have gathered close to the Vatican, at Rome, to openly consider means to secure the "Conversion" of Italy to Protestantism? Why not hold their "*EUCCHARISTIC CONFERENCE*" in its *proper* Home and Country, Italy?

IS ENGLAND BECOMING "CATHOLIC" ?

Adopting this Title,—a Daily Paper invited some time ago, Discussion on the above Subject,—and received some interesting and instructive Letters. A Clergyman,—doubtless of the "High Church" Party of the Church of England,—stated that,—

"He retained his association with the Church of England until he felt he could no longer be faithful to that Church, while his heart was with Rome."

The opinions of Renegade Priests are not,—as a rule,—very important,—but the general opinion of Protestants seems to be that, if the "Ritualistic" Portion of the Church of England would but follow his Example,—and honestly go over to Rome,—it would prove *the greatest boon* to the Evangelical,—truly Protestant,—Church of England, it has experienced since the Reformation.

We all have a great respect for our good Old English Roman Catholic Families. *Why?* Because they have always been Loyal to the (Protestant) Crown of England,—remembering that, though Catholics, they are Englishmen. They want no Foreign Potentate to rule over them any more than we Protestants do! *Why should they?* All have Liberty, and Toleration, under Protestant Government. He continues,—

"It was most essential that Roman Catholics should know *their history* well. Many misconceptions now existed regarding the Church, and this ignorance must be combated if the Progress was to be made which he believed to be possible."

NOTE.—With this *Excellent* Advice all will most *heartily* agree. The almost entire Ignorance of the Past History of "the Church" in the "Middle," or "Dark" Ages,—or, indeed of later times,—is astounding,—*deplorable!* An Effort is made in this Direction,—by Supplying a few Historical Facts, in this Chapter. He concludes,—

"The present situation was one of great hopefulness. He believed the Roman Catholic Church *had an opportunity* such as she had not had *since the reign of James II.*; that England as a whole was extraordinarily well inclined towards them."—*Daily Paper*, 1908.

NOTE.—The Writer claims to be voicing the Sentiments of the Nonconformist Churches of every persuasion,—in Great Britain and its Colonies,—which some of us have visited three times,—in the assertion that they are most "*extraordinarily* DISINCLINED to anything of the SORT!

"CONVERTING" PROTESTANT ENGLAND. A CHALLENGE.

We read (1908) in a Daily Paper that the "Rector of the Mission House at Washington,—which Mission is described as being intended for the *Conversion* of the *English Speaking People* to *Catholicism* after having been received by the Pope,—had a long audience with Cardinal — on the Result of his Work. The Cardinal said, 'Yes, I have read in the English Papers of what Archbishop — has done, and the Project commends itself to me as a most feasible and practical way of

putting new life into the Movement for the Conversion of England. The Choice of Father — for the Work is a most happy one. I know him well, and he has all the qualities that are likely to secure the best Result.' "—*Daily London Paper*.

MEDIEVAL IDEAS, CHALLENGING PROTESTANTISM.

This Challenge of Sacerdotalism to Protestantism induces the present Chapter. The Subject was *not* one *which* is attractive to the Writer,—and probably one in which the ordinary Reader feels but little interest. "**Socialism,**"—"The Great Battle of To-morrow,"—had been selected as a concluding Subject for this Work,—but this must,—it seems,—now give way to Theology. Let us then boldly to our task,—A Defence of "Nonconformity."

OUR ENGLISH NATION A PROTESTANT ONE.

It is now claimed,—probably approximately correctly,—that the British Territory extends to 11,876,745 Square Miles,—equal to ONE-FIFTH of the Land Surface of the GLOBE,—which is given as 52,299,431 Square Miles,—with a total of about 1,500,000,000 inhabitants.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The White Population is estimated

at	54,000,000
"British Subjects" at	400,000,000
English Speaking Subjects	126,000,000
Yearly Aggregate Income	£3,130,000,000 Sterling.
Estimated "Capital," or "Wealth,"	£22,250 Million Pounds.
Revenue	£317,000 Million Pounds.

To "Convert" such an Empire "back to Rome,"—and to "Convert" a very considerable portion of its Wealth into the Coffers of a Foreign Potentate, and leading Italian Families once more,—as in the Dark Ages of England's history,—no doubt presents a very pleasing Picture.

It is about as feasible as getting England in 1908 to believe the old dogma of the Infallible "Church" of that Dark Day,—viz., that this Earth does *not* revolve round the Sun at all. Also, as likely to occur as that our leading London Astronomers will be compelled,—like that illustrious Man GALILEO was compelled by the "Church"—to *retract on their knees*, the alleged "heretical" infamous writings, and assertions that our Earth

moves round the Sun ; decided by the " Inquisition " to be a "*heretical*,"—" *wicked* "—delusion (!) Having recanted,—to save his life,—this aged man, GALILEO, was then imprisoned ; and afterwards treated with remorseless severity as a most dangerous astronomical character,—for the remaining ten years of his Life,—and was finally denied Christian Burial in " Consecrated," " Church," sand and gravel, as a " Heretic." An " Infallible " Church,—proved to be wrong in every dogma it has asserted,—for Ages,—is hardly one England can be " Converted " to.

THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S SUCCESS.

It is claimed that the Amazing Success in Colonizing,—securing Good Government,—Contentment,—and Co-operation over the Vast Territories under British Rule,—(some 150,000 Troops in India, being all needed to secure Justice, Security, and Freedom to all alike,—over a Population of some 500,000,000),—is due to PROTESTANTISM,—with its invariable companion, RELIGIOUS TOLERATION. Insisting upon Civil and Religious Liberty to all alike, who come under our Rule, whether White,—Black,—Rich,—Poor,—Catholic,—Protestant,—Jew,—or Heathen.

It utterly, and for ever, repudiates the attempts to force, by the awful Cruelties,—Treachery,—and Bloodshed,—of the Dark Ages,—discredited Superstition and Mediaeval, exploded, Dogmas, upon the Enlightenment of the Twentieth Century.

THE READER'S PATIENCE SORELY TRIED.

The Writer is aware that the Subject of this Chapter is not one an ordinary Reader is likely to appreciate. Discussion on Religious Beliefs, or Disbeliefs seem merely to rouse the sleeping Tiger,—"*Bigotry*,"—which exists more or less in us all. It is not a Subject the Writer should himself have chosen, had not the CHALLENGE to PROTESTANTISM been openly given. Fifty-eight years ago some of us remember the anti-Popery Meetings of the Fifties. The Protestant Alliance, it is true, has issued a Manifesto on the " Eucharistic Congress " of the Catholics in London, 1908. Such a Congress would have been impossible in the Fifties. The " High Church," or " Ritualistic," Party in the Church of England is no doubt responsible for the change of feeling by accustoming the English to elaborate Church Services, which, to some of us, who have

crossed the Channel over Sixty times, appears to be but a bad imitation of Rome. As a daily Paper recently asserted :

" Protestantism, in England, is being betrayed by the body of the Clergy who have long used the Prestige of the Pulpits, and the Power, and Wealth, of the State Church,—pledged though it is to the Protestant Faith,—for the purpose of educating the minds of English People in the Tenets and Practices of Roman Catholicism, and of carrying the Anglican Church over to the Roman faith."—*Daily Paper*.

Another Reason why no great anti-Ritualistic popular agitation is attempted, in our day, seems to be, that a vast proportion of the Middle, and Working, Class of our Country, have ceased to take, apparently, any active,—deep,—or vital,—interest in Religious Subjects,—or discussions,—or Beliefs. Sports,—Amusements,—Cheap Trips,—the Theatre,—the Concert Hall,—Gambling,—seem now to take the place of Study, and Reflection.

Secular Objects,—ambitions,—desires,—seem now to take the Place of Religion. The Pursuit of Wealth or Pleasure,—“ this World only,”—and Immorality,—seems to be the prevailing feature of the Twentieth Century. The longing for something New. A “ New Theology ” ! Anything rather than the Gospel Beliefs. Gradually all this has altered the Enthusiasms of the Past. The Vision of a FUTURE LIFE beyond the Grave,—after Death,—and their POSITION in that *Life to Come*, seem, in this day, no longer to excite in Mankind,—in countless instances,—either their Interest,—Hope,—or Fear !

Added to this, the deplorable ignorance of the Past History of the Protestant Church. Its Struggles,—its Victories,—its Victims. A worthless, empty,—often immoral,—Novel, seems to satisfy the Modern Reader, and the vast issues dependent upon retaining Protestantism,—and our Civil and Religious Liberty,—fall upon dull, reluctant ears. As Shakespeare *severely* says,—through “ Hamlet,”—“ He’s for a Jig,—or a Tale of Bawdry,—else he *Sleeps* ! ”—*Shakespeare*.

NONCONFORMITY. A SPLENDID GALAXY.

The History of Modern Religious Efforts gives a Splendid Succession of devoted Servants of Christs amongst Dissenters. Indeed, “ Dissent ” has produced the greatest Reformers,—whose efforts have evidently been owned and blessed by God,—this World has ever seen. We are told by our Lord Who “ spake as no man spake,”—“ By their Works ye shall know them.” The Work of these devoted men for Mankind has received every Confirmation and Evidence of the Divine Favour,

and lasting Blessing. LUTHER,—the greatest Reformer, who “shook” a corrupt, and sleeping World of Sin. JOHN WESLEY and GEORGE WHITFIELD, who, in later days, once more “shook” a sleeping Church,—and revived the true spiritual Religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, when it had almost died out in England under a sleeping “Church.” JOHN BUNYAN, of the Pilgrim’s Progress,—imprisoned for 12 years (!) by a corrupt “Church and State” for “not conforming” (Heaven save the mark) to the (so-called) “Church of England.” GEORGE FOX, and WILLIAM PENN (the Founder, in 1683,—of Philadelphia and of Pennsylvania), the Worthy Quakers:—BRAINARD, the devoted Missionary to the Poor, neglected, terribly wronged “Indians” of North America, now dying out, ousted by the White Man. ELLIS,—JOHN WILLIAMS,—of the South Sea Island Missions. MORRISON, the first Translator of the Bible in China. MARSHMAN,—the devoted early Missionary of India, whose Wife was the first Woman Missionary (see Page 947-948 Vol. II.), DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.—CAREY, the gifted Pioneer of Indian Mission Work. PATON, of the Cannibal Islands. Then at home, John HOWARD, MRS. FRY, C. H. SPURGEON, the Greatest Preacher of our Generation,—probably of any other,—LIVINGSTONE, of Africa; JOHN ANGELL JAMES, and Dr. R. W. DALE,—(the former the excellent Minister who wrote that remarkable little Book, “THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER,”—previously alluded to, Page 446, Vol. I.,—a Book every Reader should peruse), obtainable at the “Religious Tract Society.” Then LLOYD GARRISON,—GUTHRIE, of Edinburgh,—CLARKSON,—WHITTIER,—STURGE,—the friends of the oppressed,—BARNARDO of London; at one time a Plymouth Brother. MULLER, the Man of Prayer; MOODY, and IRA SANKEY, the Revivalists,—“General” BOOTH, the World-wide Evangelist. What a Splendid Galaxy of devoted Men, all of them “Nonconformists,” “Dissenters.”

Their Amazing Work for God, and Christ, was accomplished without “Endowments,”—State Aid,—Prestige,—“Priests,”—“Laying on of Hands,—Ritual,—Tithes wrested from other Religious Denominations, or the monopoly of our English Colleges, Public Schools, and Money of the Nation.

Mostly Poor,—Self-Denying,—Men, not possessed of snug Parsonages, or “Livings,”—(the best house in the Village is invariably the “VICARAGE,”)—they have performed a Work for God, the World never witnessed before, and will probably never see again.

The Reader will, at once, see how utterly at variance is the System of Protestant Nonconformity, with Sacerdotalism.

Instead of Converting the English-speaking People to Catholicism,—let us Protestants Hope, and Pray, that all the European Nations will,—in time,—accept the splendid object lesson Protestant England,—Protestant Germany,—and Protestant America,—has given to the World,—and,—after weary ages of Priestcraft and Superstition,—follow them in a “Conversion” to the Simple,—Individual,—Spiritual,—Religion of the EARLY CHURCH of Jesus Christ.

To those of us who have visited South America, Mexico, Spain, Italy, etc., and have seen the gross ignorance, Childish Superstitions, dirt, troops of beggars, Crime, immorality, etc., which abounds,—the idea of comparing these results to a Religion which has made free, tolerant, enlightened, progressive, well-governed England—Canada, United States, Germany, etc.,—object lessons to the World as the results of Civil and Religious liberty,—does seem *grotesque*!

JOHN WESLEY ON “CHURCH AND STATE.”

True,—indeed,—was Mr. Wesley’s assertion :—

“The Greatest Wound Christianity ever received,—the Grand Blow which was struck at the very Root of the Humble,—Patient,—Gentle,—Love of Christ’s Spiritually-minded Early Church, which contains the whole Essence of True Religion,—was struck by Constantine,—the Politic Roman Emperor. Anxious to secure his own authority, he for ‘State’ Reasons adopted ‘Christianity’ as the National Religion. Thus was let in a Flood of RICHES,—HONOURS,—and POWER, upon the Early Christian Church of Christ,—but more especially and fatally upon its CLERGY.

“This was really the coming in of Satan !

“Persecution having failed,—the ‘God of this World’ has, from that time forward, set up his corrupt Throne, and continued his Reign over the Christians, as he had done for Dark Ages past over the Heathen World,—with hardly any opposition or control.”—*John Wesley’s Writings.*

THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE.

No Student of the “Dark Ages” of the Christian Church,—before the Glorious Reformation gave Mankind, Civil and Religious Liberty,—can deny the Truth of John Wesley’s assertion as above. The Emperor Constantine,—an able,—far-seeing,—man; himself a Heathen, and Sceptic,—saw the ever-increasing Power of the Christian Religion,—and decided to SECURE his *own* power and that of His “State” by giving in to the Coming Tide. At the same time keeping in with the old “Heathen,”—as well as the “New—Religion.”

If he built a Christian Church,—he also erected a Heathen Temple.

Anything to secure his own Power, and the "State."

Hence,—“Church and State.” Naturally, with Power and Wealth flowing in, the Simple, Pure, Religion of the Early Church became corrupted. It copied from the Heathen Ritual of the “Temples” of Heathen Rome. A Gorgeous Ceremonial, Processions, Priests with “Vestments,” Candles,—Bells, Images, Altars,—the Heathens had all these in *their* Temples.

These Corruptions of the Pure, Spiritual, Simple Religion of our Land never certainly issued from the Pentecostal Chamber!

Soon the Church added “Masses” and “Prayers for the Dead” (all to be paid for),—and, with the coming in of the Pope, additional “Dogmas,” such as “Purgatory,” “Confessional” Boxes, — “Indulgences,” — “Sacraments,” the “Virgin Mary,” Shrines,—alleged (but “*Bogus*”) Miracles,—Baptismal “Regeneration” of unconscious Infants, whose lives have not yet begun, “Laying on of Hands,”—Saints’ Days,—Old Bones, and “Relics.” These observances,—bringing in immense Sums to “the Clergy,”—appear, to the Protestant Nonconformist,—to be a Religious Pantomime of the Simple, Pure,—Early Church of Jesus Christ.

No doubt,—however,—*there is Money in it.*

Without these Priestly assumptions, the Dissenters and “Nonconformists” contribute Vast Sums to the cause of Christ,—whilst retaining the Pure, Simple, routine of His early Church. For the “Twentieth Century Fund” of the good “Wesleyans” alone,—came in £1,873,782,—the *Interest* alone, while it was being completed, is put at £89,216, and this without State Aid, or the assumption of Mysterious Priestly Powers to Forgive Sins,—relieve Souls in Purgatory,—or the Payments which are usually looked for such alleged deliverances.

“STATE AND CHURCH.”

The struggle, who should obtain the Money of the People, and the *Power over them*, lay for Centuries, between the Monarch,—Great Families,—and “the Church,”—until the latter at length hit upon the device of the “Union of Church and State” uniting to *keep* the “People” *under*, and *dividing* the *Power*, and the *Spoil* between them; and, having done this, it fell asleep! Things have, of late, wonderfully improved. There are splendid, enlightened, men now, in the Church of

England,—liberal, earnest, really devoted men,—who lament the Past, entertaining great doubt whether "Disestablishment" will not, after all, be the best thing that has ever happened to the Church, since the Reformation. Let us hope that the day is coming when such will throw aside the *old, old, delusion* of being endowed, in any way, with Miraculous Powers, or Authority, or of being,—what the past years have abundantly disproved,—in *any way* spiritually superior to their Brother Ministers amongst the Nonconformists. If they still think so *nobody else* does!

IN ONE ESSENTIAL, FAITH, OR BELIEF, ON WHICH CHRISTIANITY RESTS, PROTESTANTS, AND CATHOLICS, ALIKE AGREE.

Before perusing this somewhat exhaustive Chapter,—the Reader is ESPECIALLY URGED to keep ever in view that,—in the one ALL IMPORTANT Truth, upon which Christianity, and our Salvation rests, Protestants and Catholics ALIKE AGREE. This is the one essential-Belief, or Faith, in which the devout Catholic, and devout Protestant, alike hold,—as after all,—the essential one on which our Christian Religion entirely rests. This is an unshaken,—immovable,—belief in the Divinity of our Lord, and Saviour, Jesus Christ, in His miraculous birth, Ministry, Atonement, and Resurrection. That He is God the Son,—Emmanuel (God with us),—the Heir of all things (though, at present, we do not see all things put under Him), the long-promised Messiah of the Jews, the future Judge of all Mankind.

The "Saving" Faith, and Hope of the Pious Protestant, and Pious Catholic,—is identical; namely, that by a Life of humble Prayer, we may be permitted to have our part in Christ's all-availing precious Sacrifice, Atonement, and Redemption, before we all alike disappear with all Mankind into that SOLEMN GULF (Death) *where all is still*.

"Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again:

"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst: but that water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."—*John iv. 13.*

Compared with this all-important, SAVING FAITH in Jesus Christ,—our Divine Saviour,—all obsolete superstitions, Ritual, and delusions of the unenlightened, decadent, dark ages of Mediaeval declension from the pure, simple, Faith of the Early Church sink, in the minds of Protestants,—into absolute insignificance! Those were the days of a closed Bible, abject, ignorant, submission to now discredited dogmas,

offering an astounding proof,—urged throughout this Work,—of the Amazing Credulity,—Bigotry,—and Cruelty of “Fallen” Mankind.

That amazing Reformer,—Martin Luther,—was the chosen and honoured Vessel of Christ,—inspired by God,—to bring about the Glorious Reformation of the True, Spiritual, Worship of Jesus Christ, in a day of Decadence,—Darkness,—and *Corruption*, such as “Christianity” had never before experienced, and which,—please God,—it will never,—thanks to Protestantism,—see again.

When “Indulgences” to commit Sins were Publicly Sold,—with the countenance of the “Church,”—a Wretch going about in a Carriage,—with Music,—calling “Buy” ! “Buy” ! like a “Cheap John” of later times,—it will be conceded that the Pure, Holy, Spiritual Religion of our Lord, and Saviour, Jesus Christ, had sunk to its Lowest Depths !

It is thus that Sin and Satan, must inevitably,—in time,—overreach themselves,—the “Cloven Foot,”—give it only time, and power,—*will out*,—it cannot,—in time,—from its very constitution,—help showing itself,—too palpably, and thus,—throughout the History of fallen Man,—invariably,—after the DARKEST Night,—comes THE DAWN !

THE GREAT TRUTH CLAIMED BY PROTESTANTISM.

Martin Luther obtained from the discovered,—neglected,—BIBLE,—the Word of God,—the Great Truth, which he proceeded to teach,—assisted by his Noble Colleagues,—the Fundamental Truth of Protestantism,—and True Christianity,—namely,—that every “Child of God,”—all true Followers of Jesus Christ,—are, to our Lord,—“Brother,—Sister,—and Mother,”—in a word, “ARE IN CHRIST.”

THE GREAT TRUTH OF CHRIST’S GOSPEL.

“Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own Blood.

“And hath made us Kings and *Priests* unto God and his Father ; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.”—*Rev.* i. 6.

“And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof : for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation ;

“And hast made us unto our God kings and *priests*.”—*Rev.* v. 9.

That is to say that instead of a Religion of “Proxy” by Priests, every Pious accepted, loving, Christian “Believer”

or "Follower" of Jesus Christ,—whether Roman Catholic,—Church of England,—or Dissenter,—is as precious in God's sight, and equal to any "Bishop,"—"Archbishop,"—or "Pope" who ever lived.

"WHO is My MOTHER?" our Lord publicly asked,—during His Ministry,—while His earthly mother "stood without," and, stretching forth His hand to His true, loving, Followers, Jesus continued, "BEHOLD,—My Mother,—and My Brethren! For every one who doeth the Will of My Father in Heaven, the same is My Mother, and Sister, and Brother."

Therefore,—to the "Protestant Dissenter"—for whose perusal this chapter is alone written,—all such terms as "Very Rev.,"—"Right Rev.,"—"Bishop,"—"Pope,"—"Archbishop,"—etc., whether applied to Catholics, or "High Church" Ritualists in England, convey no meaning or reverence whatever. Priests are nothing more in Christ's sight,—than the Laity of His Flock. Often not so valuable. To the Dissenter, the "Apostolic Succession" is a discredited Church Legend, Miraculous Gifts died out with the lives of the Apostles. The Nonconformist claims that the only effectual "Laying on of hands" a Young Christian Minister, or Preacher—needs, is the Spiritual, Unseen, "Laying on of hands" of God the Unseen, Precious, Holy Spirit,—the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity,—our Saviour's Representative upon this "fallen" Earth. All else is a delusion! "Fallen" Man "laying his hands" upon his fellow man is an absurdity! At the same time the Dissenter entertains the utmost love, and esteem, for Faithful "Pastors," and esteems them highly for their Works' sake.

BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

That great man, John Wickliffe (born 1324), finished his great Mission to this Country in translating,—only four years before his death,—the Bible in English,—and died 1384. Only 500 years ago, Reader, yet the following Scenes sound like a Nightmare,—an evil dream, or unreal Phantom, rather than Facts in our Past English History! In Wickliffe's time this Nation lay prostrate, in servile, amazing, to us (in 1908), *inexplicable*, and abject, dread of the then "Established Church."

The "Vicar of Christ" (Heaven save the mark!) then at Rome, gave Mankind a pretty example of Christ-like spirit! Our King John came under his Censure, and the Papal "Interdict" was pronounced! What *roars of laughter*, dear Reader, would such intelligence produce in 1908,—what Fun

our Comic Papers would make of it. Only 500 years ago ! But it was an *awful* thing then, owing to poor, superstitious, Mankind being kept by the Priests in abject ignorance ! The Papal Curse had a *terrible* power in that day ! Churches were all closed, Bells silent, Religious Services ceased, no Prayers offered ! No Baptisms, No Funerals,—No Sacraments, No Marriages. The Poor *deprived* of all Religious or *Public Worship* throughout Great Britain, at the will of a Money-making,—Foreign—Potentate !

The Pope deposed John from his Throne ! (It really sounds like a Pantomime.) Released his Subjects from their allegiance ! Declared the English Throne vacant, and invited the *King of France* to take it ! John gave in ; reduced to the most pitiable submission. He signed a deed making over Great Britain to the Pope as " Fief " of the Holy See. The Pope assumed the office of " Lord Paramount " over all things and persons in England,—and all Powers,—Ecclesiastical, and Civil. The rich Livings and Bishoprics, the Pope gave to hungry Foreigners, who received the emoluments *without ever coming* to this Country at all. One was Dean of Lichfield, another of York ; in almost every diocese the most valuable offices were given to men who never saw the Country. In the course of a few years, Gregory the IX. had drained England of no less than Fifteen Millions Sterling ! " Many Italians,"—says Fuller—" who had the fattest livings in England, knew no more English than to tell the difference between the "sixpence" and the "shilling" of that day, when receiving their rents ; they never preached, never saw their flocks, gave nothing to the Poor, and the *Service being in Latin*, the poor English were in a bad case."

" MONEY IS AT THE BOTTOM OF ALL ' PRIESTCRAFT. ' "

Why in Latin, Reader,—why the desperate resolve to destroy all who dared to translate the Bible or Service into English so that the people could hear, or understand ; why did the Priests keep the " Sacraments " to *themselves*, ignoring the injunction of our Lord, " Drink ye all of it " ?

Because they knew that, to *let in the Bible*, the *New Testament*, to let in Intelligence, Education, Freedom of Thought, and above all, Individual Piety,—*without them*, would blow up the whole " System " ! So eager was the Pope to attach the rich " livings " that, by a process called " Provisors," he gave them to his favourites *before they were vacant* ! Nay ! He even *sold them* beforehand, and enriched the Treasury at Rome by the sale of preferments in England. The Taxes

then paid to the Pope amounted to five times those paid to the King of England! The Pope's Collectors kept a house in London, where clerks, and officers, like Commissioners of Taxes, in 1908, where deep streams of Wealth were ever draining off to Rome! As Wickliffe said, "Even had our Realm a hill of gold, and never man took thereof, but this proud, worldly, Priest's collector, by process of time this hill must be spende!" Thus, when Wickliffe first went to Oxford,—200 years before the Reformation,—the Income of all the Ecclesiastics in England was more than Ten Millions a year! An *immense* Sum in that day, probably worth ten to twenty times present *purchasing* power. It was twelve times greater than the (then) whole Civil Revenue of the Kingdom! *Half the Landed Property* throughout the Country had got into the hands of the Priesthood. Then there were offerings for this, and that, costly "Masses" for the Dead; payments for the latter, in St. Paul's, alone, amounted to £40,000; a Box for offerings by the great Cross yielded £9,000 a year. The offerings at Canterbury,—*Beckett's* shrine,—gave £14,000., while that of Christ's was paltry.

Indeed, there is little doubt that the Income of the Church from all these sources equalled the Endowments; if so, it gave an Income of the Roman Catholic Church in England alone, in Wickliffe's time, of Twenty Millions a Year (!) And what did the Masses get for it all? Strolling Friars went about to fairs, and villages, a portable altar was set up, close to it a confessional; the wallet with Relics was produced; the sacrifice of the "Mass" offered; extraordinary addresses, full of marvellous stories were listened to,—men, women, and children crowded to "confess" to strangers they never saw before and never would again, and cheap indulgences from the Pope were purchased. Chaucer describes the Scene!

And this, Reader, was the "Established" "State" Church,—*"the Church"* of our Lord Jesus Christ, only 500 years ago!

It was all a gradual Declension and Corruption of the simple, pure, "Christianity" of our Blessed Lord.

At the end of the 13th Century, a new Source of income was discovered capable of yielding enormous Revenues. This was the Doctrine of PURGATORY. "The Church" claimed power, over the Unseen, in this department, also. The Church Revenues of all Europe flowed into Rome! "Whenever" says Bishop Alvaro Pelayo, "I entered the apartment of the Roman Court Clergy, I found them occupied in counting up Gold Coin; it lay in heaps."

PAST HISTORY OF "THE CHURCH." THE "INQUISITION."

In order to "combat the Ignorance" alluded to by the Cleric, Page 981,—of the Past History of his Chosen Church.—let us attempt to supply a few Historical Facts.



A "Huguenot,"—Protestant,—Family, discovered reading the forbidden Bible. Then followed "the Inquisition."

No doubt the unscrupulous Atrocities of the Inquisition, stamped Protestantism out of Spain, France, and Italy, and Portugal, at the cost of countless innocent lives,—horrible suffering,—ruined Families,—and the loss of vast thousands of skilled Artisans to these Nations, who fled to England and Germany, bringing their Knowledge, Skill, and Inventive genius with them.

The Inquisitor General of Aragon,—in his Work "*Directorium Inquisitorium*,"—has left us a Frightful account of the Murderous Work. His Tribunal had entire liberty to decide what "Heresy" in their opinion was, and "how best to bring to judgment all Heretics lurking in Woods, Caves, Fields, or Cellars." Carriers, Shipowners, Waggoners, etc., were subject to terrible penalties of guilt for assisting Heretics fleeing the Country.

The Compulsory "Confessional"—insisted upon,—proved a fearful Private engine to extract Family Secrets, and the needful Information. *No family was safe!* Servants, Wives,—and children were turned into Spies. Summoned before the Dread Tribunal the Victim was merely informed that he

was "suspected of heresy." The Name of the Accuser was not allowed to be given. *There was no appeal!* Then followed the Torture in the First, or Second Degree,—“Wedge,” “Rack,”—“Boot,”—etc.,—to extort “Confession.” His property was confiscated, half going to the Papal Treasury,—half to the Inquisitor,—with a *Reward* to the *Informers*. Charles V. gave a third to the Informers (if the Property totalled a certain sum ; 10 per cent. if above).

The Clergyman who announced his departure to Rome, on Page 981, gave the excellent advice “that Roman Catholics should know their History well,” and that “this ignorance must be combatted” One wonders whether he had ever studied that History before he left for Rome!

The “*Directorum Inquisitorium*” gives us some idea of the reckless, savage, ferocity of its Work,—by giving the number of Persons burnt alive in a certain number of years as 32,000(!) —340,000 persons “tortured,”—few of the latter ever being the same again in health,—while Numbers sank under the Cruelties inflicted.

That the ignorance of the History of their Church is deplorable is shown in the following “Reply” in a Daily Paper:—

“In reply to a Correspondent signed ‘Catholic,’ who actually says that Protestants are indebted to the Romish system for their Bible, I would say that the 14th Canon of the fourth Lateran Council strictly *prohibits* the reading of the sacred Scriptures, especially in the mother tongue, in the following words:—‘We prohibit, moreover, that the Books of the Old and New Testament be permitted to be read by the laity, except indeed the Psalms and Breviary, or the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, should anyone wish to have it for devotional purposes. But that they should have them in the mother tongue we most strictly prohibit’ (Ibid 178, Canon xiv.).—*Daily Paper*.

So far from giving the People the Scriptures, “the Church” kept them from them as long as they possibly could.

THE OLD “CHURCH AND STATE” “SYSTEM,”—KEEP THE SCRIPTURES, IN LATIN, AWAY FROM THE MASSES. GIVE THEM “PRIESTS,” AND “SACRAMENTS” INSTEAD.

We have all read how the then “State,” “National” Church of 500 years ago, resisted, to the last, the Translation of the Scriptures into English. It was made Penal to possess a copy of Wickliffe’s translation! This was a Century before Printing was known; still copies were eagerly made, and it is said were so much treasured that even now (1908) in spite of all Persecution, Time, and Destruction, 170 MSS. entire, or part copies of Wickliffe’s priceless effort, still exist! One copy was found behind the wainscot of an old house at Lutterworth

(where Wickliffe produced a portion of his Translation) treasured up, no doubt, in secret. A Commission was appointed in the reign of Richard II. to *search private* houses, and seize all books of Wickliffe. A Bill was passed in the House of Lords,—where the *Bishops ruled*,—forbidding any to preach, even privately, *without a licence*, from a *Bishop*, and that none should hold, or teach anything contrary to the then “State” Religion. The heroic John Bradbie, a pupil of Wickliffe, was burnt at Smithfield, in the presence of Prince Henry (afterwards Henry V.). The Church condemned the “Heretics,” then handed them over to “the State” to burn them;—“*Church and State!*” His cries moved the Prince, and the poor creature was removed half dead, but he firmly, even then, refused to retract; and the Prince, irritated, ordered the burning to be carried out (!) The noble Sir John Oldcastle (Lord Cobham) was dragged to St. Giles’-in-the-Fields, on a hurdle, with a Chain round his waist, and also burned (!) Fancy, Reader, the childish spite which induced the “Church” to have Wickliffe’s *bones* dug up and burnt 47 years after the great man had died! If the Pope was “Christ’s Vicar” why did their “Church” leave it to the “Protestant Church” to found the noble “Bible Society,” in 1805,—spreading its Myriads of Bibles over the World?

Why this desperate resolve of the (then) State “Clergy” to keep the Scriptures, etc., *in Latin*, and *away from the People*? Because the “Clergy,”—the Priests,—knew,—and *know now*, that to keep the Masses in *Submission to them*, and in *Superstitious Reverence* of “the Clergy,”—*ignorance* of the purely spiritual, simple, Gospel Religion of Jesus Christ,—an Individual Religious experience independent of Clergy, Priests, or, indeed, of all Ritual,—was and is still,—*essential*. Once let the People read Christ’s words and teachings *for themselves*, begin to *think* and follow Christ’s precepts without *their* intervention, and the Army of Bishops, Clergy, Priests, etc., living comfortably for ages upon the *credulity*, and *superstition* of poor, ignorant Mankind, would be *no longer required!*

The “Reformation” was MERELY A RETURN TO the simple, pure, personal, spiritual, religion of our Blessed Lord, and the early “Church” which He instituted.

THE NEW “SYSTEM,” GIVE THE BIBLE WITH ONE HAND
(BECAUSE THEY CANNOT HELP IT) AND TAKE IT AWAY WITH THE
OTHER!

And still in 1908, we see the old,—old—leaven cropping up amongst the “State” Clergy, Catholic, or Protestant, still

desperately struggling to uphold their "Authority." "We," the clergy, alone can explain the New Testament! The People, it is true, have now got the Bible, but they cannot read it aright for themselves! You must come to us *after all*,—to the "Church,"—to explain Christ's words and teachings, by "Church Authority!"

Here is the explanation, amongst others, of Farrar's *ignoring* Christ's repeated, sustained, emphatic, Warnings of the Wrath to come, and the Eternal loss of the Impenitent Wicked! (See Page 554, Vol. I.)

"The Church" *thinks* differently,—the "Church" seeks "a higher development of Truth," believes that it is "leading Christian people up higher into a clearer atmosphere." "Bishop—is of opinion," etc., etc.

As a Spanish Paper remarked after Spain lost Cuba to America, in the late War,—*"If we could only get rid of our Priests,—as easily as we have got rid of our Colonies!"*

"CHURCH AND STATE."

What an exhibition of the Religion of Jesus Christ has this deplorable System given to the World! With what merciless ferocity and untold Cruelties have Huguenots,—Reformers,—Protestants,—Waldenses,—Puritans,—Nonconformists,—Quakers,—etc.,—the simple, earnest, true, Followers of Christ, been treated by the "Church" in collusion with the "State,"—the "Church" condemns the "State" executing them,—until Public Opinion, and the Rising Power of the People, the Laity put a stop to their Reign of Sin.

"Heretics" who were meeting together preferring to celebrate the Supper, and to conduct their Worship without the "Priests"—however blameless, useful, Citizens, they might be,—leading excellent, loving, loyal, Christ-like lives, were to be driven from France, Italy, Spain, and even England,—or else to be exterminated.

It was so with the good,—simple,—Christian,—Peasants in the Valleys of Piedmont, before the organized, horrible, Massacre took place, only put a stop to by that Noble man, Oliver Cromwell. A Subscription was made for the survivors, Cromwell heading it with £1,000.

DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES 1600-40.

The Pilgrim Fathers,—Puritans,—(Protestants),—were driven from their Homes in England by the "Church and State,"—landing in New England 1630-1. Some 20,000 were



GOING OUT TO THE "MAYFLOWER."

driven out of their Native Land by 1640, before (in 1649) the Treacherous Tyrant Charles I., and the Papist Laud, had been disposed of, and that noble man CROMWELL, gave Freedom, and Justice, once more, to England.

CHARLES V., THE FATHER OF PHILIP II.

That Monster, Charles V.,—the Father of the murderous Bigot,—Philip II. of Spain,—introduced in the Netherlands an "Inquisition" even more merciless than that of his son in Spain. He spent the later portion of his Life in the attempt to crush the Reformation throughout his Dominions, till,—after frightful Cruelties,—he had to abandon the atrocious attempt in despair. His "Inquisition" in the Netherlands,—where nothing of the kind had ever been heard of before,—was a terrible one. His frightful "Placards,"—his own inventions,—constituted a masked Engine of Tyranny more terrible than that of his son afterwards introduced into Spain. He never allowed the System to languish till he abdicated the Throne to his son Philip II. One of his Edicts,—published in the Netherlands,—forbade all private assembling for Devotion,—all reading of the Scriptures—all opinions,—or discussion upon the Papal "Authority," or on "Faith,"—or on the "Real Presence" at the Sacrament,—on pain of Death! The number of the victims who were beheaded,—strangled—"buried alive" (!) or Burnt at the Stake, in obedience to his frightful Edicts, for such offences as discovered reading the Bible,—denying that Christ is actually in the Bread and Wine, or declining submissively to salute "Images,"—or the "Host,"—has been computed by the various Authorities at 100,000. The Venetian Envoy,—Navigero,—estimated the victims in the Provinces of Holland, and Friesland, alone, at 30,000 in 1546, ten years before the wretch abdicated, and five years before the hideous Edict of 1550, which runs thus :—"All lay persons are forbidden to read, teach,

or expound the Scriptures." . . . "If they do persist they are to be executed by fire, all their Property being confiscated to the Crown." "Any informer, in case of Conviction, is to be entitled to half such property if *not more* than 100 pounds Flemish, *if more*, then ten per cent.," etc., etc. What the "Church" (alleged to be Christ's) did for long years under those unspeakable monsters Philip II. and the Duke of Alva, after Charles V. had abdicated, every English child should be taught in every Family by the *only* "Priests" we need in our houses, namely, Christian Protestant *parents*."

And this terrible destruction of innocent lives *took place* 10 years before the wretch abdicated,—and 5 years before his hideous Edict of 1550. In 1553 his Sister,—the Dowager of Hungary, writes to Charles V. as follows. (The originals, and the Edicts, are all extant in Museums).

"In her opinion all Heretics,—whether retracting,—(Note,—Consenting to attend "Mass,"—worship Mary, etc.),—repenting or *not*,—should be persecuted with such Severity as to extinguish all heresy,—*care only* being taken that the Entire Provinces were not *entirely* depopulated" (!)

When the Butcher, Alva, was sent by Philip II. to literally attempt this awful Programme, the Duchess Margaret of Parma was deposed from being the "Governor-General"; Philip II. allowing her 14,000 ducats Pension annually, "in lieu of the 8,000 a year," her Highness had enjoyed,—in addition to 25,000 florins from the Estates of Brabant,—and 30,000 from those of Flanders. This was in return for her nine years in the Netherlands. Alva escorted her to the Frontier, December, 1567.

NOTE.—Though willing to Murder thousands of their Fellow Christians, these Brigands took care to *secure* the Money of their prospective victims. Confiscation of heretics' money was the great feature of their Programme. The Dowager of Hungary (Sister of Charles V.), in 1555, actually issued,—from Brussels,—the following Edict.

"All heretics if they *retracted* were to be executed by the *Sword*,—the repentant, Female heretics to be *buried alive*,—and the obstinate heretics of *both Sexes*,—who *refused* to retract,—or to repent,—were to be burnt alive at the Stake."

Yet this Female Assassin,—an inhuman Tigress,—was called the Christian (!) Widow"—by a Contemporary Writer!

These Edicts—State Papers—and Letters are preserved, and Modern Students in the Public Libraries of Brussels, etc., have before them one more proof of the Truth vigorously asserted throughout the World of the fatal "Fall" of Man.

That—so far from being—as claimed by the "NEW THEOLOGY" of our day—by Nature "akin to the Divine"—fallen—unchanged—"Fallen" Human Nature is far more truly described by that caustic old Atheist VOLTAIRE, who had seen indeed "human nature" *enough* in his long Life—that "In his opinion it was a 'Cross' between the APE—and the TIGER!"

CHARLES V. RESIGNS TO HIS SON PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

The last days of Charles V. were occupied in exhorting Philip II.

to continue his relentless persecution of heretics,—and in regrets that he ever let Martin Luther escape. A man bred to War,—“without a Sentiment, and without a tear,”—he had but one weakness,—Gluttony. Eye-witnesses record his almost incredible capacity to consume meals at short intervals. The despair of his Physicians,—after 40 years of abuse, even his amazing constitution, and stomach, gave way. Gout,—Eruptions,—Gravel,—crippled his once amazingly hardy frame,—at 55 he sank a decrepit wreck. The extraordinary projecting lower jaw,—the Burgundian inheritance,—and huge mouth,—is seen on his Coins, rendering him at last unable to bring the fragments of his teeth together,—or to speak intelligibly. He died December, 1558.

HIS SON, PHILIP II.

To this Monster of Bigotry we owe the saying,—no doubt at this time a true one,—that “the Sun never set on his Dominions.” He owned the greater part of the Continent,—he had received the Crown of Naples, also Milan,—he held the Duchy of Austria,—he was King of all Spain,—the two Sicilies,—he was Duke of both Burgundies,—the hereditary Sovereign of the Netherland Provinces,—*Titular* “King of England” (!) and France and Jerusalem, absolute “Dictator” of Asia, Africa, and America, with immense Possessions in Mexico, etc. He had the finest army,—considered invincible of that day. He had the constant Blessing of the Popes. The Christian sees God, in History. This insane Bigot lost all, in his merciless Work against the Protestants. The Gold drained by horrible Cruelties from Mexico, was employed to exterminate the heroic Hollanders. Within five years 25 millions of Florins had been sent from Spain for War expenses in the Netherlands,—and yet, all was insufficient to save his Treasury from bankruptcy, and the unpaid troops from Mutiny. In fact, in spite of the Awful cruelties of his head butcher, Alva, and the vast sums that wretch drained from Holland by confiscation of the Property of countless Victims, it was seen that the Spanish Empire could not support the effort to exterminate Protestantism. It had required 30,000 of Spain's choicest Troops and seven Months to conquer the weakest City of Holland (Harlem). 12,000 of Alva's troops had died of disease or wounds. How many Men, and how many Months or years, and deaths would it require to conquer the rest even of this little Province? But the horrors inflicted on the heroic defenders of these Towns, such as the Sack of Naarden only surrendered through absolute treachery,—were frightful! Naarden was taken by an infamous piece of treachery. On plighted word of the Spanish, and a solemn pledge that the Lives and Property of the inhabitants would be respected, the Keys were delivered up, and the leading citizens prepared a Feast to 600 of the Spanish Troops. 500 of the Chief Inhabitants were then summoned to the Chief Church (East Huns) to a debate. Suddenly a Priest bade all to prepare for death! The Spanish Troops rushed in, the whole were killed, and the place set a fire, the dead and dying consumed together! The Sack then followed, the inhabitants forced to carry the booty to the Camp, then were at once killed. The houses were fired to expel all hidden, and as they issued they were put to lingering deaths in agony by the Spanish Soldiers, who had “had their orders.” About 100 who had escaped across the snow-covered fields were overtaken and hung naked upon the trees, head downwards, and left to die. Peremptory orders were given that no one, on pain of death, should give help or food to fugitives, or to bury any of the victims for three weeks! Shortly after the fortifications were levelled. See Bor VI., 419; Hoofd VII., 280; Meteren IX., 78. Alva wrote complacently

to Philip II. that the example had been made, " they had cut the throats of most of the Burghers, and all the Garrison had not a mother's son left alive." (Correspondence de Phillippe II., ii., 1186). ' Degollaron burgeses y soldados sin escaparse hombre nascido,' are Alvas's own words to Philip.

Every Student should read the awful Siege of Harlem and its heroic defence till Famine caused numbers of women to drop dead in the Streets, with Infants starved to death, on their breasts, and 6,000 of the inhabitants sank under a Pestilence, resembling the Plague, no doubt through the linseed, rapeseed, rats, boiled hides, nettles, grass, etc., they were forced to live on.

Alva writes to Philip, " Let your Majesty be disabused of the impression that with kindness anything can be done with these People," as *gentleness* had produced nothing (!) he was resolved that *every individual* should be put to the Sword, and *not a living* soul should be left in Alkmaar." It was now that the Prince of Orange sent the instruction to Governor Sonoy, rather than let Alkmaar fall, to flood the Country the moment the Citizens lit four Beacon fires in arranged places, and sweep the entire Spanish Army (13,000) into the Sea ; indeed the Zyp, and others sluices had been already opened by the Carpenters ; the ground had become soft, the Spanish Soldiers *already refractory*. It only needed two great dykes to be pierced. These instructions were discovered by the Spanish Army, and Don Frederic gave in, and after seven weeks raised the Siege and retired. Alkmaar and its inhabitants were saved. Still the " Blood Council " of Alva (1567) had put to death some 1,800 of the highest in the Land in its *first three Months*, this frightful Court began its first dread Session on 20th September, 1567, at Alva's house. He wrote Philip that he would supply 500,000 ducats annually from the Confiscation of the Victims. 84 inhabitants of Valenciennes were condemned in one day, 46 of Malines on another ! The whole Country became a charnel house ; hardly a Family was not called to mourn a relation. Hoofd (IV., 153) describes the posts, and fences, laden with corpses, exposed to overawe, by example, the Population. Men, Women, Children, Nobles, Paupers, Burghers of note, were tortured, beheaded, burnt to death, some broken on the wheel, and others flayed alive, and their skins were used for drums, when others were marched to their deaths. Many were merely guilty of trying to save their husbands, parents, or children. Tens of thousands fell victims to the gallows, the Stake, their houses sacked, and burnt, the numbers could never be known, but Alva, when even his Employer, Philip, became dissatisfied with the result of his massacres superseded him in 1573,—upon quitting the Netherlands, asserted that he had caused the death of 18,500 by execution, alone, in his five years' atrocities. The number who perished in the terrible Sieges were never known. Alva before retiring had contracted an enormous amount of debt in Amsterdam, private and public ; he, however, early in November, 1573, caused a proclamation to all to present their claims in person, on a specified day. During the previous night he and his train noiselessly withdrew and left the Country. The heavy debts contracted by him on the Faith of Philip II., and his creditors, were thus evaded, and many an opulent Family were thus ruined. He left, for ever, on the 18th December, after erecting a huge Statue of *himself*,—not Philip II.,—who, crafty, silent, as ever,—dissembling,—never forgave anyone a slight,—henceforward treated Alva with neglect. This terrible wretch, the cause of untold Misery during his 70 years of life, died 12th October, 1582.

PHILIP II.

Meantime, his Master, Philip II. was carrying on *his* Inquisition in Spain with inexorable cruelty,—batches of his best, often noblest, Subjects,—12 or 15 at a time,—with painted Paper caps with devils depicted on them, in colours, were led to the “Auto da fés.” Platforms were erected where the King, and Court, and the Public sat to view the poor creatures being burnt to death.

As recently as the “Eighties” of our day, the Workmen were engaged in laying foundations, in one of the Squares, and came upon a layer of ashes, calcined bones, buttons, burnt fragments of apparel. It proved to be the spot where the auto de fé had taken place. The Authorities hastily had the whole at once enclosed from the Public. The “Church” dreading the effect upon the 19th Century public opinion. *No wonder!* The Student of History must consult the Standard Works for the reign of Philip II., the great object-lesson to the World of how a noble kingdom,—and if under a tolerant Government,—a noble People like the Spaniards,—through frantic Bigotry of their “Church and State” lost all, and sank into a fifth-rate State. The Bigots’ vast Armada with its 130 Ships, besides Transports, with 2,650 Guns,—33,000 Men, 180 Priests, and a Vicar-General of the “Holy” (?) Inquisition, with Chains, and instruments of Torture for the English,—was knocked to pieces on the Rocks of Scotland, and the Irish Coast,—the Treasure Ship taken by the English, and not a hen-roost sacked, or a landing effected. It was the *Wildest*,—most *terribly Stormy*, Summer (1588) *ever recorded in England*. An immense fleet of flat-bottomed boats with a well-equipped army of 100,000 men was off Flanders to be conveyed to the Thames by the Armada. It never set out. A very wise discretion! The then Pope gave the Armada his infallible blessing, promising an advance of one Million ducats as soon as it reached English Shores, at the same time excommunicating Elizabeth, dispossessing her of her Throne (!)

Philip II. died 1598, 10 years after,—leaving Spain ruined! She repudiated her debts the year before (1597), her Exchequer being bankrupt, and her power prostrated,—Holland free, and the Dutch Republics rising through the heroic efforts of that amazing Patriot, William of Orange, who, before his foul Murder, delivered it for ever from Spanish Tyranny. The Student of History will never meet with a nobler character than the Prince of Orange.

DEATH OF PHILIP II. SECRET OFFER, IF MADE KING OF ALL GERMANY.

The meanest incident in the life of this alleged “chosen vessel” sworn to extirpate Protestantism, occurred after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572, by Charles IX. of France. Philip, and Alva, listened, with mischievous joy, to the Howl of Execration which rose through Christendom at this monstrous Treachery, for both Charles IX. and Philip II. aspired alike with eager avidity to the Crowns of Poland and Germany.

Philip II. seized the moment of the terrible outcry against the Treachery of Charles IX., to enter (1573) into *Secret negotiation* with the Protestant Princes of the States,—he pledged himself, if they would confer the Crown on *him*, he would (1) withdraw the Spaniards from the Netherlands; (2) That he would in future *tolerate the Reformed Religion*; (3) That he would recognise their Union with the rest of the German Empire (the Passau Treaty); (4) He would restore the Prince of Orange, and all his Adherents to their former Possessions, and dignities; (5) And would cause throughout the incorporated Empire the Edicts to secure Religious Freedom in Germany. In plain English,

let him have the Crown of Charlemagne he would bow before the Reformation whose followers he had sworn to exterminate.

Charles IX. seeing *his* mistake,—endeavoured to *excuse* the Massacre,—and also approached William of Orange; then followed the intrigues of these two butchers who pretended to be actuated by Religious zeal, to secure a Crown *each* would *establish* the hated freedom of Protestantism. While Charles IX. and his Mother Catherine, their hands still reeking with the Blood of some 100,000 Protestants,—slain throughout France—during the three days' Massacre of St. Bartholomew, offered the same terms. It all came to nothing, but what a lie it gave to their claim to be *alone actuated* by *Religious Motives* in the horrors they both inflicted upon Mankind!

HIS DEATH.

Philip II. inherited the weakness of his Father,—Gluttony,—the despair, like his father, of his Physicians; he had brought on Gout and various terribly painful diseases. But there now came the rare,—but not unknown,—disgusting complaint,—Worms forming in quantities, in the Body. The Spanish Physicians have left on Record the desperate,—to us,—crude,—Remedies, with which they *vainly* grappled with this frightful disease. He frequently declared that the Torture would kill him. A Relay of Monks were kept incessantly reciting Prayers, etc.,—the Stench in the chamber of the Escorial being so overpowering they had to be constantly relieved. He had images of various Saints, etc., suspended to the Curtains of the Bed for him constantly to touch. Although the Physician feared the effort would kill him, he insisted upon having the "Extreme Unction" administered to him *Three Times*. A most *unusual* thing!

What a Scene! The original documents of the Physicians and Eye-Witnesses are extant to this day. It may, to some, appear an *edifying* End, to others it looks like a dying, self-deceived Bigot, facing at last, *Eternity*,—clinging,—like a drowning man to a Straw,—to empty Images, and vain, outward Symbols of a church to whose Bigotry he had sacrificed a *hecatomb* of his *innocent* and best *Subjects*,—Ruined his Country, and sunk Spain into a Fifth-rate Nation.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

The Spanish Inquisition never really flourished on any Soil but the Peninsula,—the Spaniards and Portuguese seemed to lack the *spirit, energy, or vigour* to throw off the infernal Tyranny of the Church. Its Modern, or later Institution was established by Pope Alexander VI.,—in conjunction with Ferdinand the Catholic. ("Church and State.") Originally devised for the Jews and Moors,—who the "Christians" of that Age did not consider entitled to ordinary mercy as human beings,—it was soon extended to "Christians heretics" (so-called) by "the Church." Torquemada, the Dominican Monk, was the first installed in this apparatus of blood and fire, artfully arranged to inflict the utmost, appalling, human misery. In 18 years of his Administration, 10,220 human beings had been burned alive, and 97,321 had been tortured,—or imprisoned,—with confiscation of their Property. So that the number of Families destroyed by this *one* Friar, of the Church,—alone, amounted to 114,401 in 18 years! The news of the awful "*Autos-da-fés*,"—and the dread that it might be introduced into Italy, France, or Germany, no doubt froze the earlier Protestant Movement into ortho-

doxy. It had its familiar in every house, knowing the secrets of the fireside, and executing its horrible decrees by a Bench of Monks without control, and without appeal.

Two Witnesses, whose names were never divulged,—were alone needed to consign the accused to the Inquisition dungeons. Once there,—after a period of semi-starvation considered likely to break the spirit,—he was "examined." Did he confess at once, and forswear his heresy, he might, then, put on what was called the "Sacred Shirt," and escape with the Confiscation of his Property, a more merciful rule than the "Decrees" of the Netherlands. If he persisted in avowing his innocence, or refused to become a "Catholic" in all outward performance of its Rites, etc., he was subjected to "the Torture,"—(several "degrees"). Usually it took place at night, in dimly-lighted rooms,—Water,—Pulleys,—Weights,—Screws,—Fire,—being applied, all that devilish ingenuity the Monks had invented,—by which the Sinews could be strained, without actually cracking,—the bones bruised, without actually breaking them,—exquisite pain, in a word, inflicted,—to avoid the death of their victim. The period of torture was unlimited unless Confession and Repentance took place. It might be continued from day to day, only terminated by the order for the execution of the obstinate. What *really* took place was never *known*,—the "Familiars" of the Inquisition never divulged anything. Those who performed the horrible task of torturing their fellow Christians were disguised in black frocks with eye-holes alone to see through. There was no further appeal till the day of the "*Auto-da-fé*." These frightful Scenes Philip II. considered to be "Church Festivals," the Public being encouraged to attend,—and readily admitted to the Square. Many,—hardly able to stand,—crippled for life,—Victims were now brought in, in yellow Robes, which had black devils depicted all over them, with large Paper caps painted with a person in flames, surrounded by imps, on their heads. It was usual to apply painful gags to avoid speech, or any terrible cries from the Victims while being burnt.

Eye-witnesses relate the usual Processions, which were made very imposing. It was headed by School children (!) who were followed by the Bishops, Prelates, and Dignities of "the Church." The Victims followed, with the "Holy" (?) Inquisitors with Banners,—the blood red Flag of the "Sacred" office,—etc., bringing up the rear. If at the last extremity, the victims made a sign that they *renounced* their Protestant Faith, such were saved the suffering of the Flames; the Executioners, at once, strangling them with a cord. The rest were burnt alive, if they remained *stedfast* to the *Reformed Faith*.

The Clergyman who announced his resignation, leaving the Church of England for Rome, (on Page 981), claims,

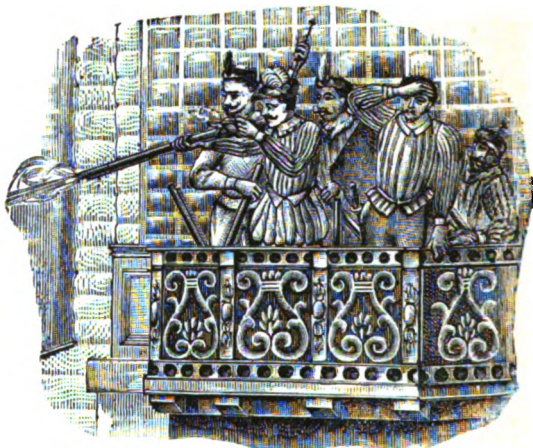
"That it is essential that Roman Catholics should know their History well; that this ignorance must be combated, if the progress was to be made which he believed to be possible."

Is he *really serious*? Does he not *really* mean, far rather, to earnestly *dissuade* all,—inclined to *follow* his example,—not to read the Past History of "the Church"?

It is claimed that vast numbers of Pious,—Devout,—Catholics in 1908,—so far from wishing to go *back* into the Past of their Church, devoutly wish that there *was no such Past* to go *back into*!

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S NIGHT, 1572.—IN PARIS, FOLLOWED BY A GENERAL MASSACRE OF THREE DAYS THROUGHOUT FRANCE.

"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."—*Matt.* vii. 20.



Charles IX. Shooting his Protestant Subjects from a Balcony of the Louvre, 1572.

During the days of Sunday to Tuesday,—beginning with the night of St. Bartholomew, an hour or two after Midnight,—occurred the Infamous Treachery, by which 3,000 of the leading Protestants,—lured to Paris, under Treaty, to witness the Marriage of Catharine de Medici's daughter, to Henry of Bearn, King of Navarre, (a chief among the Huguenots). Charles IX. and his Mother, in inviting them, expressed hopes that this Marriage would put an end to the terrible feuds (!)

They came,—therefore,—with Admiral Coligny, the veteran warrior of France, esteemed by both Parties, for his life-long Service to his Country. The Marriage took place with great splendour, 18th August; the Principal Nobles, Catholics and Protestants attending it. The very day after, a Secret Plan was arranged in private Council, deciding to proclaim a General Massacre of Protestants throughout France (!) Admiral Coligny was to be first killed; on the 26th August he was shot at, but only wounded. Charles IX. visited him, expressing the utmost concern, and vowing vengeance against the offender, the fact being, a large sum had been offered to a man named Maurevert,—to make the attempt. At the appointed hour for the Massacre, King Charles IX. and his Mother Catherine, with the Duke of Anjou, sat in their chamber listening,—when the great Bell of St. Auxerrois Church began to toll,—the appointed Signal.

The City Gates had been closed,—300 of the Royal Guard who had been kept ready at once rushed into the Streets,—the Retinue of the Young King of Navarre who had been invited to the Wedding, were led out, called out by name, and murdered in the quadrangle before the very eyes of their Royal hosts! A host of well-armed desperadoes, to whom different quarters of the City had been allotted,—rushed into

the houses of the Protestants,—killing all they met, the houses had been previously marked,—women, children,—all were alike murdered, many asleep, as the doors were broken down, all, of course, unarmed.

The King Charles IX. shot with an arquebus from a balcony of the Louvre, thus giving example to the assassins who cried, "*Kill! Kill! the King commands it!*"

For three days the massacre continued. Then, on the fourth a *dead silence* seemed to fall upon Paris! The same Scenes were repeated throughout France, 1,800 were known to be murdered at Lyons, 600 at Rouen, but the total number of victims could never be known. Sully puts it, at the lowest, at 70,000. Other French Historians up to 100,000.

It has been observed that "Savages,"—who have never heard of Christ or Christianity,—have a Code of Honour. However *ferocious*,—they might be, when a Conference is held,—having eaten bread *together*, or (amongst Indians), "*smoked the Pipe*,"—they hold the Truce as *Sacred*,—Inviolable; they would, mutually, put to death any one of their number who broke it.

It was left to a "Christian" King and Nation to compass the murder, by night, of unsuspecting Guests, by a Massacre, which, for Infamy,—considering the time of Enlightenment, and "Christianity," only 436 years ago,—is unapproached in the History of Mankind!

It is gladly admitted that there were Pious, Devout, Catholics in France,—as there are now,—who looked with horror at and abhorrence,—with their fellow citizens,—and fellow Christians,—at these "Political" Crimes. It is well known that during the Massacre many of the Huguenot Protestants were saved by being secreted, and helped out of Paris,—and other Cities. Also that in the General Massacre,—which ensued throughout France, the Governors of some Towns absolutely refused,—point blank, to obey their instructions, and forbade the life being taken of Peaceable Citizens, one of them boldly asserting that "he held his Position as Governor to *protect*,—not to Murder innocent citizens placed under his charge."

Reader,—That worthy man ought to have been a Protestant! He was what all Catholics ought to be, liberal, tolerant, "Christians."

But,—to show the Savagery of that dark time of Bigotry,—upon hearing of the Massacre, the then Pope Gregory XIII., and his Cardinals,—went in Procession to St. Mark's Cathedral and other Sanctuaries, to return thanks to God, and Jesus Christ, for the Massacre of 100,000 of their fellow Christians, the Noblest in France, in a defenceless state, set upon by night and murdered in cold blood,—by Treachery (!) The cannon St. Angelo fired,—a Medal was struck, and a Cardinal was despatched to congratulate Charles IX. (!)

But the Storm of horror throughout the Christian World cowed both the King and his Mother, and desperate efforts were made to *excuse* the deed! The French Ambassador,—M. La Mothe Fenelon,—begged an interview with Queen Elizabeth,—she *refused* to see him for several days. At length, admitted to an audience, he found all the Lords and Ladies dressed in *deep mourning*, and in profound Silence, and grief. No one saluted, or looked at him; he stammered out the excuses he was instructed to make, and hastily retired. He declared that it was the *first*

time a *French* Ambassador appeared ashamed of his Country, but he acknowledged he did so on this memorable reception. Yet the "Vicar of Christ" at Rome approved of it!

NOTE.—The Reader is asked to Remember that neither he, —nor the Writer,—are RESPONSIBLE for HISTORY,—or HISTORICAL FACTS. *There they are.*

DEATH OF CHARLES IX.

Charles IX. died in a very miserable, haggard, condition. He could get no Sleep. He complained that he "saw Blood everywhere." His confidential Physician,—Ambrose Paré,—had gained his complete confidence by saving him from the effects of a clumsy operation badly performed by a Surgeon. Paré was, however, a Huguenot,—and the King had saved his life by concealing him in a private chamber. Charles IX. died of the unusual disease,—the *Blood issuing* through the *Pores* of the Skin. But he suffered also,—he told Paré,—from constantly seeing "*ghastly faces with Blood.*" "Ambrose," he said, "I wish the *innocent*" (probably alluding to the Children) "*had been spared!*" He had, no doubt, been greatly influenced by his Mother into consenting to the Massacre, and he was haunted by the idea that Catharine de Medicis was trying to poison him, well knowing how skilled that *dangerous* woman was in the art. There is little to wonder at his terrible sleepless visions, for the Streets and door-ways of Paris were full of mutilated Bodies,—and the dead Corpses floated down the Seine for days after the murderous work was over.

THE MORAL.

And now, Reader, we English Protestants in Great Britain, —Canada,—Australia,—New Zealand, &c.,—in 1908,—with soft, flattering admiration of "Tolerant" England,—are, it seems,—to be "converted" *back* to a "Religion,"—by *throwing* off which,—for 300 years,—we have gained for our Country Prosperity,—Peace,—National Progress,—National (not Priestly) Education,—the Enjoyment of Civil and Religious Liberty to all,—Catholics and Protestants alike,—an Open Bible,—and the Manifest Blessing of God on the entire BRITISH EMPIRE.

"Convert" us! It is OUR Mission,—as Protestants,—to "Convert" this WORLD!"

Amongst a number of interesting,—instructive,—Letters in the Papers,—from various Correspondents,—upon the

"Eucharistic" Congress and Procession in London, September, 1908,—appeared the following:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—It is, no doubt, gratifying to a Protestant Nation to be reminded of our well-known toleration of all religions alike. We cannot, however, compliment, in our turn, the management of the Eucharistic Congress, on their proposed processions through the Streets of the Capital of a Protestant country, flaunting before us the Symbols of Medieval Superstitions, in which we Protestants have not the *slightest* belief.

What would the Papal authorities have said had our 224 Archbishops, &c., of the Church of England, instead of meeting *quietly*, recently, at Lambeth (June, 1908), decided, this year, to have assembled *at Rome*, and held their Meetings *close* to the Vatican, with *processions*; announcing, moreover, their *Desire* and *Object* to be, the "Conversion" of the Italian Nation to the Protestant Religion? All, surely, will admit it would have been in *execrable* taste?

There are now Millions of intelligent Christians, Protestants, Greek Church, &c., who ignore *altogether* the authority of the Pope, *totally* disbelieve that bread and wine can be *made divine* by a "*priest*," and who *deplore* the attempt, once more, to force the Delusions of the Dark Ages upon the Intelligence, and Enlightenment, of the Twentieth Century.

7th Sept., 1908.

The Reader inclined to doubt,—or challenge,—the Historical Facts in this Chapter, may,—on making suitable application,—no doubt be allowed, when abroad,—to see for himself, a portion of the Vast Mass of Original Edicts,—Letters,—State Papers,—etc., in the Archives of the various Museums.

The Writer, and the Reader are neither of them Responsible for Past Historical Facts,—*there they are!*

Like it,—or *not* like it,—there exist,—at this Moment,—a Vast Series of Contemporary,—Original,—Edicts,—Proclamations,—mouldy State Papers,—Letters,—Reports,—etc., CONFIRMING each other,—in ALL their various Languages as to Matters of ACTUAL FACT.

They are in the Archives,—Museums,—State Libraries,—etc., of Holland,—Belgium,—Germany,—Italy,—France,—and Spain,—etc. They are in Dutch,—Flemish,—Spanish,—French,—Italian,—and German, etc.

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.

There are the Amazing Collections of Bor, Meteren, De Thou, Burgundius, Heuterus, Tassis, Viglius, Hoofd, Harœus, Van der Haer, Grotius, Kluit, Wagenaer, De Jonghe, Ranke, Raumer,—Medoza, Carnero, Cabrera, Herrera, Bentivoglio, Perez, Strada, etc. There are also the Contemporary MSS.

reports given by the acute,—argus-eyed Envoys of that crafty, sagacious Republic,—Venice,—whose accounts sent to their Employers,—after penetrating Courts and Cabinets,—remain to this day,—an inestimable Source of the Secret History of that awful Period of Cruelty,—the “Sixteenth Century.”

There is, to conclude, the invaluable Correspondence of Philip II. himself,—together with that of William of Orange and the Nassau Family,—the Collection of Pamphlets, etc., in the Royal Library at the Hague,—the MSS. histories of Pontus Pagen, Renon of France, Pasquier de la Barre, etc.,—and, lastly, the vast Collection of Documents in the Royal Archives at Brussels, Dresden, and the Hague.

LESSONS TAUGHT MANKIND BY HISTORY.

The Lessons we learn by the Study,—suggested by the Cleric, declining Protestantism,—(Page 981),—of the Past History of the “Church,” and of “Fallen” Mankind, are surely as follows,—

(1) That we are all, by our “fallen” nature, prone to Bigoted “superstition,” on the *one* hand, or we vibrate to “Atheism” on the *other*. That we are all fellow “Sinners,” needing true “Conversion,” Popes, Priests, Monarchs, etc., knowing absolutely no more than *we* do, or what any Intelligent Reader of his Bible can obtain *for himself*. That men mistake Love of Power over *others*,—our *Self-interest*,—our own vile Passions,—Tyranny,—and Cruelty,—for what men chose to *call* their “Religion.”

(2) We see by the fall of the Spanish Empire,—once immense,—the disastrous Civil Wars,—Hatred,—Bloodshed,—and *Decay*, which eventually,—give it time,—inevitably falls not only upon Spain but on *ANY* Nation which pusillanimously permits Monarchs, “Priests,”—Priestcraft,—and Superstition, to dominate the Government, by a “Corrupt” “Church and State.”

“The People” deprived of all Liberty of Thought,—or Speech,—while, nevertheless, compelled to pay to support Swarms of Priests,—and a “State” Religion, they condemn as a False one.

Fortunately, “the State” is now no longer resting for its Power on Vicious,—Immoral,—Kings like that licentious

Charles II.,—whose Reign was admittedly the most openly Immoral England was ever disgraced with,—or a Cruel, ferocious Bigot,—like Mary,—Louis XIV.,—Louis XV.,—Philip II., James II., etc.

The "STATE" is now "The PEOPLE,"—who have learnt from the *Bloodstained Past*,—that Civil and Religious Liberty,—Prosperity,—Toleration to all alike,—and National Progress,—is only possible when "the State,"—(viz., "The People") as in America, and recently, in the case of our good Neighbours the French,—wisely separate "the Church" from the "State,"—and take the control of the Nation in their own hands,—either by a Limited Monarchy, as in England, or by a Republic.

We want faithful "Pastors," or "Ministers," in Protestant England,—not "Priests." Under a "Protestant" Monarch,—like good QUEEN VICTORIA, and KING EDWARD,—all goes well. Fair play to all,—but once let a Religious BIGOT mount the Throne of England, or Germany again, and, at once,—we shall see the old, old, Civil Wars,—Hatred,—Murder,—Executions,—Tyranny,—and Bloodshed, all begin once more,—only with Deadlier Weapons than Mankind possessed in the awful Scenes of 350 years ago.

Letter from a Protestant Lady,—amongst many others,—upon "the Host" being carried through London Streets on a Sunday in 1908 :—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'TIMES.'"

"Sir,—There has been much in your columns lately about this 'Eucharistic Congress,' and so far I have not seen *one single letter* of protest from any English Churchman or Woman, against the Procession of the 'Mass,' through the streets of the Capital, next Sunday. May I,—though a very obscure individual,—remind my fellow Subjects that we are in serious danger of proving Traitors to all those who suffered for England's reformed faith, right on from Wycliffe's time till the expulsion of the Stuarts in 1688 ?

"Indeed, it is time to reflect, 'Lest we forget.'"

"I would be the last person to *interfere* with the Religious views of any fellow-subject, but the Procession of the 'Mass,' on Sunday, through our *Protestant Capital* means either a deeply religious festival,—or a misleading Exhibition. If England be *true* to her Faith, we cannot accept the first position; if we permit the Procession on any other ground, thousands of Roman Catholics *all over the World* will believe that there is a chance, at last, for bringing England back to the Pope.

"I would *far* sooner *die*, and see all those I *care* for die, than be thus disloyal to our great Past, and so will say Thousands of other English Men, and Women, if *only* you give them the *chance* in your Columns.

An excellent Letter to Protestant English Men and English Women. The Congress alluded to was a Gigantic Advertisement. "Straws thrown up to see which way the Wind is blowing." The next thing we may hear is,—that,—after gradual approaches,—the "High Church" Party of our "Church of England" has gone bodily over to Rome! "The House would never have been taken,—had there not been a TRAITOR within!" See Page 861.

IS FRANCE INFIDEL ?

Some time since the Daily Papers opened a discussion under the above heading. There were interesting Letters. The query being, "WHY was France "Infidel" after 1,000 years under "Priests" ? The discussion, it seemed, appeared to be started by the alleged report of a political (so-called) "Sermon" by a Jesuit, alleged,—or supposed,—to be employed to "Convert" England to Rome, suggesting the absurd idea that the Great Earthquakes of two years ago were sent upon Protestant Nations for their "apostasy" from Rome, and our *entente cordiale* with "Infidel" France. Also,—that while the "Watchman," of Rome, was observant, our Churches were drifting, without Pilot, Helm, or Anchor."

The following condensed *replies* from several "letters" appeared to be instructive :—

I.

"Your Correspondent of the 15th inst. misses the point in discussion altogether. The point is this: After centuries of absurd dislike, prejudice, and war, the English and our good Neighbours, the French Nation, have resolved, in future, to maintain kindly, and friendly, relations towards each other. A result due, in no small measure, to our good King Edward, 'The Peacemaker.' Our respected old Roman Catholic English families have always stood by us, loyal to the Crown, remembering that though Catholics, they are *still English*. They are not 'mischief makers,' and no one ever said they were. It is left for a Foreign Priest—a Jesuit—it seems in a political (so-called) 'sermon' to 'sneer' (to employ the pleasing word of your correspondent) at our *entente cordiale* with what he termed the 'Infidel Government' of our good friends the French, and also at our National Protestant Church, involving, of course, its Bishops, as 'drifting with no one to guide it; without pilot, helm, or anchor,' adding the absurd remark that God warned England, and France by Earthquakes for their 'apostasy,'—from whom seemed obscure. It could not have been, in our case, the Pope, seeing, that,—with the millions of the Greek Church,—we *never* yet believed in him. A very apt reply appeared in a London paper. Its correspondent asks (1) If France is 'Infidel,' whose fault was it, seeing that France has been in the charge of Roman Catholic priests, for *some thousand* years? (2) Now that their flocks evidently so greatly need their Pastoral care and aid, why is not he and others among them,—instead of abusing them at a safe distance, in Protestant England,—which, not being at all 'infidel' do not need their presence? (3) He also drew attention to the fact that, so far from God sending England and France Earthquakes, they are *invariably* sent to Roman

Catholic countries, viz., Naples, Italy, Lisbon (where thousands perished in ten minutes), Chili, South America, etc., whereas God has spared England, a 'Protestant' Country, *altogether*."

No Life having been lost, for Ages, and amazingly little damage done in Great Britain by Earthquakes *for Centuries*. While a Correspondent who was there states that the Splendid *Jesuit Church* in San Francisco, was amongst the very first to Fall !

II.

"We Protestants have the Catholic historians with us in claiming that the Pope first obtained his power over the other bishops by fraudulent 'Decretals' ('the Isidorian'), fabricated, in West Gaul, in the year 845. These acknowledged forgeries falsely pretended to be decrees of former Popes, etc., giving an immense extension of the power of the Pope, displacing the old system of the Catholic Church, subjecting the bishops to him. Subsequently Hildebrand put these forgeries into use, aided by another mass of fabrication (Gratian's Decretum), which, about the year 1150 actually made the world the domain of the Italian clergy, Italians taking care always to elect an Italian for Pope. Protestants, therefore, with the millions of the Greek Church, hold the Jesuit preacher's 'Watchman' at Rome to be himself a schismatic—a usurper."

III.

"Your correspondent claims that 'the Roman Catholic religion is founded upon the Bible, and the Bible alone.' Precisely the claim of the Huguenot, and Protestant, Churches. But acts speak better than mere words. Which Church established the Bible Society, March, 1804, now spending £230,000 every year (a total for the 102 years, up to 1906, of £14,500,000) in issuing myriads of the Holy Bible, in various languages, at about cost price, to the ends of the world ? This is not the work of 'infidels,' or of churches "without a pilot or guide" ! *Why* did the 'Watchman' at Rome *leave* this noble work for God and Christ to *us Protestants* ? The time to test the true Church of Christ is what it did when it had all its own way unopposed ; were its deeds, then, Christlike ? 'If ye have not the Spirit of Christ ye are none of His.' *Why* have the priests *opposed* the Protestants distributing these Bibles in Catholic countries amongst the poor people who, but for the opposing priest, even from the time of George Borrow, in Spain, would *gladly* have obtained them ? *Because* they know that an open Bible *lessens* the power of the 'priests.' A child can read our Saviour's life, and teachings, in the New Testament if, as is usual in Protestant Christian families, it is daily read, and the Children taught by Christian parents. 'But,' say the swarms of priests living upon the *credulity* of unintelligent, superstitious, over-awed populations, never taught a true spiritual religion apart from 'processions,' vestments, show, outward ritual, 'if we permit mankind to lead the pious, prayerful lives of Christian believers in Christ, *without us* (the priests), *where* do we come in ? We should have to work for a livelihood ourselves instead of living, as we have done for ages, comfortably upon the people.' "

IV.

"All modern so-called miracles are the delusions of excited enthusiasts. Send a man with a wooden leg to Lourdes : how long

would he be there before the wood became once more flesh and blood ? Mankind cannot much longer have their common sense abused by priests.'

V.

"We see in the 'Acts of the Apostles' that the True Gospel was preached,—believed in,—and had led thousands to Christ and Heaven, generations before the '*Roman Catholic*' Church, Popes, priests, mitres, altars, vestments, shrines, pictures, images, music, bells, candles, incense, etc., had ever *even* come into *existence* or been *dreamt of*. Historians claim these were borrowed from the same ritual of the heathen temples in Constantine's day. They certainly never 'issued from the Pentecostal chamber' the preacher alluded to in his Sermon. Far, indeed, from it. So far from the Roman Catholic Church '*giving us*' the Bible, they *kept it from us* as long as they could, preventing the common people from freely circulating translations of it in a language they could understand by *every means* in their power. As our Lord said of the priests in His day, in that chapter of tremendous denunciation (St. Matthew xxiii. 13), they '*neither went in themselves, and they that were entering in they hindered.*' Spain, etc., might otherwise have been half Protestant by this time.

"Meantime, the request is surely a modest one, viz., that when numbers of foreign priests are hospitably received into a Protestant Country and Nation, they might preach Christ's gospel in Church, of a Sunday, instead of disparaging our National Protestant Church, and calling all those "Infidels" who do not agree with them, and never shall do."

VI.

"Still, after all, there is one dogma (if we must use the word), one essential belief, or faith, in which the devout Catholic, and devout Protestant, alike hold as, after all, the essential one on which our Christian religion entirely rests. This is an unshaken, immovable belief in the divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in His miraculous birth, ministry, Atonement, and Resurrection. That he is God the Son, Emmanuel (God with us), the Heir of all things (though, at present, we do not see all things put under Him), the long-promised Messiah of the Jews, the future Judge of all mankind. The Jesuit was wrong. We Protestants have a Guide, a Pilot, Helm, and Anchor in our belief in Him far more infallible than the 'Watchman' of Rome."

VII.

"The preacher concluded, 'Let us pray for England, France, and all the World, that its sin of apostasy may be forgiven.' 'Let us rather pray that the long Centuries of religious Intolerance, Superstition, and Priestcraft, may pass from the world, and that enlightened mankind, so long deluded, may worship God by true spiritual worship, and like the good Baptists, Wesleyans, etc., lead holy, most useful, Christ-loving lives, without priests, Jesuits, monks, cathedrals, lawn sleeves, candlesticks, altars, bells, Processions, 'Bogus' miracles, the results of the gradual degeneration and corruption of the pure, simple, 'early Christian' religion of our Lord and His Apostles."

NOTE.—Whether we agree, or not, with the above extracts, they certainly seem to be instructive.

THE TIME TO TEST A "CHURCH" IS WHEN IT HAD ALL ITS OWN WAY UNOPPOSED.

GOD IS LOVE.—JOHN IV. 7.

"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar."



Edward Underhill,—the "Gospeller," (Protestant), one of the 217 victims who were Burnt to Death,—in Mary's Reign,—she signing their Death Warrants,—during the Years of that Bigot's Rule,—1555-6-7-8.

"Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His."—*Rom. viii., 9.*

"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."—*Matt. vii., 16.*

Is *this* the Spirit of Christ? Christ came to *save* Men's Lives; not to *destroy* them.

"But He turned, and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.

"For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."—*I. John iv., 20.*

"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

"No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us."—*I. John iv., 11.*

"Not as Cain, who was of that Wicked one, and slew his brother."—*I. John iii., 12.*

He was amongst the earliest victims, and was burnt at

Night, in the Tower of London, 1558. This was soon followed,—having once got a frantic Bigot on the Throne of England,—by the Burning of that Heroic Latimer,—that Holy Man Bradford,—Bishop Ridley,—Bishop Hooper, Rogers, Cranmer, and a score of others!—Loyal Citizens of England devoted to their Flocks and Duties,—faithful,—greatly beloved, Protestant Pastors, and Ministers. 89 valuable Lives were thus sacrificed to Bigotry in 1556,—88 more in 1557, and 40 more in 1558, when all England thanked God that the Wretch died, 17th November, 1559,—and “Protestantism,” with its Law of Religious Liberty to Catholics, and all Sects alike,—set in,—followed as it ever has been,—by God and Christ’s manifest blessing to the entire British Empire,—only to be temporarily obscured by the miserable Reign of that Tyrant, James II.,—the Mean Pensioner of Louis XIV.,—with his head Butcher,—Judge Jeffries. The last Catholic let us pray Heaven who may ever sit upon the Throne of England (or Germany).

The true time to test a “Government,”—a “Church,”—a Religion, is when it had unlimited power to commit its crimes,—had all its own way unopposed, when the Voice of the People, and Humanity, were drowned, by keeping them in Ignorance, Superstition, and Subjection, to a corrupt “Church and State.”

It is ever the way! The Devil in us fallen creatures *tries* to keep Respectable,—Decent,—he can sing hymns,—he makes Gorgeous outward Show of Religion,—but always in time,—*goes too far*,—the Savage Nature bursts out in time! It cannot be otherwise! It is the “Nature of the Beast.” Give “fallen” human nature,—with Satan to guide it, only time, and the “Cloven Foot,”—in spite of all pretence,—and talk about “Religion,”—*will out!* We all need, whether Catholic,—Protestant,—or Heathen,—True Conversion,—CHANGE OF HEARTS. As Christ tells “fallen Mankind,”—“Ye must be born again!”

“Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.”

“In this the Children of God are manifest, and the Children of the Devil; whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.”

“Beloved, let us love one another; to love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

“He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.”—*John* iv., 7.

“If ye love Me, keep My commandments.”

“If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.”

A TERRIBLE SCENE.

TOWER OF LONDON, 1558.

This,—the Reader must remember,—was only *one* Victim. The first Spanish *auto-da-fé* took place 21st May, 1559; another 8th October,—when numbers,—many of Rank, Learning, and good Lives, were burnt before Philip II., 15 to 20 at *one time*! Soon after, *no less* than 50 were burnt at *Seville* (!)

The Chronicler describes the burning of Underhill, thus :—" Though pardoned by Mary, he did not escape." (NOTE.—" Church and State," Reader). He was claimed as a " Heretic " by Bishop Bonner, and adjudged to the Stake. " Dost thou persist in thy impious, and damnable heresies ? " he was asked. " I persist in my adherence to the Protestant Faith, by which alone I can be saved," he replied. " I would die a thousand deaths than deny Christ, and His Gospel, which I have preached to others. I should defile my Soul, and Faith, to submit to the Romish Religion."

" Then, perish in thy sins,"—replied the Bishop, taking off his Mitre. The terrible denunciation of the Catholic Church against a " heretic " was pronounced. This done, "*Mass was performed*, (!) Hymns chanted (!)—and the Prisoner removed to the cells."

He was burnt that night, in front of St. Peter's Chapel, on Tower Green, within the Tower, the spot where Ann Boleyn and Catherine Howard were beheaded.

" First came four bearing banners of white silk, with large crosses." (NOTE.—Always " the Cross," Reader (!)). Then came 12 Deacons in Robes of Black, and flat caps, each carrying a lighted Wax taper. Then a Priest in White Surplice, with red cross on it, swinging a large bell to and fro. Then two Young Priests with tapers in Silver Candlesticks. Then an old Priest with the Mitre. Next two Chanting Priests singing the Miserere. Then four Carmelite Monks with large Rosaries on the wrist, supporting a gilt canopy with a cross at each corner, beneath which walked Bonner, followed by Feckenham and other Prelates, and a long line of halberdiers. Then the prisoners clothed in Sackcloth, and barefooted, between two Friars of St. Francis. Lastly, a company of Archers of the Queen's Body Guard."

He was placed at the Stake with a broad iron girdle which enclosed his body, riveted round him. While the faggots were being piled around him he prayed God to deliver the English Realm from Papacy.

" Dear Father, give once more to this Realm the Blessing of Thy Word, with Godly Peace. Purge me by this fire in Christ's Death, and His Passion, that I may be an acceptable burnt offering in Thy sight. Pray for me, dear friends, Farewell." Several voices cried, Amen !

It seems a large Crowd,—many of the " Reformed " (Protestant),—Faith,—had collected long before this on Tower Green, looking on in gloomy silence, and disapproval, not only for the Victim, but for *themselves*. Most were Protestants, and argued, with Reason,—that this early Burning was only the Commencement, and that the next to suffer might be of their own kin. The whole area was filled with numbers, flocking in, the Guard had to be doubled, and some of them who began cries of disapproval were arrested.

" The Pile was speedily kindled, burning fast, but the Wind blowing through carried it aside, the flames not yet reaching the victim. But it soon gained strength, and his suffering commenced. For a time he

suffered them without a groan. But as the flames mounted, the sharpness of the Torment notwithstanding all his efforts overcame him.

"He made desperate efforts to draw his body further up the stake out of reach of the flames, but the iron girdle effectually restrained him. He then lost all command of himself, his eyes starting from their sockets—his frame convulsed,—his hair erect,—proclaimed the extremity of his agony. It was a horrible Sight, the assembly unused to such a Scene, in England burst into a kind of shuddering groan. The lower limbs were now almost consumed, and black, when,—throwing his head back uttering a LOUD and LAMENTABLE yell which was heard all over the Fortress, the wretched victim gave up the ghost!"

A PERSONAL SAVIOUR.

The Nonconformist,—this World over,—has noticed,—with amazement,—the astonishing inability,—after 1908 years,—on the part of Mankind,—to grasp the fact that "God is a Spirit," and that "Religion," to be true, must be a "Spiritual,"—Individual,—Worship, not done by *Proxy*,—"Priests." What all this bowing down to Images,—or Pictures,—as in Russia,—means,—these "Prayer Machines," turned by Priests,—in the East,—these "Bells," and "Processions,"—gorgeous vestments,—"Candles,"—"Incense," all originally copied from the Heathen Roman "Temples," by the Priest of Jupiter,—Venus,—Bacchus,—etc., mean, in this day of increased Intelligence, is the amazement of the Tourist abroad. It seems childish!

We want no Ritual,—Mitres,—Candles,—Holy Water,—and nonsense,—we need as dying Sinners,—a PERSONAL SAVIOUR,—a "coming to," trusting in, and belief in His all-availing Atonement. Nothing short of this is Salvation!

A PERSONAL SAVIOUR.

We need Thy Presence,—every passing Hour,—what but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who but Thyself,—our Guide and Stay can be? In Life and Death,
oh! Lord! Abide with me!

Instead of Eucharistic "Processions,"—Choirs,—Cathedrals,—Music,—"Incense,"—Vestments,—a Religion of Proxy,—mysterious "hocus pocus" of Priests before Altars,—we need Earnest,—really converted,—"Apostolic" Protestant,—Christian,—Ministers, and Pastors, capable of Preaching the True, Simple, Loving, Pure Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, powerfully, and faithfully, to the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, and its COLONIES.

Remembering that "Religion," and "Piety," is not an

OUTWARD Thing of Noise and Show. It is the Communion of the *Individual Soul*, with God and Christ,—an Unseen,—Spiritual,—Life of Conduct,—not outward Ritual.

Let us Protestants adopt the Practical Life of Private Prayer,—(instead of depending upon Priests),—the True Life of the child of God,—described by the good Servant of God,—Dr. Doddridge,—on Page 429 of Vol. I. of this Work.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAINTAINING CONTINUED COMMUNION WITH GOD, AND LIVING IN HIS FEAR ALL DAY LONG."

"THE RISE, AND PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN THE SOUL."
See Page 429 Vol. I.

The Chapter is divided here. In the Next,—(PART II.),—a Protestant "Nonconformist" defends their Position,—and their System of Divine Worship, from the Scriptures.

TRUE PIETY.

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are : for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret ; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.—*Matt. vi., 6.*

Then in the audience of all the people He said unto His disciples, Beware of the scribes, which desire to walk in long robes (Gorgeous Vestments, Processions, &c., "to be seen of men.")—*Luke xx., 46.*

The Ethiopian receives Christ.



And Philip said, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" And he said, "How can I except some man guide me?" The place of the scripture which he read was this. He was lead as a sheep to the slaughter ; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth. And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. Then Philip opened his mouth and began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. And they came unto a certain water, and the Eunuch said, "See here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" And Philip said, "If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest." And he answered, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." And he commanded the chariot to stand still, and they went down both unto the water, both Philip and the Eunuch, and he baptized him ; and he went on his way rejoicing.—*Acts viii., 29.*

Doubtless, this Eunuch "in great authority" was chosen by God to carry the Gospel into Ethiopia. How simple was the "preaching Jesus" to him ; the "good news" for all nations alike.

CHAPTER LXXIII.—PART II.

**Defence of Nonconformity. Dissent. Protestantism.
Religious Toleration. Civil and Religious Liberty.**

A Chapter for the "Nonconformist" alone.

**Martin Luther finding one of Gutenberg's early (1450-5) Printed Bibles
—(called the Mazarin Bible)—in the Convent of Erfurt.**



The "Dissenter" who "Shook the World."

Martin Luther,—as a Youth,—discovering the neglected Bible. The DAWN of the REFORMATION from the Mediæval Corruptions of Religion in the "Dark Ages."

PROTESTANTISM. NONCONFORMITY. DISSENT.

"ONE IS YOUR MASTER." "ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

"But be ye not called Rabbi: for one is your Master, *even* Christ; and all ye are brethren.

"Neither be ye called masters: for one is your Master, *even* Christ.

"But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant.

"They love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues.

"And greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi."—*Matt.* xxiii., 6-11.

TO avoid Misapprehension this Work is,—and always has been,—unconnected with any “Protestant” or other “Society.” An individual effort entirely,—it makes *no* pretension to speak for any such Body,—or to present their Views. The Writer can only give his own,—asking the Reader to decide whether they are Scriptural, or not. Merely asking for a Fair Hearing, and the Reader’s decision, whether the Propositions advanced,—do, or do not,—commend themselves to our Conscience,—and may it be added,—our Common Sense? This Book was never intended to be a “Proselytizing” effort,—on the contrary,—let every one Believe what he,—after fair investigation,—conscientiously holds to be the Truth.

But this particular Chapter being written for the Young Protestant, NONCONFORMIST, Christian, ALONE,—the Sacerdotalist who may consider it calculated to hurt the Feelings and Religious Convictions of others,—is,—once more,—asked,—“Then why read what must,—unavoidably,—offend, others, without any compensating results,—what was never *written* for you,—or *intended* for your perusal?”

The Writer desires to be perfectly “above board,” and honest, as to his own personal “convictions,”—gained by a life of considerable experience in many parts of the World. For himself,—he *totally* rejects,—always has done,—and *entirely* discredits,—*all* the credentials of priestly assumption, and Authority of *any* kind or *sort*. He *wholly* disbelieves in the infallibility,—or “natural” goodness of *any* created human being,—or his final knowledge on *any* Subject whatever. He claims that all human beings of whatever Rank,—or Ecclesiastical pretensions,—are simply fellow Sinners,—like ourselves,—and he claims the equal power of all educated persons, of ascertaining the Will of God, and of Christ,—without Sacerdotal assistance of *any* kind *whatever*,—by Personal,—Prayerful,—Study of the Holy Scriptures alone.

The following is an attempt to present the Scriptural view of a Protestant Nonconformist upon the Chief Points on which the Sacerdotalist and he differs,—and always will differ,—while the World lasts.

On these Points they never have come together, and they never *will*!

LUTHER’S GREAT FUNDAMENTAL TRUTH.—ALL TRUE “CHRISTIANS” ARE ONE IN CHRIST.—EVERY LOVER OF JESUS CHRIST IS TO OUR LORD, “BROTHER, SISTER, AND

MOTHER." — CHRIST AND HIS INSPIRED APOSTLES IGNORE HIS MOTHER ALTOGETHER.—"RITUALISTIC" "HIGH CHURCH" SCHISM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, 1830.—THE RESULTS, 1908.—FEEBLE IMITATION OF ROME.—FIGURATIVE, OR METAPHORICAL, SPIRITUAL, MEANING OF CHRIST'S WORDS.—CHRIST'S SIX WORDS, DISTORTED BY "FALLEN" MANKIND, MADE THE EXCUSE FOR HORRIBLE CRIMES.—FATAL CORRUPTION OF OUR LORD'S LOVING REQUEST,—"DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."—THE BURNING OF THE GOOD CLERGYMAN, LAMBERT.—"MARIOLATRY."—NO OBJECT ON EARTH TO BE WORSHIPPED, BUT CHRIST, AND CHRIST ONLY SPIRITUALLY.—"BOGUS" MIRACLES, 1908.—A POPE IN 1854 REVERSES THE DECISIONS OF CENTURIES OF POPES.—HE TAKES VOTES IF HE IS "INFALLIBLE."—THE "ENCYCLICAL" DECREES OF 1864.—"INFALLIBILITY PROVED VERY FALLIBLE."—THE FORGED "DECRETALS."—PETER NOT THE "ROCK."—ALL THE APOSTLES HAD THE SAME AUTHORITY AS PETER.—THEIR POWERS DIED WITH THEIR LIVES.—JESUS CHRIST,—NOT POOR, WEAK, PETER, HAS "THE KEYS."—POOR, WEAK, PETER NOT THE CHIEF APOSTLE.—THE GREAT APOSTLE PAUL HAD THE CARE OF THE EARLY CHURCHES.

THE GREAT TRUTH TAUGHT BY THE REFORMATION.

The Great Truth of Christianity taught by the Reformers from the re-discovered,—neglected,—Bible,—and held by all true Protestants,—is that Christ's loved ones,—His true Children,—however lowly in Position,—are, nevertheless, to our Lord, the same to Him as His "Brother, Sister,^f and Mother."

"Neither be ye called masters: for one is your Master, even Christ."
xxiii., 8.

Let no man glory in men. For all things are yours.

Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death,

or things to come; all are yours.

"ONE IS Y^hs^t's; and Christ is God's.—I. Cor. iii., 23.

"But be ye not (ALL ONE IN CHRIST.
and all ye are brethren.

"Neither be ye called

"But he that is greatest of Jesus is acknowledged, and loved by

"They love the uppermost at all times by Prayer in the Name
synagogues.

"And greetings in the name of God the Holy Spirit, and is
Rabbi."—Matt. xxiii., 6-11. Saved by his Faith, without
and whatever.

THE ONLY "PRIEST."

"For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—Heb. iv., 15.

"Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession."

The Protestant Nonconformist wants no other "high Priest" than our Redeemer,—and he *acknowledges* no other. He has no belief in "Popes," "Virgin Mary," "Masses," alleged Miracles,—or any outward Ritual, or any authority but Christ ; to Whom we may come, at all times, by individual Piety and Prayer.

PROTESTANTS ARE GUIDED BY THE SCRIPTURES ALONE.

"Neither is there any Creature that is not manifest in His sight : but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do."

Christ knows all Hearts. He looks at the Heart, not outward show in Cathedrals, Vestments, Masses, etc.

NO OTHER OBJECT ON EARTH, TO BE WORSHIPPED, BUT CHRIST.

Here we meet the Great Truth of the Gospel,—where "Protestantism" and "Sacerdotalism" diverge,—a "Bridgeless Gulf" lies between them. Namely, their Views upon the Subject of Worshipping any imaginable object,—person,—outward Symbol,—other than the Spiritual Worship of our Unseen Creator, and Jesus Christ, His Son. When Protestants read in the Papers that on the arrival of the Pope's Legate to attend the ill-judged Congress in London, 1908, at Dover Pier, "Many knelt and kissed his hand," holding up "Rosaries" to be blest by him,—the Protestant is in doubt if such persons are in full possession of their Reason, thus kneeling to their fellow creatures !

It is instructive, however, to show the immense Chasm which exists between a Spiritual and an outward Religion of Show, Processions, Gorgeous Vestments, Elaborate Music,—Ritual, etc., surrendering to Priests, the Religion of quiet,—Individual,—Reason,—and Piety, to a Religion of Proxy and "*Church*" Traditions.

Peter tells us,

"Neither is there Salvation in any other : for there is none other Name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—*Acts* iv., 12.

"For other Foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."—I. Cor. iii., 11.

"Who is the Image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature."

"For by Him were all things created, that are in Heaven, and that are in Earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by Him, and for Him."

"And He is before all things, and by Him all things consist."

"And this is life Eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou has sent."

The Protestant Believer needs no "Rosaries,"—no Papal "Blessing,"—no Relics, Candles, Incense, Cathedrals, Priests, "Confessional Boxes," "Masses," Prayers for the Dead, etc., he comes direct to the Saviour by Faith,—claims, humbly, HIS SHARE, and HIS PART, in that all Essential Sacrifice upon the Cross, and THERE HE RESTS, for Time and for Eternity!

THE EUCHARISTIC CATHOLIC CONGRESS, 1908.

One thing the amazing Eucharistic Congress, sprung upon London in 1908, has effected, it has given us the following instructive details as to what the Catholic Religion *really is*.

THE DOCTRINE OF "ROME."

We were informed during the Eucharistic Congress, 1908, that "It is self-evident to all who know anything at all about Catholicism that the 'Mass' is the *Central*,—and *Highest* act 'of worship' in it. For Catholics the 'Mass' is their '*Religion*.' 'It is the Mass that matters' is the refrain running through all literature dealing with the Catholic Church. Hence, whenever the Church of Rome is criticised, the 'Massing Priests' is the first assailed."

THE DISSENTER'S VIEW.

NOTE.—It is *indeed*, for our Lord expressly said, at the last,—loving,—Supper with His,—those He called "little Children,"—they were to pass the Cup round,—“Drink ye all of it.”

"And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves."—*Luke xxii., 17.*

NOTE,—Not a word about a "Priest,"—in vestments,—with his back to the audience, drinking it *alone*, "by Proxy," or taking it to a dying Sinner. It was a request to His *living* Followers. Simply in Remembrance of Him, *while* they were *alive*.

"And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples."—*Matt.* xxvi., 26.

They were *all* to partake of it.

NOTE.—Anything more simple,—more natural,—surely,—could not be conceived, than that their Loving Saviour desired to eat the Last "Passover" He would have with His loved ones, before He suffered.

What a distortion of this, simple,—loving,—act, has "Priestcraft," made of this Passover! Our Lord never called it a "Sacrament," but gave it its TRUE name,—"*Passover*."

"And He said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this PASSOVER with you before I suffer."—*Luke* xxii., 15.

The beloved Disciple,—John,—who actually lay upon our Lord's breast on the occasion,—*never even mentions the Incident of the bread, and wine at all!*

THE AMAZING ROMAN VIEW.

We are told that "the key to this Eucharistic Congress is to be found in the Catholic Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist or 'Sacrament,' and 'Sacrifice.' This Doctrine,—briefly stated,—is the *real Presence* of the Saviour under the *appearance* of bread and wine, in which He offers, by THE MINISTRY OF A "PRIEST" (!) the *same Sacrifice* as He offered on the *Cross*. (!) The *change* from bread and wine to the *actual Body* and Blood of Christ, *takes place* at the words of the PRIEST (!) at the Consecration of the 'Mass,'—and,—therefore Christ is actually present *whole and entire*, under each separate particle of what *appears* to be *merely bread*,—and in each *separate drop* of what *appears* to be merely wine. (!) The colour and the taste may *appear* to,—or *really* remain,—the *same*, but the *Substance is changed*." (!) This is the Doctrine which Catholics believe, called "Transubstantiation,"—as an article of their Faith,—the *Centre* of their *religious* life. The Sacrifice offered thus upon their altars, and the actual Presence (!) of the Saviour in their blessed Sacraments, are the two great facts in all their Worship of God both Public and Private.

The idea is "Reparation" in this first Eucharistic Congress held in England for 300 years,—where more than anywhere else,—it has,—in their opinion,—been dishonoured during the last Three Centuries." (!) *Daily Paper*, 1908.

THE PROTESTANT VIEW.

"Who *needed not daily*, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people's: for this He DID ONCE, when He offered up Himself."—*Heb.* vii., 27.

Centuries of so-called "religious" wars, torrents of human blood, the Inquisition, the State, massacres, have failed to force this "*pernicious invention*," as the Protestant Church rightly calls it, upon Mankind. The priests cling to the Eucharist as their *sheet anchor*; it is upon it they *alone retain their hold* upon the *ignorant, thoughtless masses*.

The Protestant holds with the Apostle Paul, that our

Lord's Sacrifice on Calvary was "once for all" complete, all-sufficient, "*finished*" for all eternity.

It will *never be repeated*! Christ came to bear the needful penalty of God's righteous punishment for the sins of a fallen World, and He alone could by his death atone for them, and thus open to "fallen" man the way once more to God through Him. The debt was paid in *regal* coin! The sins of our fallen race were contracted upon *Earth*, our Saviour paid for them in the currency of *Heaven*! But we claim that so far from this stupendous Atonement being repeated at the Roman Mass, our Lord is now for ever at the right hand of God in the glory He had before the world was.

"Neither is there Salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

The Nonconformist has no reverence for any *other* Name *whatsoever*; popes, archbishops, right rev. are to him merely fellow sinners, fellow insects. Priests, alters, mitres, vestments, are, as St. Paul says, totally useless; they "*can never take away sin*":

"And every priest standeth daily ministering and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which CAN NEVER TAKE AWAY SINS."—*Heb. x., 2.*

The Reader will notice in the following texts the word "once" is repeated constantly. And "once only" occurs frequently: "Christ was once offered," "Now, once in the world hath he appeared," etc.

CHRIST, "ONCE" OFFERED.

"But this man, after he had offered *one* sacrifice for *sins for ever*, sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool."—*Heb. x., 12.*

The "once" is repeated emphatically, thus:

"Nor yet that He should offer Himself often."—*Heb. ix., 25.*

"So Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation. For then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world: but *now once* in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."

That, instead of being at the *beck and call* of Romish priests, our Lord is in glory we are distinctly told:

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ *sitteth* on the right hand of God. So Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

The Nonconformist,—Protestant,—for whom this Chapter is alone written,—will, at once, see the *immense* "Chasm," or "Bridgeless Gulf,"—which lies between "Sacerdotálism"

and "Protestant Dissent." The Protestant Dissenter denies the "Real Presence" of Christ being at the call of Priests at their "Mass" absolutely, and altogether, as a Fabrication of "Dark Age" Priestcraft,—totally unscriptural. We,—Protestants,—believe, as *our* Doctrine, that no such *perpetual* Sacrifice is *possible* or exists; but that our Saviour's Sacrifice upon the Cross,—2,000 years ago,—was a COMPLETE AND ALL-SUFFICIENT,—"FINISHED,"—Sacrifice,—*never* to occur *again*, seeing that,—so far from ever going through it again, in the Mass,—we Protestants claim with Paul, that our Lord has "passed into Heaven,"—as our Effectual "High Priest,"—and we need,—and believe in,—NO OTHER.

JESUS IN HEAVEN.

We hold with a tenacity which frightful cruelties for centuries,—when under the power of Rome,—never succeeded in shaking, that our Lord's Sacrifice on the Cross at Calvary was a complete, all-sufficient Sacrifice. A stupendous all-availing atonement *made once for all eternity, never again to be repeated*. That Christ's great work was then accomplished, *once for all a finished work*—"finished" when our Lord said it was, on the Cross:

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, *It is finished*: and He bowed His head and gave up the ghost."—*John* xix., 30.

"Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession."—*Heb.* iv., 14.

"Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the Word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

"Sit on My right hand until I make thine Enemies Thy footstool."—*Heb.* i., 13.

"In Whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

CHRIST LEAVES THIS WORLD FOR GLORY.

They claim that it is, now, through Christ's representative—God the Holy Spirit—we are to "find," and come to Christ spiritually, not by actual sight:

"Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you."—*John* xvi., 7.

It is evident from this that Christ left this World for glory:

"And now, O Father, glorify thou Me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the World was. But the Comforter,

which is the Holy Ghost, Whom the Father will send in My name. He shall teach you all things."

To the Protestant Nonconformist, the idea of this ONE GREAT, all-sufficient,—all-availing,—Sacrifice EVER taking place again,—much less capable of being *continually* going on at the call of earthly "Priests,"—our *fellow-men*, and too often, —our fellow *Sinners*,—is *terribly* repulsive. In our view it belittles Christ, and is TOTALLY unscriptural.

HE DID IT ONCE.

"Who needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for His own sins, and then for the people's: for this He did *once*, when he offered up Himself."

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

The Great,—Amazing,—Sacrifice,—was "FINISHED,"—when Christ said it was,—on His Cross at Calvary,—once for all!

"When Jesus therefore had received the Vinegar, He said, *It is finished*: and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost."—*John xix., 30.*

THIS is the Sacrifice ALONE which satisfies Protestant Nonconformist Believers, and in that Sacrifice they REST.

"But this man, because He continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood."

"Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

They totally disbelieve in the Mass,—or that Bread and Wine can be made Divine by ANY MORTAL,—whether "Priest," or "Pope." They look for Salvation not to mortal men, or earthly sacrifices, but DIRECT, by FAITH,—to their once-Crucified, but now Risen,—and Glorified Lord. At the same time let all believe what they like, without attempts to "Convert" those who *need* no Conversion. Let all study the Scriptures, and then decide as to their Beliefs for themselves.

RELIGIOUS EQUALITY, LIBERTY, AND FRATERNITY.

STATE, "COMMON," OR "BOARD," SCHOOLS.

Painful though it undoubtedly is, not to have the Bible ably expounded in our English Schools, to the Children, is it likely that the Parents who have to contribute as Ratepayers, are going to have their Children taught a "Church" "System," in which they have not the slightest Belief, and consider to have been found wanting for Centuries past?

What we *do not believe ourselves*, we certainly are not going to have taught to our Children !

The Past History of Christ's People has been one continued Scene of Intolerance,—Persecution,—Blood,—smouldering Ashes,—and Groans of the innocent Victims of "State" Religion ; Priestcraft, and Bigotry. Retaining our hold firmly upon a true personal, spiritual, "Belief," "Religion," and daily Piety,—(as suggested for the Christian Life, Page 429, Vol. I.), let us, Reader, *do our Religion for ourselves!* Let us unite with the intelligence of our Times,—after dreary ages of Superstition,—in throwing off all childish submission to self-constituted "Priests" of every kind, as the only medium between our Blessed Creator and ourselves ! Away with "Priestcraft" altogether !

Let us, at length, recognize the Spiritual Equality, in God's sight, of all His true Worshipers, and true Believers in His Son Jesus Christ. Supporting "Clergymen," "Pastors," or "Ministers,"—who devote their Lives, and Talents to our Service,—whether Catholic or Protestant,—"Very highly for their Work's sake" (I. Thess. v., 13) ; but without attributing *any miraculous* powers to them. Giving them our love, esteem, and assistance, as "Stewards" of God, *if we find*,—by a devoted, consecrated life,—that they are *true* Servants of God, whether they be devoted Clergymen of the "Church of Rome," Church of England, or "Pastors" of "Dissenting" Bodies, WITHOUT ASCRIBING TO THEM MIRACULOUS POWER.

What Torrents of Human Blood,—what Awful Massacres,—what worse than Savage (so-called) "Religious" Wars,—what implacable Hatred,—Frantic Bigotry,—Tortures,—"Inquisitions,"—have Tiger-like "Fallen" Mankind, evolved, from our Loving Saviour's SIX WORDS :—"Do this in Remembrance of Me," which occur in ONE place in the entire Testament. (The other request, "*Take eat*," etc., being addressed to *those actually present* with their Lord at that particular occasion of their last Passover together, *not* to us). "Do this in remembrance of Me,"—are the only words upon which the stupendous Ritual of the "Host" rests.

Those SIX WORDS,—surely the most natural,—simple,—loving,—Request of our Lord to come together, to do it "in Remembrance of Me" has been distorted by "Church" Traditions,—Priestcraft,—and Mediæval Ritual into, "our" "Mass," "our" *only* true "Church" of the Sacerdotalist.

PRIESTLY ASSUMPTION.

"We,—although only one Religious Denomination amongst many,—*alone* can "*Baptize*,"—give you your First Communion,—"*absolve*" your Sins,—give you "*Extreme Unction*" at the last,—"*Bury*" you safely in "*our*" consecrated Sand and Gravel,—and,—finally,—if Paid for it,—or left to us in your "*Wills*,"—we "*Priests*" can alone assist you, materially,—after your death,—by "*our*" Prayers,—when you are in "*our*" Purgatory!"

THE ALTERNATIVE, IF WE HAVE THE POWER WE ONCE HAD.

"Unless you admit,—and say you '*Believe*,'—all this,—attend '*Mass*,' pay the Fees,—and give into our alleged Spiritual Powers,—whenever we had the Power,—('Church and State') we burnt all who disagreed, or resisted us,—in agony at the Stake. We got the '*State*' to massacre you by the trained Military,—we '*Confiscated*' your Property,—taking Possession of it *ourselves*,—we called you '*Heretics*,' and '*lost Souls*.' We did all this,—with Hymns,—'*Masses*,' and Thanks to God,—although you were our fellow '*Believers*' in Jesus Christ,—fellow '*Christian*' and Followers of the same Lord, and Master!"

That,—Reader,—was the "*Religion*" (?) of the "*Church*" —350 years ago, to which Protestant England is (Heaven save the Mark!) to be "*Converted*!"

"SACERDOTALISM." "HIGH CHURCH." "PRIESTCRAFT."

About 80 years ago saw the beginning,—in 1830,—at Oxford,—of the "*High*" Church Schism, the exactly opposite movement to the "*Evangelical*" one, started by the pious Simeon, Wilberforce, Thornton, Henry Martyn, etc. Rumours,—at first amusing to many,—came that an "*Oxford Sect*," within "*the Church*," were issuing Tracts,—hence their name "*Tractarians*,"—extolling "*Priestcraft*,"—exclusive reliance for Salvation on "*the Sacraments*,"—on posture,—feasts,—even "*the Confessional*." They vigorously proselytised the young,—taught the only way of Salvation to be the Lord's Supper administered *by them* the Priests, alleged to be the "*Apostolic Succession*." As there is no authority for the Institution of such delusions by Christ, they had,—and still have,—to fall back upon "*Traditions*," Superstitions, of the Middle Ages, etc. Tens of thousands of the "*Tracts for the Times*" were

sold, *disparaging* Protestantism, the glorious "Reformation," and inviting all to come under the protection of the Priesthood, reposing their souls upon them, and to obey them in all things. The old, old bait to draw away from,—and belittle,—the true saving "Belief" in our Lord alone, and His all-availing "Atonement." Anything rather than urging the Young to apply to Jesus Christ direct for themselves, resting upon His precious Sacrifice alone.

The old delusion of the "Sacrament,"—having Miraculous efficacy at a Sinner's death-bed, is opposed to Scripture,—Reason,—and Common Sense.

HOW CAN OPPOSITES AGREE ?

"HOW CAN TWO WALK TOGETHER EXCEPT THEY BE AGREED?"
AMOS III., 3.

In a Sermon by a Bishop at Christmas, 1907,—the following occurred :—

"There is no reason why the War between High, and Low, Church should exist. There were two possible readings of the formulas of the Church of England, and even those who were convinced that they were right in one way, had no right to be intolerant with those who held other Views."—*Daily Paper*.

To which the following reply appeared :—

PEACE IN THE CHURCH.

"Can the Bishop of — be serious ? He is reported to have said in his Christmas sermon that 'there were two possible readings of the formularies of the Church of England, and those who hold one view should not be unbrotherly to those who hold the other.' This can only mean that in the Church of England two Opposite Doctrines may be lawfully taught to, and believed by, its members. (!) If so, there is an end of the Church of England ! For as the Christian Faith is one, and as two diametrically-opposed Doctrines cannot both be true, a Church that teaches opposite doctrines cannot be the true Church."—*Daily Paper*.

There is,—unfortunately,—*excellent* Reason for strenuous opposition. For how can the excellent "Evangelical,"—or "Low" Church,—who hold much the vital Truths of Non-conformists,—possibly much longer walk in agreement, or attend the Services of a *totally different* "Ritual,"—"Views,"—or "Formulas" of the Church to those they alone *have any belief in*,—or *intend* shall be taught *their* children ?

No ! The two systems are totally opposed to each other. The excellent "Evangelical" or "Low" Church must separate from "Services," "Ritual," and "Teaching," they hold to be a dangerous delusion,—and entirely destructive of the True, Protestant "Church of England."

"The Church,"—whether "Catholic," or "High Church,"—alike deprecate the right of Private Judgment, apart from "Priests." She is prepared to relieve her Sons of all their doubts,—fears,—and even responsibilities,—and if they *support* her *liberally*,—and obey,—unquestioning,—all her decisions, she will undertake the tremendous Responsibility of guaranteeing their Safety and Salvation !

1830-1908.

The Result, 1908 SACERDOTALISM.

The following is from the Report of the Commissioners on Ritualism in our "Protestant" CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

COUNCIL STATES THAT 5,000 CHURCHES NOW FOLLOW
ILLEGAL PRACTICES. RAMPANT RITUALISM.

THE REPORT.

The following are the Recommendations of the Commission :—

1. The following practices, being plainly significant of teaching repugnant to the doctrine of the Church of England, and illegal, should be promptly made to cease by the exercise of the authority belonging to the Bishops, and, if necessary, by proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Courts.

The interpolation of the prayers and ceremonies belonging to the Canon of the Mass.

The use of the words "Behold the Lamb of God," accompanied by the exhibition of a consecrated wafer or bread.

Reservation of the Sacrament under conditions which lead to its adoration.

Mass of the Pre-Sanctified.

Corpus Christi processions with the Sacrament.

Benediction with the Sacrament.

Celebration of the Holy Eucharist with the intent that there shall be no communicant except the celebrant.

Hymns, prayers, and devotions involving invocation of, or confession to, the "Blessed" Virgin Mary or the Saints.

The observance of the Festivals of the Assumption of the "Blessed" Virgin Mary and of the Sacred Heart.

The veneration of images or roods.

These practices are clearly inconsistent with and subversive of the teaching of the Church of England as declared by the Articles and set forth in the Prayer Book.

They are illegal.

Their illegality cannot with any reason be held to depend upon judgments of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, or to be affected by any view taken of the constitutional character of that tribunal.

"The Council observe that the evidence given by Witnesses was trustworthy, and that none of the figures as to illegal practices relied upon

by the Church Association in the past, have in any way been contradicted or shown to be exaggerated.

"The figures relate to England and Wales, and as laid before the Commissioners were as follows:—

Romish vestments in use in	1504	churches
Incense in use in	256	"
Candles lighted when not required for				
the purpose of giving light...	3913	"
Mixing water with the wine	3687	"
Hiding the manual acts	5731	"

"These figures were made up in 1901, and the Secretary of the English Church Union stated before the Commission that if the figures were taken again now he believed they would show a *considerable increase*, and the Commissioners themselves add: 'There is a great volume of evidence showing a large development of such practices.'

"The Council are greatly surprised that, after the Commissioners had *refused* to hear evidence with regard to a large number of Churches which was tendered to them (364 such cases having been *returned* to the Church Association in *one batch*, and other Societies had *similar* experience), they should at the end of their report make the *astounding* statement that 'the complaints made to us relate to a *small* proportion of the 14,242 churches in England and Wales'! If the Commissioners had *not stopped* the evidence, *illegal* practices might have been *proved* in nearly 5,000 churches, instead of the 559 about which the Commissioners chose to listen (!)

"The suggestion that in the Twentieth Century we should go back to the Middle Ages and set up anew Clerical Courts for the trial of Clerical offences is a *preposterous* anachronism. Nor is the suggestion that *more* power should be given to the Bishops, whose *neglect* is *demonstrated* in the report itself, and some of whom have been the principal ringleaders in the Romeward movement, one whit more reasonable. The Commissioners themselves point out that not a *single* English Bishop has required the use of *illegal Romish vestments* to be *relinquished*.

'The Council gladly recognise a really valuable suggestion made by the Commissioners, viz., that 'these Practices should receive no Toleration; and that if Episcopal directions for their prevention or repression are not complied with, the Bishops should take or permit coercive disciplinary action in the Church Courts for that purpose. It is in our opinion unnecessary and *undesirable* to postpone proceedings, until the reforms which we have recommended . . . can be carried into effect.' This principle is surely applicable to all illegalities whatsoever. The Protestant Laity of the country are *weary* of seeking redress which *never comes*; Bishops, law courts, Royal Commissions, alike fail, and the time has now come when a great appeal must go up from the country to the House of Commons for such *legislation* in the next Session of Parliament as shall at once sweep from the Church of England all those *outrageous* Romish practices to which the Royal Commissioners refer in their report, and bring the Church of England back again to her Reformation principles. We appeal now to the People and the House of Commons."—*Daily Papers*.

RITUAL IN THE "CHURCH OF ROME."

We also learn during the "Eucharistic" Catholic "Congress" in London, September, 1908, apparently intended for the "High Church" of England to copy:—

The scene inside the Cathedral was one of ever-increasing Splendour. The Altar was ablaze with lights, and the white marble Throne of the Archbishop stood out against the crimson carpet and the sombre-hued seats of the Bishops. The nave, however, was in semi-darkness, and the immense rood loomed dimly above the heads of the people that streamed in the moment the doors were thrown open. Within a very few minutes every seat was occupied, and there were some thousands of chairs arranged on each side of a central passage which, carpeted in crimson, led from the great west door to the high altar.

GOLD, AND PRECIOUS STONES.

Acolytes and others moved silently about the presbyterium, and shortly before eight o'clock eight members of the Guild of St. Stephen, in *Cassocks and Surplices*, walked down the aisle, carrying a *gorgeous Canopy of white silk, embroidered with gold and precious stones* that glittered in the candle light. Not long afterwards the head of a Procession was seen emerging from one of the side chapels. First walked a Verger in *purple Cassock*, followed by a *thurifer and a cleric with holy water*. Glimmering at the head of the choir were a couple of *tall candles born by acolytes*, and, immediately preceding the Archbishop of Westminster, were the chaplains and canons of the cathedral, the former wearing *the grey capes* of their rank and the latter their brilliant *scarlet mozettas*. The Archbishop himself was in pontificals—*Mitre and Cope of cloth of gold*—and he *carried his cross* in his hand. On each side walked his chaplains, and he was accompanied by a master of ceremonies. As he moved down the aisle the people bowed to receive his blessing. Archbishops and bishops followed in long line, their purple vestments standing out brightly against the dim background of brick.

Suddenly there was a *fanfare of trumpets*, followed by round upon round of *cheers*, from the immense crowd assembled in front of the cathedral. It was the arrival of the Cardinal Legate. As he entered the building he took off his mozetta, putting on instead the brilliant robe known as the cappa, which was of scarlet, and had a long train. The Archbishop then uncovered, and held out a crucifix, which the Cardinal kissed, after which he *sprinkled* the bystanders with *holy water*. The procession was then reformed; a little bell tinkled somewhere, the organ began to play, and as the choir sang the antiphon, "*Sacerdos et Pontifex*," it moved towards the altar. The scene, as the Legate walked between the rows of people beneath his glittering canopy, was most impressive. When he drew near, the people *knelt* to receive his blessing.

Slowly the procession moved towards the blaze of light, and the *smell* of incense pervaded the building. While the Legate knelt at his faldstool, the Metropolitan ascended the altar, where he sang the versicle "*Protector Noster*," the sweet responses of the choir whispering down the nave. Then, while the Antiphon of the titular feast of the church was being sung, Cardinal Vannutelli went up to the altar, and, after kissing it in the middle, read the Collect at the conclusion of the Antiphon. Afterwards, while all the people knelt, he gave the blessing. Next a chaplain ascended the pulpit and read the following letter from the Pope, which was listened to by the Legate, and all the Clergy, standing and uncovered. It was read both in Latin and English.

To the Protestant Nonconformist all this is a Mediæval Religious Pantomime.

Let us then take the Scripture as a Guide, and use the Common Sense the Creator has bestowed upon us.

METAPHORICAL,—OR FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

"And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee."

"And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee."

—*Matt. v., 29.*

Can any Sane Reader of this Chapter believe, and assert, that our Saviour intended that we should *really* maim ourselves for life,—*tearing* out our *Eyes*, etc.? Or that such metaphors were intended to be taken *literally*? The idea would be absurd; grotesque!

OUR LORD'S "TESTS" TO DIVIDE HIS TRUE FOLLOWERS FROM THE "WORLDLY."

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

"Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you."

"He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in Him."—*John vi., 52.*

It was thus our Lord,—Who "knew what was in Man,"—spoke in "Figurative" language to the Jews. For we learn that the great Miracle of Feeding the Multitude who were following our Saviour, seems to have attracted the Crowds, more than *all* other Miracles. We learn that they then resolved to make our Lord,—a King,—or temporal Monarch. This was after the Miracle of the Loaves and the Fishes, which appealed so forcibly to their bodily appetites.

"Then those men when they had seen the Miracle that Jesus did, said, This is, of a truth, that Prophet that should come into the World."

"When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take Him by force, to make Him a king, He departed again into a mountain Himself alone."—*John vi., 13.*

For to be made a temporal Monarch was the *very last* thing our Blessed Lord intended. *Christ's* "Kingdom" is not of this, poor, fallen, wicked, World *at all*!

"Jesus answered, My Kingdom is not of this World."—*John xviii., 36.*

"Hereafter I will not talk much with you: for the Prince of this World cometh, and hath nothing in Me."—*John xiv., 30.*

Our Lord knew well that most of the worldly Multitude around then were no real Followers of His. Like too many false Professors of Religion, in our day, they were attracted by the "Loaves and Fishes" alone. (Comparable to a snug

"Parsonage," a good "Living," with no necessity for toil or work, obtained through "Patronage.")

"Ye seek Me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled."—*John vi.*, 26.

THE TEST. FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

Jesus, therefore, put them to a *Severe Test*,—by using strong, "figurative" language. Christ desired to separate the true from the false disciples, and the test *was indeed effectual*. We read, "From that time many of His Disciples walked no more with Jesus."

"I am the living bread which came down from heaven : if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever ; and the bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

"Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you."

"Whoso eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life ; and I will raise him up at the last day."

"For My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed."

"He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him."

"The Jews then murmured at Him, because He said, I am the bread which came down from heaven."

"The Jews therefore strove among themselves, saying, How can this man give us His flesh to eat ?"

"Many therefore of His disciples when they had heard this, said, This is an hard saying ; who can hear it ?"

"When Jesus knew in Himself that His disciples murmured at it, He said unto them, Doth this offend you ?"

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth ; the flesh profiteth nothing : the Words that I speak unto you, they are SPIRIT, and they are life."

"But there are some of you that believe not."

"From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him."

Can any Sane Reader of this Book,—believe,—or maintain that our Saviour meant that these Jews were all literally to "Eat His Flesh,—and Drink His Blood ?" The very idea is *monstrous*,—absurd ! It was "figurative" language,—employed as a *Test* to divide the *true*,—from *false* Disciples,—and it was an *effectual* test, for we learn that many of the latter "walked no more with Christ."

ALL SIMPLE,—SPIRITUAL,—RELIGIONS BECOME IN TIME
CORRUPTED.

THE "PASSOVER" CONVERTED INTO A "SACRAMENT."

The Simple, last gathering of our Lord's disciples to partake of their "Passover,"—their *last*,—and our Lord's simple, very natural,—loving,—direction to continue the practice

"in Remembrance" of their Lord,—was soon,—corrupted into the Superstitious, Unscriptural, "Sacrament" of the dark Middle Ages. Instead of a simple gathering of LIVING Christians, it has been corrupted into a Sacrament brought by,—and administered by a "Priest,"—(always a Priest),—to the DYING. Of course it immensely increased the Power of the Clergy. There is not a word in Scripture to authorise these delusions. The fellow Christians were to "pass the cup round,"—to "partake ye all of it." Copying the Services of the Heathen Temples of Rome, gradually the Priest in gorgeous Robes,—with his *back to the audience*, kept "the cup," and "Bread" to *himself* before "an Altar" in the Cathedrals. It is all a gradual corruption of the Simple, Spiritual, Personal, Religion of Christ, and of the Early Christians.

Our Common Sense and Scripture alike, tell us that Thousands of the Early Christians were led to their Saviour and their God, generations before "Altars,"—"Vestments,"—"Holy Water,"—"Popes,"—"Pictures,"—"Saints,"—"Images,"—"Cathedrals,"—or "Priests" were ever dreamt of,—*they* certainly *never* issued from the Pentecostal Chamber.

"Howbeit many of them which heard the Word believed; and the number of the men was about five thousand."—*Acts* iv., 4.

"Praising God, and having favour with all the people. And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved."—*Acts* ii., 47.

"Then had the Churches rest throughout all Judea and Galilee and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost were multiplied."—*Acts* v., 14; *Acts* vi., 7; *Acts* ix., 31.

Multitudes were led to their Saviour and their God,—Ages before the Mitres, Bishops, Candles, Images, Popes, the "Mass," Pictures, Incense, or the "Church of Rome" itself, were ever dreamt of, or in *existence*! These Rites were all gradually copied from the Heathen Temples of Rome, in Constantine's time. *They* had their Candles, Altars, Bells, Priests, Processions, Images, Idols, etc. It is all a delusion! Christ taught a Spiritual Religion. His true "Church" is a Spiritual, not an outward one.

If the Early Christians went to Heaven *without* the "Pope" *so can we*!

"But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him."

THE "REAL PRESENCE" DELUSION.

"And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is My body."

Can any Sane Reader of this Book,—believe,—or maintain,—that our Lord meant the Disciples to understand literally,—while He was *actually sitting* before them,—any more than in *the case of the Jews*,—that they were literally then Eating His flesh, and were literally Drinking His Blood? Both cases were "figurative" *alike* while He was sitting before them.

THE SAME "FIGURATIVE" LANGUAGE AT THE LAST
"PASSOVER."

The Reader is asked to note the following complete and **SOLE** accounts given by *three* of the Gospels of Jesus' words on this occasion :—

MATTHEW XXVI., 26.

"And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is My body."

"And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it."

"For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

MARK XIV., 22.

"And as they did eat, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it, and gave to them, and said, Take, eat: this is My body."

"And He took the cup, and when He had given thanks, He gave it to them: and they all drank of it."

"And He said unto them, This is My blood of the new testament, which is shed for many."

The Reader will notice that *neither* of these two Gospels record *any* recommendation, or *Command*, from our Lord, addressed to *any* but the company *then actually present*,—or that they were to *continue* the practice *ever after*.

"DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

The *only* instance of this Recommendation of our Lord occurs once only in Luke.

LUKE xxii., 19.

"And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves."

"And He took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is My body, which is given for you: THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

"Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in My blood, which is shed for you."

Here,—in SIX WORDS,—in ONE GOSPEL ALONE,—that of Luke,—we have the ONLY Recommendation from our Saviour to continue the Practice. Our Lord gives no Time,—Place,—or how often. Our Lord calls it the “Passover,” *not* a “Sacrament” *at all*. It was to be a simple, loving “Remembrance.”

THE LAST “PASSOVER.”

“And He said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer.”

The Apostle John, the “Beloved Disciple,” never even mentions the incident of the Bread and Wine at all.

The beloved Apostle John,—who *actually lay* upon Jesus’ breast at their last “Passover,”—never even *mentions* the Incident *at all*! There is not a word about a Priest administering it,—or taking it to a dying Person. They were simply to “pass it round.”

“And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it.”

“And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves.”—*Luke xxii.*, 16.

OUR LORD CALLED IT A “PASSOVER,” NOT A “SACRAMENT.”

It was simply a “Remembrance,”—the *last* Passover they would partake together.

“And He said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer.”—*Luke xxii.*, 15.

“And He said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the PASSOVER at thy house with My disciples.”

“Fallen,”—obstinate,—Mankind,—always opposed to the Simple, Pure, *Spiritual*,—Religion, of our Saviour,—must needs convert this most natural “Remembrance,” loving,—parting Supper of our Lord’s into a Superstitious,—Unscriptural,—“Priestly” Sacrament.

If certain Christians find these outward observances helpful to Piety, let them adhere to them in the simple manner our Lord directs by His words and example. But what an immense increase to the Power of the Clergy did this Superstitious Corruption of this Incident confer! For ages, what Scenes of Outrage,—Wars,—Massacres,—smouldering bones of Pious Martyrs,—have these SIX WORDS of our Lord, *distorted* by Priestcraft, caused to countless innocent, pious, Protestants! To force the Masses to bow to the Priests, Tyrants, and corrupt Wretches,—like those debauchees Louis XIV., XV.,—on the

Throne,—how many Thousands of the noblest and best of Christ's Martyrs had to die in agonies at the Stake!

It is all a Delusion! Bringing the "Sacrament" to a dying Villain can avail nothing! It was never intended to be brought to any dying person.

A Confirmed Atheist,—Brigand,—Swindler of the Poor,—the *Debauchee*,—*Murderer*,—or Ruffian,—in *this* World,—would be the same in the next if God any longer permitted them to continue to ruin others. But HE WILL NOT! Death *alters* no man! There is no changing one's past actions, one's Life, or *Character*, in the Tomb. "Masses," or Prayers for the Dead, are a mere waste of time. As the Rotten Tree falls,—there,—a rotten tree it lies!

We are expressly told, over and over again, throughout the entire Bible

"Ye must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."—*II. Cor. v., 10.*

"According to that he hath DONE." How,—on earth,—can anyone DO anything,—when dying,—or WORK anything, when SCREWED UP in a Coffin?

"GOD IS NOT A GOD OF THE DEAD, BUT OF THE LIVING."

True,—while we are *alive*,—

"Confess your faults, one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—*Jas. v., 16.*

Why? Because it may "avail" to change the Sinner, while the latter has *time and life* in which to change.

All "Masses" or "Prayers" for a "Dead" Person might *just* as well be directed to his coffin!

"He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living: ye therefore do greatly err."—*Mark xii., 27.*

"Then certain of the Scribes answering said, Master, Thou hast well said."

"And after that they durst not ask Him any question at all."—*Luke xx., 39.*

"DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

These SOLITARY SIX WORDS,—of our Blessed Lord,—given to promote *Love*,—(not *Hatred*),—amongst His loved ones,—before He Suffered,—a most natural Request to be "remembered" by His People,—have been DISTORTED by that wretched creature, perverse, "fallen," Tiger-like "Man," into an Excuse *instead of Love* for *Hatred*, Massacre, and

Torture by the devilish Inquisition, and ferocious "Priests," of Christ's true Followers.

The amazing, persistent, way in which fallen mankind will pervert the simple, pure gospel of a loving Saviour to bring themselves in is astounding. Who would ever have imagined that the most natural desire of Christ to be remembered by His disciples before He suffered could have been distorted by priests into a cause for Centuries of frantic hatred, rage, wars, between fellow Christians, fellow believers, who were to love each other ! "

A more *conclusive* Proof of the many, urged in this Work, of the *utter, fatal*, "Fall" of Man, and his *detestable* "Nature," till changed by Grace, cannot be imagined.

"A new Commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another ; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

"By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."—*John* xiii., 35.

The "Love" of Jesus is *unintelligible* to fallen,—stupid,—bigoted,—mankind !

EXAMPLE. ONE OF OUR OWN "KINGS."

THE MURDEROUS "BIGOT,"—AND THE "REAL PRESENCE."

"Fallen" Mankind seem, throughout History, to be ever vibrating between the equally fatal Rocks (1) "Scylla,"—Merciless, frantic, cruel "BIGOTRY,"—or (2) "Charybdis,"—*SCEPTICAL* indifference, "believing" nothing at all. Equally fatal,—personally,—to those who give way to them,—if History is asked which of these Sins has proved the greatest Curse to Mankind, torrents of Blood, and Misery, reply the "*Bigot*."

DEBAUCHED "BIGOTS" ON THE THRONE. THE "SACRAMENT."

Passing by such examples of the above as Philip II. of Spain,—"that awful Assassin,"—and the debauched Tyrants Louis XIV. and XV. of France, with their Vile Women, and the blood of hundreds of thousands of innocent Subjects murdered by their orders,—on their hands,—let us take our own dangerous Bigot Henry VIII., in his later Reign. The Christian Believer sees "God in History." The Almighty overrules the frantic rage and Vices of cruel Tyrants, and Monsters for,—eventually,—the good of all. Henry VIII.,—flattered by an obsequious Parliament,—and Cowardly Clergy,—became a brutalized Character,—dangerous to approach. The Murderer of helpless women who had trusted to him,—guilty of the barbarous execution of his Wives,—the Wicked,—infamous,—totally needless murder of the noble Sir Thomas More,—and many of his most valuable Subjects,—who stood in his way, still,—this wicked man was nevertheless the Instrument,—in God's Providence,—to free this Country from the deadly Tyranny of Papistry. In breaking with the Pope,—caring nothing for his "Excommunication,"—Henry VIII. merely sought his own personal will and

the gratification of his illegal immoralities and divorces. Flattered by a subservient Court, and Clergy, all trembling for their own personal safety,—this immoral wretch posed as "Pope,"—"King,"—and "Church and State,"—all in one! He actually considered himself a deep Theologian (!) Still,—half Papist himself,—he insisted upon his Subjects believing in the "Real" actual "Presence" of Christ, in the Bread, and Wine (!)

It is remarkable how debauchees like Louis XIV., XV., clung desperately,—like Dr. Palmer the Poisoner,—to the "Sacrament"—to the last. They attended "Mass" regularly, and massacred their Subjects with equal ease of Mind! Wretches *unfit* to Live, much less to Rule! Many excellent, pious, Martyrs,—both Protestant and Catholic,—suffered under this Tyrant Henry VIII.,—all who stood in his way, or refused to obey his decision as "Head of the Church,"—(a nice "Head" of the Church of Jesus Christ),—were, placed together,—Catholic and Protestant, often dragged on the same hurdle from the Tower, to Smithfield, to be burnt. An excellent Protestant Clergyman, Lambert, was accused of not believing in the "Real Presence" of Christ in the Sacrament. Henry VIII.,—eager to show his "Theology,"—presided at a great assembly in Westminster Hall. He sat upon the Judgment Seat clothed in white satin,—surrounded by the Prelates, Bishops, and Lawyers. The worthy, pious Lambert, forced to kneel to the King, as "Head of the Church,"—meekly, but courageously,—stated his Reasons,—from the Scripture,—for declining to believe, or teach, that our Lord's actual body was in a Wafer. Nine Prelates, Bishops, etc.,—then replied to him,—all having an eye to the King's favour, indeed, trembling for themselves. We read, "owing to his, now, enormous bulk, Henry VIII. required a machine to lift him into a chair, or to remove him from place to place;—ulcers in the legs, etc., gave him excruciating torture, while a slow disease undermined his former great strength." No doubt the results of vice. A *very* dangerous Bigot to thwart! Of course, the worthy clergyman, Lambert, was condemned. "What sayest thou,—wilt thou live, or die?" asked the King. "My soul I commit into the hands of God,"—Lambert replied meekly,— "my body to your Royal clemency." "I will not be the Patron of Heretics," replied the Tyrant. A few days after this excellent clergyman was burnt alive. "The terrible fashion,"—says the Chronicler,— "of the burning of this blessed Martyr of all the many burnt at Smithfield was the most cruelly handled,—for his legs being burnt to the stumps the wretched tormentors, and enemies of God, did withdraw the fire from under him, and two on each side held him up on their halberds as far as the chains allowed, while he lifting up such hands as were left cried to the People, —'None but Christ! None but Christ!' and so being let down he gave up his life!" *Well* may we say—"Oh RELIGION! What horrors have 'fallen' Mankind committed in thy Sacred Name!"

Fancy the most natural desire of our Loving Lord and Saviour, that we should occasionally meet, and "remember" Him in love,—being made,—instead of a *loving act*,—the *excuse* for these *ferocious cruelties*!

NO OTHER OBJECT ON EARTH TO BE WORSHIPPED, BUT CHRIST.

Let us now take the universal Worship,—let them say what they like,—which obtains in Catholic Countries of our Lord's Earthly Mother, Mary.

MARIOLATRY.

Throughout the New Testament Mary is entirely ignored.

MARY MERELY CONSIGNED TO THE CARE OF JOHN.

"Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene."

"When Jesus therefore saw his Mother, and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son!"

"Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."—*John* xix., 25-7.

Throughout His Entire Ministry, upon this Earth, Christ ignores His Earthly Mother *altogether*. He assures us that to Him *all* His true, Children are the same to Him, as "Mother and Brother." Neither our Lord,—nor any one of His Inspired Apostles,—say one word,—or give us,—Christians,—a single hint,—or direction,—for the worship of our Lord's Earthly Mother, from *one* end of the New Testament to the *other*!

Therefore,—our Common Sense,—tells all Christians that Jesus never intended us to Worship His Mother at all,—or, indeed,—to consider that we have anything more to do with her than with Joseph.

In plain English, that Mary was merely a Jewish descendant of David, selected for the amazing Scheme of Salvation to be carried out, but has no more claim for Divine Worship than any other good, pious, Christian woman.

Our Lord makes this absolutely certain as follows:—

ALL HIS TRUE CHILDREN ARE ALIKE TO CHRIST.

"There came then His Brethren and His Mother, and, standing without, sent unto Him, calling Him."

"And the multitude sat about Him, and they said unto Him, Behold Thy mother and Thy brethren without seek for Thee."

"And He answered them, saying, Who is my Mother, or my brethren?"

"And he looked round about on them which sat about Him, and said, Behold my Mother, and my brethren!"

"For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My Brother, and My Sister, and Mother."—*Mark* iii., 31-35.

NOTE.—At this time we learn that our Lord's Family were "unbelievers" *themselves*! Although some joined the Early Church after the Crucifixion.

"For neither did His brethren believe in Him."—*John* vii., 5.

Not only so,—but in the same Chapter, of Mark, when they "stood without," we learn the Reason *why they came*.

"And when His friends heard of it, they went out to lay hold on Him : for they said, He is beside Himself."—*Mark* iii., 21.

"There came then His brethren and His mother, and, standing without, sent unto Him, calling Him."

"And the multitude sat about Him, and they said unto Him, Behold Thy mother and Thy brethren without seek for Thee."

Did our Lord tell them the "Blest Queen of Heaven," etc.,—was outside? *Nothing of the kind!*

It is evident,—instead of being the "Queen of Heaven," etc.,—that the Mother of our Lord was led away by His *Unbelieving* Brothers; for we learn here, that she was with them, on this occasion, wishing to take Him away. Those of us who have been to "Lourdes," and seen the "worship," of His Mother *take the place* of that of Christ, in Catholic Countries,—as in the late Eruption of Vesuvius,—Crowds calling upon the "Virgin" to save them,—instead of Christ,—can only marvel at the astounding obstinacy of "fallen" Mankind! The "little" (hysterical) Nun *never* saw the Virgin at Lourdes "15 times," for the simple reason that there was no "Virgin Mary" to SEE!

The Mother of our Lord had other children after the Miraculous Birth of Christ, and she awaits the Judgment of Her Divine Son like all of us.

It was not till 1854 that Pius IX. added the Dogma of the Worship of Mary to his Church.

Forty-four years ago,—1864,—on a Steamer from the East,—the Writer,—conversing with an intelligent Jesuit Father (Priest), *en route* for Rome,—ventured to inquire, "What difference does your Church make between our Lord,—and His Mother?" He at once replied, "We make just the difference between the *Creator*,—and the *Created*!"

Anything more Scriptural, Conclusive and True, could not be desired than this! And this too was 10 years after Pius IX.'s decree in 1854. This Worthy Priest had with him, in this decision, the authority of all the Early Popes,—(surely as "infallible" as Pius IX. in 1854),—for the Popes *strenuously* opposed the Worship of the Mother of our Lord *for Centuries*.

The objections of the Early Popes for three hundred years to her worship, was,—

(1) That Mary had other Children after the Miraculous Conception of our Lord,—her First-born.

"Is not this the Carpenter, the son of Mary, *the brother* of James, and Josés, and of Juda, and Simon? and are not *His sisters here with us*? And they were offended at Him."—*Mark* vi., 3.

"Is not this the Carpenter's son? Is not His mother called Mary? and *His brethren*, James, and Josés, and Simon, and Judas?"

"And *His sisters* are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things?"—*Matt.* xiii., 55.

(2) That if she was born without "Original Sin,"—*then* her Parents

must,—*necessarily*,—have been born so *also*,—and, therefore, “Festivals” of the Church would be needed for *them* too,—seeing that they would be equally entitled to that distinction, there would be no end to Festivals to Mary’s *ancestors* if all were born sinless.

(3) The other objections of the Early Popes were similar to those already considered.

ANSELM (see *Cur Deus Homo* II. 16) emphatically declares that “the Virgin herself,—when He,”—(Christ),—“was conceived,—was herself conceived in iniquity, and in Sin did her mother conceive her, and with original Sin was she born, in Adam in whom we all have sinned.” Damian expresses the same, while St. AUGUSTINE repeatedly declares the same in several places.

How, then, did Pius IX., or his colleagues, know better than the early Popes, and these Catholics,—acknowledged authorities,—born Centuries before *they* were? It was not until the 12th Century,—until 1,200 years had elapsed, that Mankind,—as usual unable to be contented with the Spiritual Worship and exaltation of Christ alone,—ventured upon a “Festival” in honour of the “Holy Conception” of Mary at Lyons, without any permission,—or authority,—from Rome.

A Storm at once arose; the then Catholic Church lodged a charge of heresy against the promoters for holding an invalid Function without the knowledge, authority, or permission of the Papal See. In 1140, St. Bernard lodged a charge against them; when the Lyons authorities actually asserted that they possessed a document (!) compiled by the Virgin herself (!) to authorise (!) it. The dispute raged for 300 YEARS (!) In 1389, at Paris, the great Dominican Order maintained, through Montesono, that it was “*unscriptural*” and “*heretical*.” By 1439, it was gradually permitted; but neither authorised nor condemned. By 1483 Pope Sixtus IV. published a Bull, threatening excommunication to any Catholic who should accuse others of “heresy” either those who believed Mary was born,—like us,—“in Sin,”—or those who *did not*. By 1546, the Council of Trent attempted a compromise between the two Great Orders, the Dominican and Franciscan, but decided that the Bull of Pope Sixtus IV. should be upheld. By 1600 the Spanish Jesuits had Statues erected,—Medals struck,—and Persecution began,—to *force* their view of Mary’s sinless birth. But the Pope refused to authorise it. By 1617 Pope Paul V. forbade all disputes, or discussion, by Catholics, on the Subject,—also forbidding either Party condemning their opponents. By 1622 Pope Gregory XV. forbade even private disputes upon the question. At length, after another 200 years, the Jesuits still pressing, Pius IX., the “Infallible,” called together a Synod,—which decided by a majority in their favour, and the Pope Pius IX. (“*Pio Nono*”) on the 8th December, 1854,—added the Worship of Mary as one more “Dogma” for their church to believe. In DEFINANCE of the decision of 300 years of surely EQUALLY “infallible” Popes, and *quite* as wise as “Pius IX.”

Surely all this proves that the Dogma of Mary’s Divinity, in 1854, rests upon a most Sandy Foundation. It is hardly needful to say that the Protestant Nonconformist does not believe a word of it, and *never will!*

The Modern Catechisms, now, are full of expressions such as “Blest Queen of Heaven,”—“The Mother of God from whom we receive Blessing and Life,” etc.

Indeed,—a Legend was started, that, at Mary’s death, Christ descended with a Multitude of Angels round her death-bed and re-ascended with her to Heaven (!)

Whereas Epiphanius,—as early as the year 390,—distinctly declares

that nothing had been ever known of the circumstances of her death, save in a document of the Council of Ephesus,—there appears to be an allusion implying a belief that she was buried in that City.

So far from wishing us to worship His *earthly* Mother,—or considering her as “Queen of Heaven,” and other attributes ascribed to her, by “Middle” or “Dark” Age Superstitions,—our Saviour habitually *ignored* His Mother *altogether*!

So do His Inspired Apostles. *Never*,—during His entire Ministry,—does our Lord give Mankind the *slightest hint* that He wishes us to have anything to do with her! She is *ignored* by the *Writers of all the Gospels*,—John, the beloved Disciple, merely accepts the charge taking her to his home.

“When Jesus therefore saw His Mother, and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son!”

“Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.”—*John* xix. 26.

And *this is all*! Peter, in his EPISTLES, *never* once mentions her. John *never* alludes to her in his. Paul,—in his *exhaustive* Exhortations to the Early Christian Church,—*never* once makes the *faintest allusion* to Mary in his writings.

Reader, can you have your Common Sense abused to believe that, if our SALVATION had ANYTHING WHATEVER to do with the Virgin Mary, our Saviour,—during His entire Ministry,—would have neglected to have *said a single word* upon the Subject? Or instructed His Inspired Apostles not to say a word upon it either? The *idea* is MONSTROUS! The fact is, our Lord “knew what was in” (fallen) “Man.” Christ knows the indomitable *obstinacy* of Mankind in worshipping *idols*,—*pictures*,—*Relics*,—*Old Bones*,—Apocryphal “Saints,”—his earthly Mother,—“Popes,”—*everything*,—or *anything*,—rather than *Himself*, *God*, and the Holy Spirit.

THE ONLY TRUE WORSHIP.

“Father, the hour is come; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee.”

“As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him.”

“And THIS IS LIFE ETERNAL, that they might know Thee the only TRUE GOD, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent.”

“I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest Me to do.”

Yet in spite of the decisions of the Popes for three Centuries, no sooner does a Panic occur, as at the last Eruption of Ashes from Vesuvius (1907), than the People are frantically heard calling upon the Virgin Mary, for her Divine aid! It really seems as if the Majority of “*fallen*” Mankind are impervious

to the Scriptures,—the Simple Gospel,—and to the Worship of Jesus Christ, the *only* Saviour of Mankind. The Ages pass, but Mankind obstinately turn to ANY SOURCE rather than to THEIR SAVIOUR.

“ NO OTHER NAME UNDER HEAVEN.”

“ Neither is there Salvation in any other : for there is NONE OTHER NAME under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.”—*Acts* iv., 12.

“ That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in Heaven, and things in Earth, and things under the Earth.”—*Philippians* ii., 10.

PIUS IX. (“ PIA NONA ”) REVERSES THE DECISIONS OF THE EARLY POPES.

It was in December, 1854, in an Assembly of Bishops that Pius IX.,—the then Pope,—proclaimed that the Dogma of “ the Immaculate Conception,”—(the Worship of Mary),—was to be added to the other Dogmas of their Church. Ten years after,—December 8th, 1864,—the Celebrated “ Encyclical ” Letter was drawn up,—debated at the Congregations of the Holy Office,—then finally gone over by the Pope and Cardinals. Many of the Cardinals strongly opposed its passing. They objected to its Mediæval tendency in Condemning Modern Civilisation. The Catholic Press expressed regret,—and misgivings,—both in Italy,—Austria,—and Spain. This extraordinary manifesto

“ *denies* the right of Parents to educate Children outside the Catholic Church. It commands incessant prayer to Mary ‘ in order that God may accede the more easily (!) to our Prayer. Let us employ in all confidence as our Mediators (!) with Him, the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, who sits as a queen upon the right hand of our Lord Jesus Christ in a golden vestment (!) clothed around with various adornments (!) There is nothing she cannot obtain from Him.”

NOTE.—Fancy “ *Golden Vestments* ” in “ Heaven,” in a SPIRITUAL World ! And this was not in the “ Middle,”—or “ Dark ” Ages,—but in this Age of Intelligence, and general Enlightenment,—1864 ! The “ Encyclical ” continues. It denounces,

“ That most pernicious,—and insane opinion,—that *Liberty of Conscience* and of *Worship* is the Right of every Man.” (!)
and more in like tenour (!)

This astounding Announcement of PRINCIPLE,—which indeed is nothing new to Rome,—thus openly avowed,—brought it, at once, into Collision with Governments which had,—hitherto,—managed to maintain amicable relations

with Rome. Russia strongly objected,—its Millions of the Greek, Ancient, Church never having recognised the authority of the Pope. Austria, at once, adopted Laws securing Equality of Civil Rights to all the Inhabitants in that Empire,—restricting the Influence of the " Church." Indeed, Russia and Austria found it necessary to abrogate their Concordats of 1855 and 1867. France only permitted a Portion of the *Syllabus* to be Published.

" INFALLIBILITY."

Pius IX. now resolved upon the Proclamation of his own Infallibility (!) apparently to test the power of credulity in Mankind. Every Preparation was made to carry out this amazing imposture. The Bishops were informed that they were not called to Rome to deliberate or discuss the Question, but to Sanction the Decree. The opposition were ignored. Their deliberations or discussion forbidden. Their objections were not permitted to be printed. A Simple Majority of votes was ruled to be sufficient. Austria,—France,—Germany,—implored the Papal Government not to attempt to " Revive Mediæval Ideas,"—or to introduce *fresh* " Dogmas " into their Church. The Jesuits, who were as usual,—at the bottom of the Movement,—hurried the Proceedings on,—securing the utmost secrecy. On 13th July, 1870, the votes were taken, as to whether Pius IX.,—who died eight years after (1878),—was an infallible man or not. (NOTE.—Fancy taking one's fellow " Insect's " vote if one of them is infallible ?) Of 601 votes,—451 decided that he was, and five days after the Pope proclaimed the dogma of his absolute " Infallibility." On this very day, the French,—under that deplorable Emperor Napoleon III.,—insanely declared the " Empress's War " against Prussia, aided by the " infallible Blessing." In nine Months France fell in a very *heroic*, but " fallible " manner.

Some writer draws attention to the following :—

" Looking at the remarkable composition of the Papacy, no wonder the other countries affirm that it has been worked,—not as a Universal Church for all Nations,—but for the benefit of Italian Families. It consists of Pope, Cardinal, Bishops, with Deacons, all Italians (in 1875), Cardinals, Priests, Ministers, Secretaries, etc., almost all Italians. France has not given a Pope since the Middle Ages. It is the same with Austria, Portugal, Spain, a System of exclusion in spite of all attempts to open the Dignities of the Church to all Catholics. No Foreigner not Italian must reach the ' Infallible ' chair."

HOW THE POPE OBTAINED POWER OVER THE OTHER BISHOPS.

Catholic and Protestant Historians alike agree that the

first Pope obtained the power over the other Bishops of that day,—entirely altering the ancient existing arrangements of the Church,—by the notorious "Decretals."

THE FORGED "DECRETALS."

We Protestants have the Catholic Historians with us in claiming that the Pope first obtained his power over the other bishops of the Early Church by fraudulent "Decretals" ("the Isidorian"), fabricated, in West Gaul, in the years 384-398; during the reign of Pope Siricius. These acknowledged forgeries, falsely pretended to be decrees of former Popes, etc., gave an immense extension of the power of the Pope, displacing the Old System of the Catholic Church, subjecting the bishops to him. Subsequently Hildebrand put these Forgeries into use, aided by another mass of fabrication (Gratian's Decretum), which, about the year 1073-85 in Gregory VII.'s time, expanded by a Cardinal, and finally by a Monk, Gratian, actually made the World the Domain of the Italian clergy, Italians *taking care always to elect an Italian* for Pope. Protestants, therefore, with the Millions of the Greek Church, hold the Pope, whom a Jesuit preacher terms the "Watchman" at Rome, to be himself a schismatic—a Usurper.

HONTHEIM ON THE FABRICATED "DECRETALS."

In 1763, the Famous Treatise of Nicholas von Hontheim made a profound impression. It is an able Work mainly devoted to prove how largely the Spurious Decretals,—and their Doctrines,—had been made to subserve the later Pretensions of the Papacy,—especially as regards the later claim of the Supremacy of the Pontiff over the Early former General Council of the other Bishops which once ruled,—entirely displacing the Former old System of the earlier Catholic Church.

This mass of Fabrication made the whole Christian World the Domain of the Italian Clergy, it decided that it is lawful to execute Heretics, and confiscate their property. It decides that to kill an "excommunicated" person is not Murder, and that the Pontiff is above all Law and virtually on an equality with Christ. These Decretals pretended to be the decisions of the Earlier Popes. So far from it these doctrines, which would have been held shocking in the olden times, *were now boldly avowed.*

THE APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

We now find two Popes,—Reigning for 38 years, at the same time,—in addition to a Third,—nominated by an infallible Council,—which deposed the first two Popes, apparently as Impostors.

THE CAUSE OF THIS AMAZING SCENE.

The Cause of this stupendous anomaly,—four “Infallibles” all voting their own Supremacy,—was that in 1378, it seemed certain that,—for once,—a FRENCH Pope would be elected to succeed Gregory XI., instead of an Italian one as usual. This the Italians at Rome could not brook,—they would not brook it in 1908. They claimed that it would divert the Stream of Appeals,—Deputations,—Embassies,—“Business,”—and the consequent Influx of Paying Travellers to Rome,—in plain English, “Peter’s Pence,”—Wealth,—the “Loaves and the Fishes” from Rome, to France. The Reader will admit that this would have been very trying, as he has, no doubt, observed that “the Church,”—in all Ages,—Protestant, as well as Catholic,—has *always* “meant business,”—and keeps a Shrewd Eye upon “Number One.” Their fears were well founded! Clement VII.,—(1378-94),—Reigning in Rome,—and another “Infallible,”—Pope Benedict XIII.,—at Avignon.

For 38 years both were Anathematising,—Cursing,—and Excommunicating each other, also hurling foul accusations,—but no one to this day knows which the Impostor was, as the external Routine of both went on all these years just as well under the *Bogus* Pope as the *true* one. Indeed, the “Peter’s Pence” coming in from their respective Flocks,—there seemed to be room for Two Popes at a time.(!)

A THIRD POPE APPEARS (1409).

But a still more astounding Phase of the alleged direct “Apostolic Succession” from Peter, now occurred. *Another* “Richmond” appeared upon the Scene, even more infallible than the two supreme Popes put together! For the Doctors of Law, and Theology, at the Universities of that day appear to have discovered that *they* were Infallible; and,—at the commencement of the 15th Century,—decided to hold a General Council at Pisa (1409). It was found that they were right,—the Council,—to its complete satisfaction,—announced the Dogma of its Supremacy. How *St. Peter* came into this “Council” does not appear, it was never explained. It decided, however, to DEPOSE the other two Popes—Rather *trying* to those Potentates after Reigning 38 years to be informed that they were both “bogus”! However,—the Council Elected a new Pope, Alexander V. (1409-10). NOTE.—The unfortunate “Nonconformist” Student, anxious to grasp the doctrine of the “Apostolic Succession,” feels his Mind giving way before all these “Infallibilities”! *Three* Popes, *plus* a Supreme Council, all at one time! “It passes the Wit of Man” to allot to each their direct “Succession” from St. Peter. The short (one Year’s) Reign of the Council’s Nominee,—Alexander V.,—was shrewdly suspected to have been cut short by Poison, Balthasian Cossa it was believed being privy to the act, becoming Pope in his place as John XXII.,—(1410-15). It was to this Pope the Sale of “Indulgences” has been first ascribed.

How the alleged direct “Succession” from St. Peter could by any possibility survive these astounding Proceedings must be left to the Reader’s decision.

THE MORAL.

But we may,—with no claims to infallibility,—assert, as a *matter of Fact*, that during those 38 years,—many Thousands of Children *must* have been Born, and many Thousands of Persons *must* have Died. No two words about *that*! Some under one of these two Popes, some under the other. It is equally indisputable that one of them must have been an *Impostor*. (The "Council" decided, apparently, that they *both* were.) Nevertheless, during all those years both these Popes must have "ordained" a vast number of Priests,—the action of the false Pope of the two being obviously *invalid*. Invalid, consequently, must all the actions of these Priests, seeing that their Authority emanated from a *Bogus* Source. All the Church Routine the,—“First Communion,”—“Confession,”—“the Mass,”—“Extreme Unction,” etc.,—must, —surely,—have been equally *Invalid*?

Yet,—during all these long years,—good, devout, Catholics lived, and died under the False Pope,—whichever he was,—just as satisfactorily as if he had been a True one.

The Church ministrations coming from a false Source must have been all invalid. Yet who doubts,—who can deny that, all these years good Catholics,—Believers in Christ,—were accepted, died happily, and went to Bliss?

Can you, Reader, seriously deny that this must have been so? Surely you cannot, seriously, conceive that these good, devout, Catholics, and their Children, missed Heaven, and were lost eternally,—merely from being under the False Pope? Merely because neither they,—nor anyone else,—to this day,—knows which he was? It is unthinkable! Admitting this, what follows? Why a triumphant proof of the Protestant Nonconformist claim that there was, and is,—nothing “Saving,” in themselves, in all these outward observances,—Ritual,—Masses,—Services,—etc. They are the things of outward Sense,—and Time alone.

Thus they answered their purpose in the case of these good people just as well under the false,—invalid,—Pope’s Reign, as if they had been under a true one.

Intrinsically invalid, useless, in themselves, they answered. Why? Because the truly efficacious—“One thing needful,”—in good, pious, Catholics was behind all the Services of the false Popes.

It was the possession of Individual, Saving, Faith in Christ by the good people which availed,—as it alone avails in every Christian Denomination, or Church. The outward Ritual,—the False “Pope,”—the “Mass,” being under a *wrong* Pope,

was *obviously all wrong*, and *invalid*,—but their Faith,—and good Lives,—proved all availing.

Exactly the view of the Protestant Believer in our Lord. They had the "one thing needful," Jesus speaks of—

"But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."—*Luke x., 42.*

The following cutting from a Newspaper, by an unknown Correspondent,—is inserted as a *curiosity*. The Reader must test its correctness for himself:—

"INFALLIBILITY" (?)

"Sir,—The Pope sent the 'Golden Rose' to Bomba, King of Naples, and in less than a year, *he* lost his Crown and Kingdom. The Pope also sent it to Isabella, Queen of Spain, and in a short time *she* lost her crown. He sent it to the Empress Eugenie, of France, and in less than a year France was overthrown by Germany; the Emperor lost *his* crown, and died in exile, while his son fell in South Africa. Mrs. Sherman, wife of General Sherman, received the Golden Rose, and it proved fatal, for she died soon afterwards.

The Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, was blessed by the Pope, and soon afterwards was killed by his People; whilst his Widow went to Rome for the Papal blessing, and has been mad ever since. The Pope especially blessed a steamer filled with Nuns *en route* to South Africa in 1870. It never reached its destination, and every soul perished. The Queen Regent of Spain, and King Alphonso, were blessed by the Pope. They promptly lost Cuba and the Philippines. The poor Empress of Austria received the "Golden Rose." She was murdered in Switzerland. Her only son committed suicide previously.

King Edward VII. visited the Pope, and received as a mark of favour a signed photograph of Leo XIII. At once came news of a reverse to our troops in Somaliland, and an earthquake in Canada. The Pope blessed Lord Denbigh, the special envoy of the King of England. That very day disaster fell on our army in South Africa, Lord Methuen being severely wounded, and the Papists cheered the news in the English Parliament."—*Daily Paper.*

Let us now take what the Protestant claims to be the Scriptural,—not to say,—common sense view of the old, old, greatly "wrested,"—misunderstood,—perverted, texts of Peter and the Keys.

PETER AND THE ROCK.

"UPON THIS (VERY) ROCK,"—(PETER'S AVOWAL OF CHRIST'S DIVINITY WHICH HAD JUST BEEN MADE). "UPON THIS (VERY) ROCK"—(CHRIST'S DIVINITY—NOT POOR, UNSTABLE, PETER)—"WILL I BUILD MY CHURCH."

It has ever been the *amazement* of the Bible Student, how the Mediæval Church could possibly erect so stupendous a FABRIC upon one single,—greatly “wrested,”—misunderstood,—SOLITARY,—Text of Scripture.

We read upon one occasion, in Matthew xvi., 17, that our Lord,—doubtless to test the *faith* of His Disciples, inquired of them :—

(1) What the People He had sent them amongst,—two and two,—said of Him.

(2) “ But whom say YE that I,—the Son of Man,—am ? ”

“ When Jesus came into the Coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, He asked His Disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am ?

“ He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am ? ’—*Matt.* xvi., 13-15.

NOTE.—(3) The Reader is asked to notice the TEST of His Disciples’ Faith,—“ I, the Son of Man,”—Jesus fully acknowledging His *human* Birth,—as well as His Divine Character.

The impulsive Simon Peter,—usually the Spokesman of the other disciples,—replies, at once,

“ And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.”—*Matt.* xvi., 16.

(4) The Reader is urged to specially mark our Lord’s reply. It claims our *deepest attention*, for it applies to us *quite* as much as to Peter.

No one can really “ Believe ” in Jesus’ Divinity, or “ Find,”—“ come to,”—“ love,”—or “ Follow ” Christ, without Divine assistance.

“ And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona : for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven.”—*Matt.* xvi., 17.

NOTE.—“ Barjona,” viz., “ Simon,” son of Jonah. Jesus on first seeing Simon Peter had said to him, “ Thou shalt be called Cephas ” (a stone).

“ Andrew, Simon Peter’s brother; first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ.

“ And he brought him to Jesus. And when Jesus beheld him, He said, Thou art Simon the son of Jona ; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone.”—*John* i., 41, 42.

“ A Stone,”—or “ Rock.” “ Flesh and Blood hath not revealed,” viz., “ No mortal man hath revealed it.” It requires an express Revelation to our Souls to obtain a true, Saving,—Faith in Jesus Christ the Saviour. It was proved, by the Fact that even the Miracles performed before their very eyes *failed to do this* in the case of Multitudes. We may depend upon it,—and see proved by examples all around us,—that, God the

Holy Ghost,—can *alone* remove the thick darkness,—*unbelief*,—and *opposition* in our "fallen" Hearts, and lead us to Christ alone,—instead of childish Superstitions.

"UPON THIS ROCK." WHICH WAS "THE ROCK" ?

We now come to this astounding conclusion of the Mediæval Church as to Peter and the Rock :—

"And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church."—*Matt. xvi., 18.*

"Thou art Peter." ("Petras," a stone,) I acknowledge thee now fully as one of My Apostles, after thy confession of faith in Me.

Then our Lord,—*no longer* referring to Simon Peter, the fisherman of the Lake,—but to the GREAT TRUTH Peter had asserted,—("Thou art the Christ," etc.),—upon *this very* Rock.

The Reader is especially asked,—if he has a Greek Testament,—to note that our Lord now uses ANOTHER Greek word, signifying, or expressing, this VERY Rock, or "Rock of Rocks,"—(His OWN DIVINITY) will I build MY CHURCH.

In another place our Lord speaks of Himself as the "Corner Stone" of His Church. "The Stone which the builders rejected has become the HEAD of the Corner" (viz., the "Corner Stone" of His Church upon Whom it entirely depends,—not upon outward Show, or Ritual).

"The Stone which the builders rejected is become the Head of the Corner."—*Matt. xxi., 42 ; Mark xii., 10 ; Luke xx., 17.*

This CHANGE of the expression from "Cephas" (Stone) to the expressive Greek Word signifying this VERY Rock,—or "Rock of Rocks,"—should at once dispel the Mediæval Church delusion that the Lord of Heaven and Earth ever dreamt of "building" Christianity upon a poor, unstable,—mortal,—man like Peter. The very idea to the Protestant Reader of his Testament is Grotesque ! Poor Peter caused His Lord more anxiety than all the others ! Jesus, in vain, warns Peter of his weakness, the most unstable "rock" to build a "Church" upon imaginable !

"Peter answered and said unto Him, Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended."

"Peter said unto Him, Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee. Likewise also said all the disciples."

We know that they did nothing of the kind. At the very *first approach* of danger they *all forsook* their Lord and Master,—and,—*ran away* !

To imagine that Christ ever intended to build His Church upon such a WRETCHED FOUNDATION as "fallen," "human nature," and human, frail man, is *absurd*! He "knew too well what was in man"!

Peter, especially, had to be "prayed for,"—

PETER HAS ESPECIALLY TO BE PRAYED FOR.

"And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."

"But I have *prayed for thee*, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.

"And he said unto him, Lord, I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison, and to death."—*Luke xx.*, 31-2.

NOTE.—"When thou art converted." We thus learn that Peter was not *even converted* at this time!

"GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN"!

Only four verses further on, in the *very same* chapter about "the Rock,"—Peter has to be *most severely* admonished, thus,

PETER SEVERELY REPROVED.

"Then Peter took Him, and began to rebuke Him, saying, Be it far from Thee, Lord: this shall not be unto Thee.

"But He turned, and said unto Peter, *Get thee behind me, Satan*: thou art an offence unto Me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."—*Matt. xvi.*, 22.

Surely a most extraordinary "Rock" upon which to build "Christianity"!

The Reader,—it is thought,—must see that it was the Fundamental Truth, our Lord was proclaiming that it is upon HIS DIVINITY,—*Himself*,—the ONLY SAVIOUR, of Mankind. He has built His Church. The very object indeed, for which the *present* Work was *compiled* was, really, to illustrate and present,—throughout its two Volumes,—this *very* Truth, namely,—that "It is *Christ or Nothing*"!

Simon Peter died, has gone to dust ages ago. The Miraculous Gifts bestowed upon him and the other disciples *died with them*,—but CHRIST continues for ever!

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever."—*Heb. xiii.*, 8.

"Neither is there Salvation in any other: for there is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—*Acts iv.*, 12.

What have *we* Christians,—in 1908,—to do with *Simon Peter*? The idea is absurd!

“And lo, I am with you alway, *even* unto the end of the world. Amen.”—*Matt.* xxviii., 20.

We Christians have to do with our Lord and Master *alone*!

PETER AND “THE KEYS.”

Once more,—it is amazing that the Mediæval Church *did not observe* that the VERY SAME Miraculous Powers were bestowed,—(for their lifetime),—upon ALL the other Disciples as they were upon Peter. Almost in precisely the same words:

“And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.”

“Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.”—*John* xx., 10.

MIRACULOUS POWERS BEING WITHDRAWN FROM MEN.

Sacerdotalism fails to realise the fact that the superhuman power to forgive other men's sins (absolution), also the accompanying power to perform outward miracles, has been withdrawn from mankind for ages.

Stupendous powers were, doubtless, permitted to the Apostles in order to further the Establishment of Christianity during the earliest life and death struggle with the Corruption of the “State” (so called) religion of a heathen world. This object once accomplished, the *experience of Mankind* for ages past proves that we are *left now* to “walk by faith, not by sight.”

When our Lord cured the sick of the Palsy He asked “Whether it is easier to say to the sick of the palsy, ‘Thy sins be forgiven thee,’ or to say, ‘Rise, take up thy bed and walk?’ But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power to forgive sins,” etc. Both were, of course, Miracles alike, equally impossible save to a Divine Being, or to His inspired Apostles, whom—for a time—He endowed with “power from on High” to perform them also. But does there exist in 1908 a living priest, archbishop, pope, etc., in his senses, who will now attempt to perform before our eyes a bona-fide outward miracle? Not alleged *hocus pocus* “Lourdes” (so-called) miracles—as some of us have seen—upon fancied cripples, or deluded enthusiasts, but a real, substantial miracle, say, for instance, reproducing, *at once*, a *perfect limb* to a man with an artificial or *wooden leg*?

To speak of little or great miracles is an absurdity, a little miracle is as impossible as the greatest. Let any living religious Potentate perform the miracle above suggested, before our eyes, and we will, then, believe in his power also to forgive us our sins, and not till then.

If he cannot do the one he cannot do the other.

PETER HAD, WE THUS SEE, MERELY THE SAME POWERS
AS THE OTHER DISCIPLES, TO “BIND OR LOOSE.”

“And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven : and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven : and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.”

That the other Disciples exercised these Powers as well as Peter, Powers given them to establish Christianity in a then Heathen World, there is no doubt,—as witness Stephen, also Peter and Ananias.

“And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people.”—*Acts* vi., 8.

“Why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart ? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God.”

“And Ananias hearing these words fell down, and gave up the ghost : and great fear came on all them that heard these things.”—*Acts* v., 5.

PAUL EXERCISED THE SAME POWER.

“Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow ; and continued his speech until midnight.”

“And there were many lights in the upper chamber, where they were gathered together.”

“And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep : and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead.”

“And Paul went down, and fell on him, and embracing him said, Trouble not yourselves, for his life is in him.”

“And they brought the young man alive, and were not a little comforted.”—*Acts* xx., 9-12.

NOTE.—It is to be feared a good many “Young Men” besides Eutychus, have fallen asleep *during* the *Sermon*.

PAUL EXERCISING THE “BINDING” AND “LOOSING.”

“Which some having put away concerning faith have made shipwreck.”

“Of whom is Hymenæus and Alexander ; whom I have delivered unto Satan, that they may learn not to blaspheme.”—*I. Timothy* i., 19-20.

PAUL FORETELLS THE FUTURE.

"And the high priest Ananias commanded them that stood by him to smite him on the mouth.

"Then said Paul unto him, God shall smite thee, *thou whited wall*."

JESUS,—OUR FUTURE JUDGE, OF ALL MANKIND,—NOT PETER,
HAS THE KEYS OF DEATH, AND OF HELL.

"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and HAVE THE KEYS OF HELL AND OF DEATH."—*Rev. i., 18.*

"I am Alpha and Omega the beginning and the end, the first and the last."—*Rev. i., 12.*

IF OUR LORD HAS THE KEYS HOW CAN PETER HAVE THEM?

The "Apostolic Succession" and "Peter with the Keys" is a Mediæval Church Delusion!

PETER NOT THE CHIEF APOSTLE, OR "PRIMATE" AT ALL.

There is not a word in the Acts of the Apostles to give the slightest hint of the "Primacy" of Peter or that either he,—or the other Apostles,—considered Peter to be their Chief. *Far from it!* Paul had even to *put Peter right* before all the others.

"But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed."—*Gal. ii., 11.*

"And the other Jews dissembled likewise with him; insomuch that Barnabas also was carried away with their dissimulation."

"Conversion" makes every Christian a "Child of God," but it does not *alter* the Intellectual training, or *lack* of training of a *lifetime*.

Many a devoted Missionary goes to the East, who could never approach the Gifts of acquiring Oriental languages like Carey,—Marshman,—Henry Martyn,—Morison (China),—etc., and other good Men. Simon Peter,—the untaught,—Fisher-man,—of the Sea of Galilee,—was a *Child in Intellect* compared with the Great Apostle Paul. Their Epistles prove it. Peter could never have written the amazing Epistles of Paul. So far from thinking himself the chief Apostle,—Peter at once admits Paul's intellectual superiority to himself,—and that he confessed that he could not follow Paul intellectually.

PETER ACKNOWLEDGES PAUL'S SUPERIORITY.

"Even as our beloved brother Paul also according to the Wisdom given unto him hath written unto you.

"As also in all his Epistles, speaking in them of these things ; in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstaple wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction."—II. *Peter* iii., 15.

Thus,—before Prayerful Study of the Scripture,—the strange Fictions of the Mediæval "Dark Age" "Church" *disappear*, one after another. Christ alone remains.

It is ever the Puzzle of the Protestant how the city of Rome ever came to be the Head of the Church at all. It is a Colossal Delusion. Christ was *never* in Rome. The evidence of the "Acts of the Apostles" is strongly against Peter ever being in Rome *either*—much less buried there.

Year after year the "Traditions" of the Church say Peter was in Rome, we find,—in the Acts,—he was,—as a matter of fact,—somewhere else.

"The Church that is at Babylon, elected together with you, saluteth you ; and so doth Marcus my son.

"Greet ye one another with a kiss of charity. Peace be unto you all that are in Christ Jesus."—I. *Peter* v., 13.

None of the Apostles use *figurative* language in naming a Place, or Locality. The very place alluded to by Paul in their Shipwreck can be traced to this day. If "Babylon" *here* means "Rome" as in certain Romish "explanations," how about Rev. xvii., 4-6 ? If *this* means *also* "Rome" it is *surely* somewhat *embarrassing*.

THE "CHRISTIANS," FOR THEIR SINS, HAVE BEEN ALWAYS
KEPT OUT OF JERUSALEM.

Our Common Sense tells us that Jerusalem *should* have been the "Holy City," not Rome, and that Rome has only been used as a Substitute for Jerusalem. The Reader will also note the extraordinary manner in which the clever Italian Nation have, through the ages always *kept* the *Papal Throne*, Power and Wealth,—*amongst themselves*. Where "Italy" comes in *at all*,—or on what rests Italy's claim, *always* to select,—the Head of the Church should *be an Italian*, against the claims of all other Nations, reminds one of the American's idea of the "Prophecies" :

"This is *something like* a fulfilling of 'Prophecies,'
When all the *best Families* hold all the *BEST OFFICES* " !

PAUL THE CHIEF APOSTLE.

Paul was a highly-trained Pharisee, educated in all the learning of that most cultivated Sect of that age. Brought up at the "very feet of Gamaliel," a man of evidently astonishing intellectual Powers. The Early Church clearly looked to Paul (not to Peter),—for Direction, Advice, Commands,—Reproof, Exhortation, Divine Truths,—the True Gospel,—Rules of Conduct, etc.

"For his letters, say they, are weighty and powerful."

They are indeed! What would the Christian Church have done all these Ages *without* Paul's Epistles? Look at that Wondrous "Burial Service" of Paul's in use for ages in the Christian Church, also his "letters" ("Epistles"), full of amazing instruction,—deepest Spiritual Teaching! *Take away* Paul and his Letters, *what* would be left us? Paul was the "Chosen vessel" to us Gentiles; he was in *every* way the *Chief Apostle*, not Peter.

PAUL THE "GREATEST APOSTLE."

Paul was the "Primate" if one ever existed at all.

"I am verily a man which am a Jew, born in Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, yet brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, and was zealous toward God, as ye all are this day."

"Let no man think me a fool; if otherwise, yet as a fool receive me, that I may boast myself a little."

"That which I speak, I speak it not after the Lord, but as it were foolishly."

"Seeing that many glory after the flesh, I will glory also."

"It is not expedient for me doubtless to glory. I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord."

"I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such an one caught up to the third heaven."

"And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth.)"

"How that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for man to utter."

"Are they Hebrews? so am I. Are they Israelites? so am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? so am I."

"Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool) I am more; in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft."

"Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one."

"Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep."

"In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren."

"In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

"In stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings."

PAUL HAD THE CARE OF ALL THE CHURCHES.

"Beside those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the Churches."

"For I suppose I was not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles."

"But though I be rude in speech, yet not in knowledge; but we have been thoroughly made manifest among you in all things."

There is not the slightest doubt that the "Greatest Apostle" was Paul. He had the "Care of all the Churches." He was the "Chosen vessel" (Acts ix., 15). It is clear that the Early Christian Church looked up to Paul for Instruction in all things. Compared with the great Apostle Paul, Simon Peter is a secondary figure.

The idea of Peter's Primacy is a Colossal Fiction of Middle Age Superstition,—which has deluded Mankind during the Dark Ages of Ignorance. It is hardly needful to say that Protestants do not believe a word of it,—never did,—and never shall do! and, with Peter, away goes that Mediæval delusion, the "Apostolic Succession," and the Papacy!

MODERN "PREACHING."

"UNBELIEF" THE CAUSE OF MISERABLY POOR "PREACHING."

At how many "Church" Services one attends is there any attempt at really earnest, practical, Evangelical Sermons, like those beautiful, solemn, discourses of Dean Church when at Whatley,—before he became Dean of St. Paul's,—recommended to the Reader, page 448 of Vol. I.? We have in 1908,—a *vast* deal of wearisome routine,—*"Ritual,"*—Vestments,—Music,—Solos,—Posturing, etc., etc.,—then, when, at last, the moment arrives that the essential, all-important SERMON can at length be no longer deferred,—*what* does the Congregation too often hear? The *Sinner* warned? The Young exhorted,—encouraged to begin a Christian life? The Sorrowing pointed to Christ? Seekers instructed? The Vital Truths of Religion, Piety, "Conversion" urged? *Nothing of the kind!* With total absence of expression, or earnestness,—in a drawling,—sing-song tone,—and an affected, artificial, intonation, we hear too many Clergymen, Vicars, and Curates,—running off,—with the "Oxford Drawl,"—apparently against time,—a few minutes,—often "read" address. A kind of Martin Farquhar Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy,"—and commonplace Platitudes. Then the "Collection,"—and too many of the Congregation satisfied with "having been to Church," "dressed to the nines," disperse for another week of amusement, "Bridge," those wretched Theatres, Comic Operas, Novel Reading, Dances, Money

Making,—in a word the life of the unawakened,—indifferent,—and unconverted! What earthly good can such “Services” be to the Young? It must inevitably produce unbelief in Christ’s solemn Teaching when they see its feeble, unworthy, treatment, from professed “Ministers.” What words are “Heaven,”—“Hell,”—“Eternity,”—“Salvation,”—to be presented in such a miserable way from the Pulpit? It produces a certain contempt for “Religion.”

Well, a Minister may reply,—

“People will not listen now to ‘Evangelical’ preaching, or the old Divinity Sermons in our day. If I was to attempt to preach a full Gospel to a Congregation, as the Great Evangelists, John Wesley,—and Whitfield,—did,—blessed by God to bring back a Revival of Religion to a Christless Age of Sin,—I should simply empty my Church,—or Chapel,—they would not listen to it. The times are changed.”

If you do not warn the Christless, who will? It is the first Duty of every Christian Minister. You are allowing your Congregation,—who look to you as their Spiritual Guide,—to sleep themselves into Spiritual Death.

The times have “changed,”—indeed,—but the “Great Question” is “Has *Christ* changed”? Does God “change”?

“We admit that the Sermons are poor; but in our Church, we come for the ‘Service,’ not for the Sermon.”

It is remarkable to notice, when Christ is not preached, and the Gospel is absent, how Vestments, Intonations, Processions, Wax Candles, Incense, etc., come in. The more worthless the Ministry, the greater the anxiety to hide deficiencies, by External, the outward Symbols, or Shell of Religion. The more *empty* the Priest or Minister, the greater importance he seems to assume in virtue of his alleged sacred office, in order to disguise the deficiency!

The true Christian soon finds such a Minister out, and,—if he be wise,—withdraws his Family to another Church or Chapel.

RITUAL TAKES THE PLACE OF EVANGELICAL PREACHING.

“I thought,” candidly confessed an elderly Rector to the Writer, “that certain difficulties I felt, when at College,—in the doctrines of the Church,—would disappear as I grew older. Many young men,—intended,—like myself,—for the Church,—I know had the same hope. But as years have passed, instead of disappearing, those difficulties have become more pronounced. I candidly admit that I do not believe what I am expected to preach to others; I do not believe in the doctrine of the Eternal Punishment of the Wicked,—and I am sorry to say that my unbelief does not end *there*. I have my own views upon Inspiration,—the Doctrine of the Atonement,—and the truth of many portions of the Bible. As an honest man, I know that I ought to have resigned my position long ago, but I am a poor man, there is my family and livelihood to consider. I decline to preach for others whenever I can, and in my own Sermons and teaching I keep as much as possible to Morality.”

He died soon after. He had occupied the pulpit for *many years*!

Reader! What a state of things! *Unbelief in the Pulpit*! How many totally unregenerate persons, with their children, might attend the "Religious Performances" at such a Church for years, with nothing to rouse them from a sleep of Spiritual Death? Is this the man to call in on the occasion of death?

What possible edification can be expected from listening to an Unbelieving,—or Christless,—Ministry?

"What part hath he that believeth with an Infidel?" "Be ye not unequally yoked together with Unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?"—2 Cor. vi., 14.

A "Nonconformist" Congregation would have got rid of such a "Minister" years before, and chosen a true "Pastor." "The Church" cannot, or *will* not, do this; the Bishops,—careful of their *own* position,—*dread* interfering with their System,—*"Church and State."*

The "Low," or "Evangelical" Portion of the "Church of England" must separate from the "Ritualists," and join with the Nonconformists in Defence of the True Protestant English Church.

The Chapter is Divided here. In Part III. we see how Power, and Wealth, has ever been the Ruin of the Early True Church of Christ.

"Man overboard." The Shark.



"Just in time to Save him."

CHAPTER LXXIII.—PART III.

**Defence of Nonconformity. Dissent. Protestantism.
Religious Toleration. Civil and Religious Liberty.
A Chapter for the "Nonconformist" alone.**



Martin Luther finding one of Gutenberg's early (1450-5) Printed Bibles —(called the Mazarin Bible) —in the Convent of Erfurt.

**DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE OF THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—
THE TRUE "CATHOLIC" CHURCH, EXISTED AGES BEFORE THE
"ROMAN" ONE, OR THE "POPE" APPEARED IN THE
CHURCH.—LOUIS XIV. OF FRANCE SQUANDERS THE WEALTH
OF THE COUNTRY.—COLBERT.—STARVING PEASANTRY.—
SIGNING THE "REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES."
—THE JOY OF THE CATHOLIC PRIESTS, AND JESUITS.—
THE AWFUL SCENES WHICH FOLLOWED,—OUT OF 1,500,000
PROTESTANTS IN FRANCE, LOYAL SUBJECTS, 300,000 WERE
BELIEVED TO BE KILLED, OR SENT TO THE GALLEYS.
AS MANY ESCAPED. — NUMBERS SUBSEQUENTLY LEFT
FRANCE.—THE LOSS TO FRANCE.—JAMES II. A PENSIONER
OF LOUIS XIV.,—HIS BUTCHERS, KIRKE, AND THE INFAMOUS
JUDGE JEFFRIES, OF THE "BLOODY ASSIZE."—THE
PAPIST KINGS FINALLY CLEARED OUT OF ENGLAND.**

CHURCH HISTORY.

THE advice of the Cleric joining the "Roman" Church on Page 981 cannot be urged too strongly upon every Reader of this Work. The Ignorance of History is deplorable,—profound!
 "It was most essential that Roman Catholics should know *their history* well. Many misconceptions now existed regarding the Church, and this ignorance must be combated if the Progress was to be made which he believed to be possible."

NOTE.—With this *Excellent* Advice all will most *heartily* agree. The almost entire Ignorance of the Past History of "the Church" in the "Middle," or "Dark" Ages,—or, indeed of later times,—is astounding,—*deplorable*! An Effort is made in this Direction,—to Supply a few Historical Facts, in this Chapter He concludes,—

"The present situation was one of great hopefulness. He believed the Roman Catholic Church *had an opportunity* such as she had not had *since the reign of James II.*; that England as a whole was extraordinarily well inclined towards them."—*Daily Paper*, 1908.

NOTE.—The Writer claims to be voicing the Sentiments of the Nonconformist Churches of every persuasion,—in Great Britain and its Colonies,—which some of us have visited three times,—in the assertion that they are most "*extraordinarily* DISINCLINED to anything of the SORT

Thus, many think,—and assert,—that Christianity was introduced into Great Britain by St. Augustine, who came in the year 597! Anything more contrary to Historical Fact cannot be imagined. St. Augustine found a Christian Church here with Bishops, and a Liturgy, and Schools. They informed him that they were under a Bishop of Caerleon, and knew nothing, whatever, of the "Pope" at Rome. Indeed, Alban a "Christian" was martyred in the year 303, while the Emperor Diocletian reigned. This was 294 years before the landing of St. Augustine! In fact, "Christianity" spread all over the, then, known World, a very few years after the Acts of the Apostles. There have been "Christians" in the Far East from time immemorial. For an instance, no doubt such a man as the Eunuch (Ethiopian),—See Page 384, Vol. I.,—baptised by Philip,—"*A Man in great Authority*,"—we read, would spread the Great Event which had taken place,—the "Gospel,"—in the East. Vessels were coming to Europe,—to Cornwall for Tin,—from the earliest times. The Earliest Historian of Britain states that the Truths of Christianity reached these Islands five years after the Crucifixion (A.D. 42-61). The Catholic Historian, Cardinal Baronius, states that a Christian Church existed in Great Britain ten years before the "Roman" one appeared here. At the Council at Arles, A.D. 314, "British" Bishops certainly were present,—from three churches at York, London, and Caerleon. Again Seven "British" Bishops attended the Sardica Council in A.D. 347. The "Roman" Pope for some 500 to 600 years seems to have had no authority whatever over these British Churches. "Christian" Teachers came from Iona long before "Rome" was heard of as a "Papacy." It is said that the later teachers from Rome,—as ever,—announced to King Oswie that "St. Peter" would not accept any churches but that of Rome as "Christian." The old, old Tale! "*We first!*" "*We, the only Church!*"

Protestants, therefore, claim that the "Roman" Catholic Church,—with its "Pope,"—its "Purgatory,"—its "Virgin Mary,"—its Priests claiming to produce the Creator out of ordinary bread and wine,—its Celibacy of its Clergy,—Fish on Fridays,—(exactly what St. Paul expressly reprobates),—its "Immaculate Conception," and the Worship of Mary, (contradicted by every action, and the behaviour of our Lord towards His Earthly Mother),—the "Infallibility,"—and, indeed, the "Authority" of the "Pope,"—are,—all Mediæval CORRUPTIONS of Christ's true Early real "CATHOLIC" Church to which ALL true Believers, and Followers of Jesus Christ, whether Protestants, Catholics, Greek Church, or Nonconformists—(of all denominations), ALIKE belong.

"*Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth.*"—I. *Tim.* iv. 3.

DEFENCE NOT DEFIANCE.

THE NATIONAL RELIGION OF ENGLAND IS THE PROTESTANT ONE.

Protestantism has,—in 300 years,—raised England to be the greatest Empire the World has ever seen. The great Majority of Catholics, in the United Kingdom, are not either English,—Scotch,—or Welsh. The total number of Catholics in the United Kingdom is 5½ Millions to 34½ Million Protestants.

Population of the British Empire.

Locality.	Population.	Catholics.
In United Kingdom ...	39,500,975	In <i>Great Britain</i> ,— 2,180,000 (many Irish). In <i>Ireland</i> , 3,320,000
Mediterranean District ...	411,567	
Gulf of Aden District ...	52,800	
Indian Ocean District ...	3,633,383	30,000
In Asia ...	288,497,496	2,085,000
Malay Archipelago ...	402,294	
Australia, and New Zealand ...	3,944,832	1,062,500
In Pacific Ocean ...	888,999	
In America ...	5,333,811	2,810,000
In North Atlantic ...	1,296,292	
In South Atlantic ...	6,529	
In Africa ...	31,083,258	350,000
Approximately	400,000,000	

The Boast of the Noisy "Eucharistic Congress" sprung upon a quiet London, Sunday, the 13th September, 1908, was that a well Organised Swarm of Foreign Priests, were, to use their own words, "Bringing Jesus Christ back to England after 300 years,"—in the form of a "Procession" through the Streets of its Capital.

" THE OFFICIAL RETURN OF OUR LORD TO ENGLAND " (1)

This singular piece of Information is met by an appeal by Protestants to History,—and to Matters of Fact,—that it was precisely their ABSENCE that has ENABLED our Protestant England, to effect more for Christ,—His Kingdom,—and the good of Mankind, the World over,—giving Civil, and Religious Liberty,—to all loyal Citizens in the British Empire,—in the Past 300 years,—than Sacerdotalism has done, for the World, in the last Ten Centuries,—or ever will do. For Example, the Reader is asked to turn, for a moment, to the Grand Galaxy of Noble Workers for Christ on Page 985, which could be added to indefinitely, and to try to Estimate the splendid results they,—and their fellow, devoted, Protestants have effected, for Mankind, and Humanity, at large, without Gaudy Processions, the " Mass,"—the " Host,"—or aggression,—upon the National Religion of other Countries. What have all these Masses, Hosts, and Ritual,—ever done, all these Ages, for Italy, Spain, France, South Ireland, or South America? It leads to Nothing but Money to " the Church " not to the People.

AUDACITY OF PRIESTCRAFT.

I.

We read the following from a newspaper :—

" The late Cardinal Manning,—once a Parson in the Church of England,—before his death,—used the following significant words in an Address to his Bishops,—' It is good for us to be here, in England.' ' It is your's, Rev. Fathers, to Subjugate,—and to Subdue,—to Bend,—and to Break the Will of an Imperial Race. . . . England is the Head of Protestantism,—the Centre of its Movements,—and the Stronghold of its Power. . . . Weakened in England, Protestantism is Conquered throughout the World."

Again, in a Sermon Preached in Kensington,—in 1869,—Manning put the following words into the Mouth of the then Pope,—Pius IX.,—it seems an Instructive Distant Echo of Dark Age Superstition. " I claim to be the Supreme Judge,—and Director of the Consciences of all Men,—of the Peasant who tills the Field, to the Prince who sits upon the Throne,—of the Household which lives in the Shade of Privacy, to the Legislature which makes Laws for the Kingdom. I am the Sole,—Supreme, Judge of what is Right or Wrong."—*Daily Paper*.

NOTE.—This was on the Eve of the Franco-Prussian War with it's startling Results. Absurd as all this arrogance of a renegade Parson may seem to the 39,500,975 Protestants in the United Kingdom alone,—there is no doubt that Manning presented the claims of Papacy quite correctly. Still there are good English " Catholics " who are not " Papists."

" It is this task of ' Subduing,'—' Bending,'—and ' Breaking ' the Power of our Protestant Nation, and bringing it once more under the Tyranny and Heel of the Papacy that the Romish Priests,—in this Country,—reinforced constantly by Jesuits, Monks, Nuns, etc.,—from France, etc., are working for the same end."—*Daily Paper*.

II.

Another,—an Eye-Witness,—writes :—

" Twenty Years ago the attempt to carry what is called the " Host " round the Streets of Toronto,—roused very great Resentment on the

part of the Toronto Protestants. It culminated in a very serious Riot. Had not both the Police and the Military been promptly called in there would have been great loss of Life, as it was many were terribly injured. Since then no attempt has been made to carry the Host in any city in Canada outside Quebec."—*Daily Paper*.

The Writer has no Connection of any kind,—or knowledge of,—the "Protestant Alliance,"—being *unaware*, indeed, until the affair took place,—that one was in *existence*.

It appears, however, that the following Petition to the Throne was sent before the Event :—

"The Public Exhibition of this Form of Idolatry has been illegal in this Country for more than 300 years, and its restriction by Statute to the places of Worship owned by Roman Catholics fully enables the members of that Community to worship in their own fashion *without let or hindrance*. The use of public thoroughfares for such purposes is not merely illegal, and unfitting, but is *highly calculated to provoke a breach of the peace*."

"Your petitioners, therefore, most humbly and earnestly beg that your Majesty will follow the example of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, of blessed Memory, who forbade by Royal Proclamation on June 15, 1852, the holding of a Roman Catholic Ceremonial Procession in the Streets, thereby preventing the creation of a precedent which must prove but the beginning of a stirring up of religious strife, quite gratuitously and wantonly among your Majesty's peaceable and law-abiding subjects."—*Daily Paper*.

OPINION OF COUNSEL.

Then followed the opinion of Counsel,—also of the Law Institution of Great Britain,—upon the act of Catholic Emancipation of Geo. IV., 1829,—also of the Act of Victoria, 1852.

III.

Again we read,—

"The statement that such processions of the Host are customary is quite unwarranted ; the precedent now being set is designed to aid the Roman propaganda as is shown by the language of the Pope himself, who only *yesterday* boasted, prematurely, to the French Pilgrims, that "In these days the Holy Sacrament is exalted in Protestant England, and the holy Wafer is honoured through the Streets of London." These foreign ecclesiastics need to understand that the Laws of this Country are not to be broken to please them, to sanction what the Church of England calls a "Pernicious Imposture."—*Daily Paper*.

It also appears that a Large Concourse of Protestant Clergy, and Nonconformists took the following solemn Engagement,—appearing in the words of the "Succession Oath" of English Monarchs in Queen Anne's time :—

"Before God and the Whole World, and in the memory of our martyred Reformers, here, at this Solemn meeting, we affirm our unswerving belief in the sufficiency of Holy Scripture to make us wise unto Salvation. And in view of the Roman Challenge to the Central Principle of the Reformation by the Eucharistic Congress, with one voice we individually

adopt and repeat the Sovereign's accession Declaration of Queen Anne:—

"I do solemnly and sincerely, in the Presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the Elements of the Bread and Wine into the Body and Blood of Christ, at, or after, the Consecration thereof, by *any person whatsoever*; and that the Invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are Superstitious and Idolatrous."

"In witness of this our affirmation and protest we hold up our right hands, and hereby enter into a solemn League and Covenant in the name of our Covenant-keeping God to defend the Protestant Religion, and evermore to witness against the claims of Priestcraft, whether Roman or Anglican."—*Daily Paper*.

The following Extracts from the Papers on the Subject seem so instructive that a few more are given:—

IV.

"The seriousness of allowing this Procession is aggravated by the fact that it will be used as a precedent, and will be followed by Roman Catholics in other large centres, such as *Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast, and Dublin*, and will most certainly lead to riots and disorder. I know, as a fact, that if the *Procession* is allowed to take place it will be very strongly condemned and resented by a large number of members of the House of Commons, and that the matter will be raised in the House as soon as it meets for the Autumn Session. It is my opinion that it is almost certain to lead to very serious disturbance."—*Daily Paper*.

INGRATITUDE.

V.

"The very Act of Emancipation (10 Geo. IV., c. 7, 1829), which gave to Roman Catholic Subjects of the Crown a full share in all the privileges of citizenship, expressly excluded the Ceremonial display of the Peculiarities of their religious worship, or even of the ritual dress of their clergy, in the public streets. This especially applies to the "*Consecrated Wafer*," which Roman Catholics hold to be entitled to *Divine honour*. To Protestants that very claim and consequent acts of Worship are simply Idolatry—i.e., the false worship of the true God under the '*similitude*' of bread. This ostentatious violation of the law is intended to assert a right on the part of Roman Catholics to treat the *Emancipation Act*, and, indeed, any Act of Parliament of which their Clergy disapprove, as '*a dead letter*'! Could a more flagrant proof of ingratitude or a greater insult be offered by Italian Legate, or Spanish Cardinals, than thus deliberately to flout the laws of England?"—*Daily Paper*.

SAGACIOUS GERMAN COMMENT.

VI.

"There are very good grounds why the Papal Legate should be commissioned to thank King Edward, in the name of his Master, especially for the tolerance which is accorded to Roman Catholicism in the United

Kingdom as opposed to the *procedure adopted* in so many other Countries. The spread of Roman Catholicism in England, and America, proves that *wherever full liberty* is allowed to the Roman Catholic Church its eminent qualities enable it to exert a *far stronger power of attraction* on the Masses than other Communion can do, and it easily out-distances the latter when it is subject to no *Artificial Handicaps*. The question, of course, arises," remarks the Hamburg paper, "as to whether the State acts rightly in allowing the Roman Catholic Church free scope. London Papers are strenuously seeking to allay Protestant Excitement. We are inclined to think," the Article proceeds, "that such attempts to allay this Excitement merit the *Reproach of Shortsightedness*. History teaches that where the Romish Church is allowed *free scope*, she knows how to *use Power* as soon as she has acquired it. She will do in England exactly as she has *done everywhere else*. From the first moment of its existence the Roman Catholic Church, or Papacy, has always been a *Political Power* which has interposed with the utmost determination in the affairs of this world as soon as she has *had power to do so*. The aim the Papacy has in view, now as heretofore, is the Subjection of all *Worldly Power* to the *Spiritual*."—*German Paper*.

"CHEERING" THE HOST ON AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT SUNDAY.

VII.

"It was the Cardinal, and as he elevated the Host, a *shining golden sun*, every head in the vast congregation was bowed. Many people at the sight of it *tried to kneel*, forgetting in their emotion that they had been absolved from that duty. Slowly the Cardinal turned the *gleaming symbol* to each point of the compass, and then, as suddenly as he had come, disappeared.

"The 'hip-hip hurrah,' which rose from ten thousand throats *immediately afterwards*, and was taken up as far away as Victoria Street and Ashley Gardens, *sounded oddly* in contrast to those solemn, silent, moments, so opposed to cheers."—*Daily Paper*.

NOTE.—If Good Queen Victoria had witnessed this Scene, on an English Sabbath, she would probably have thought that,—as on the "Mafeking Night" amazing Scenes in London, during the Boer War,—her Loyal Subjects were becoming slightly "*dotty*."

The following is the text of Queen Victoria's proclamation referred to above :—

PROCLAMATION AGAINST AGGRESSIVE "PROCESSIONS."

"By the Queen. A Proclamation. Victoria R.

"Whereas, by the Act of Parliament passed in the tenth year of the reign of his late Majesty King George IV. (10 Geo. IV., c. 7, 1829) for the *relief* of his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, it is *enacted* that no Roman Catholic Ecclesiastic, nor any member of any of the religious orders, Communities, or Societies of the Church of Rome, bound by Monastic or Religious Vows, should exercise any of the Rites or Ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion, or wear the habits of his order, save within the *usual* places of worship of the Roman Catholic religion,

or in private houses. And whereas it has been represented to us that the Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics, wearing the habits of the orders, have exercised the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion in highways and places of public resort, with many persons in ceremonial dresses, bearing banners and objects or symbols of worship, in procession, to the great scandal and annoyance of large numbers of our people, and to the manifest danger of the public peace. And whereas it has been represented to us that such violation of the law has been committed near places of worship during time of Divine Service, and in such a manner as to disturb the Congregations assembled therein, we have, therefore, thought it our *bounden duty*, by and with all the advice of our Privy Council, to issue this, our Royal Proclamation, solemnly warning all those whom it may concern that, whilst we are *resolved to protect* our Roman Catholic Subjects in the *undisturbed enjoyment* of their legal rights and religious freedom, *we are determined to repress the commission of all such offences* as aforesaid, whereby the offenders may draw upon themselves the punishments attending the violation of the laws, and the peace and security of our dominions may be endangered. Given at our Court, at Buckingham Palace, this Fifteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord (1852) in the Fifteenth year of our reign. God Save the Queen."—*Daily Paper*.

WHY "RELIGIOUS" PROCESSIONS AT ALL ?

VIII.

"Why permit these so-called religious Processions on a Sunday, of *any* sect, in our Cities *at all* ? If their supporters wish to Worship their 'Host,' 'Pope,' or 'Mahomet,' or 'Confucius,' if really pious, they could conduct their Worship equally well *indoors*. Religion is a Spiritual, Quiet, Individual. Communion with the unseen God, not a blatant, noisy, gaudy, mob of foreign Priests disturbing our Protestant Sundays, protected with a mob with Sticks who some '*hoped*' were "Catholics,"—but they *looked* more like Prize-fighters.

"'Religion' is all nonsense. These Processions are Advertisements of various Sects, needing 500 extra police (as on September 13th) to do needless arduous duty on the Sabbath, merely to enable foreign priests to insult the National Religion of this Country with banners, 'Jesus, convert England,' etc. They plead for liberty,—to insult Protestant England, which would never have *had any* liberty these 350 years, had it not thrown overboard priestcraft, and mediæval, childish, Superstition in Popes, and Priests, once, and *for ever*.

"Our English Catholics are esteemed and respected by all, but there are good Catholics in all Countries who are not Papists. The vast majority of Catholics in the United Kingdom are not English, Scotch, or Welsh. Our national religion is Protestant. Taking our kingdom's population at 39,500,975, there are only 2,180,000 Catholics in Great Britain—many of these, moreover, are Irish—and 3,320,000 Catholics in Ireland ; a total of 5,500,000, against the remaining population of 34,000,975 Protestants.

"That, had it been possible, it would have been the greatest relief to Great Britain, if our Sister Isle could have had a Parliament, and their separate Religion for themselves, for the past 200 years, who can doubt ? But, as America saw, disunion meant ruin ; a general split up of the United States. So with the United Kingdom,—'*United we stand, divided we fall.*'

"A foreign Power,—your readers will guess which,—would annex Ireland in due course, and where should we all be then ? These foreign

monks, nuns, priests, etc., should settle in Catholic Ireland, not in Protestant England. We Protestants need no 'converting' after having given an object lesson to the World, of Liberty, Advance, Toleration, Freedom, Progress, with every Evidence of the blessing of God, and Christ, upon our British Empire."—*Daily Paper*.

EXTRACTS FROM VARIOUS DAILY PAPERS—*continued*.

IX.

"The aim of the Papacy has ever been to establish its complete domination over Civil, as well as religious, departments in any Country wherein it has obtained the power. That Power has ever been the greatest misfortune that could befall any Country. This our forefathers clearly recognised, and repudiated this baneful tyranny of Priests and Priestcraft 300 years ago.

We see this in the domination of the Romish Priests this day in Ireland, where they are usurping that of the Legitimate Rulers of the United Kingdom. Permitting those odious crimes,—boycotting,—cattle-driving, etc., and gross oppression of the Protestant People, to flourish under their baneful domination, which crimes would be, at once, stamped out under proper Protestant Control. Could the Insulting, and blasphemous petition on some of the Banners of the Procession, "Jesus, Convert England," be realised, such "conversion" to Papacy would be the most fatal,—woeful,—blow our old Protestant Country has ever experienced."—*Daily Paper*.

THE SUCCESSION OATH. "NO MAN CAN SERVE TWO MASTERS."

X.

"No man,—or Nation,—can flourish under "Two Masters," or two Sovereigns,—as Christ says, "he will hold to the one, and despise the other." No Nation can fully obey a Protestant King who swears before he is accepted, as that Nation's Monarch, that "I do Solemnly,—and Sincerely,—in the Presence of God,—Profess,—testify,—and declare that I do believe that in the Sacraments of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the Elements of the Bread and Wine into the Body and Blood of Christ,—at,—or after the Consecration thereof by any Person whatsoever. And that the Invocation,—or adoration of the Virgin Mary,—or any other 'Saint,'—and the Sacrifice of the Mass,—as they are used in the Church of Rome,—is Superstitious,—and Idolatrous,"—and yet obey, and reverence, a Potentate who insists upon all these delusions.

How is it possible that those who "Believe" in,—“Serve,”—and secretly *Reverence* a Foreign Potentate,—can have an *undivided* allegiance, "Service," and *whole-hearted* Reverence, and Loyalty to Monarchs who *begin* their reigns by *asserting* that they hold the Foreign Potentate to be wrong, merely a Schismatic, or Usurper? A *divided* allegiance is no allegiance at all" !—*Daily Paper*.

After getting rid, at last, of those dreadful Stuarts,—the Act of Parliament of 1689,—decided that it was impossible to Serve Two Masters. The Act is as follows,—

"All and every Person, and Persons, that is,—are,—or shall be, reconciled to,—or shall hold Communion with, the "See,"—or, "Church" of Rome,—shall be excluded, and be for ever incapable to Inherit,—Possess,—or Enjoy, the Crown, or Government of this Realm: and the People of these Realms shall be, and are hereby absolved of their "allegiance."

Our Common Sense tells us that a *Divided* "allegiance" will prove an absurdity, should it be ever needful to choose,—as it has been in the Past History of the Church,—between either *one* Master, or the *other*.

EUCCHARISTIC DOGMA. THE DOCTRINE OF ROME.

Let us examine,—once more,—carefully, the following:—

"The Key to the meaning of the Congress is to be found in the Catholic Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist a Sacrament, and Sacrifice. This doctrine,—briefly stated,—is the 'Real Presence' of the *Saviour* under the *appearances* of Bread and Wine in the Holy Eucharist, in which He offers,—BY THE MINISTRY OF A PRIEST (!) the *same* Sacrifice (!) as that of the Cross (!) and, moreover, unites Himself, (!) to the faithful, in the Sacrament of the Holy Communion. The change from Bread and Wine, into the Body and Blood (!) of Christ, takes place at the *words* of Consecration by the Priest, in the 'Mass,'—and thereafter (?) Christ is present, whole (!) and entire (!) under each separate particle (!) of what *appears* to be bread, and each separate drop (!) of what *appears* to be Wine. The colour and taste may remain, the Substance is changed (!) This is, in outline, the doctrine of Transubstantiation which Catholics *believe* (!) and as an Article of Faith it will be understood that here is the *centre* of their Religious life (!) The Sacrifice offered upon *their altars* and the abiding Presence of the Saviour in the blessed sacrament in their midst are the two *great facts* (?) which give life, and colour, to *all their worship* of God, both *public* and *private*. This Congress aims to give the Sacramental Presence of the Saviour the public honour which is His due. Nor will the idea of *Reparation* be *absent* from the minds of Catholics during the present week. Nay, especial prominence will be given to it at this,—the first Eucharistic Congress held in England, where, more than anywhere else, it has, in their opinion, been dishonoured during 300 years."—*Daily Paper*.

FROM WHOM DOES THE PRIEST OBTAIN THIS POWER ?

The Reader will notice that this Wondrous Miracle is always in the *hands* of a Roman Catholic Priest,—"*BY THE MINISTRY OF A PRIEST.*" Here we have the whole gist of what the Church of England calls a "*PERNICIOUS INVENTION*" !

If that Priest be asked from whom he obtains the Power to produce this stupendous Miracle,—alleged to take place at his words,—he will,—must, indeed,—reply "From the Pope." But Millions of Protestant Christians, and the Greek Church, claim from Historical Fact,—allowed by Catholic and Protestant Historians alike,—that the first "Pope" obtained *his* Authority over the other Bishops,—thereby *displacing* the old, former, System of Church Government, divesting it of its former Republican attributes, and transforming it into an absolute Despotism,—by the Forged "Decretals" of 845 (the "Isidorian") absolutely fictitious. There were about 100 pretended decrees of early Popes, with spurious

writings, etc., falsely attributed to other Church Synods, etc. These were vastly added to by the still more fatal instrument for depriving the Church of its former traditions and independence, and freedom in maintaining its own usages, and discipline,—namely, the second fraudulent issue called the “Gratian” Decretum, about the year 1150. It was a Mass of Fabrication. It gave fictitious powers to accommodate Kings,—it made the whole Christian World, through the Pope, a Domain governed absolutely by Italian Clergy (!). Consequently Millions of Christians,—with the Greek Church,—absolutely disbelieve in the Pope’s power to effect *anything whatever*,—claiming that he is *himself* a Schismatic and Usurper.

The Reader will see this, once done, the entire System of the Eucharistic alleged Miracle,—also the “Infallible” doctrine,—all *crumbles together*! Protestants do not believe a word of it!

If the Pope goes, Papacy goes with it! Leaving the pure Gospel, Christ,—our Lord’s Gospel of Love and Goodwill to us all, as it was in His Early Church ages before the “Roman” Catholic Church,—the Pope,—Cathedrals,—Priests,—Mitres,—“Masses,”—etc.,—ever came into existence.

Here we see the Immense,—Bridgeless Gulf,—between the Nonconformist, and the “Roman” Sacerdotalist. They are utterly opposed,—warlike,—ever *have been*,—and ever *will be*! The “Eucharist” is the Religion of the Sacerdotalist,—to the Dissenter it is an unscriptural Delusion of Dark Age Priestcraft, which, for Centuries, they have been endeavouring in vain, by Persecutions,—awful Wars,—and frightful Cruelties,—to force upon the Credulity of Mankind. Millions now do not believe a word of it, and never shall!

PERSECUTION OF PROTESTANTS.—REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

Having in the 1st Volume, Page 130, referred to the early Boyhood of the great Minister of France,—COLBERT,—it is a relief to know that this good man, and true Statesman, did not live to see his Patriotic, Wise, Schemes for the Prosperity of his Nation ruined during the closing years of the Debauchee, Spendthrift, and Tyrant then on the Throne of France. Richelieu’s,—and his successor, Mazarine’s subtle Policy had deprived the French People of all Authority,—crushing all the Nobles, Parliament, and other Powers,—a Subservient “Church” as usual offering no obstruction so long as they had a good share in the spoils,—so that all Power was concentrated in the so-called “Most Christian Monarch” (!) Louis XIV. He, in his turn, being ruled in the last year of his life,—as a worn out debauchee,—by his vile women, and Priests. By astounding Extravagance, absurd Wars, and Waste,—the Nation had been almost beggared,—the Peasant taxed to the utmost,—when once more Colbert,—almost worn out by expostulations and efforts to save the People,—received the demand for 60 Million Livres (!) to be raised by further Taxation,—“for the use of the Crown,”—with a clear intimation that if he could not do it, another,—taking his place,—would. It was raised,—raised by forced Taxes upon the already wretched Peasants to be squandered by the Tyrant on building Versailles,—the King’s Hobby. It cost thousands of wretched labourers’ lives,—built on a dreadful marshland in defiance of Nature,—death always busy among the 30,000 Peasants toiling at the work. In 1678, “cartloads of dead were carried away every night.” What it really cost was never known. Then the Favourite Mistress spent incredible

sums. One of them had a passion for keeping accounts. She had blank cheques to fill up as she liked. What this one woman cost France had it not been for her notes, would have been incredible. A debt of 100 Millions Sterling of our Money had been incurred by 1673. Colbert died in 1683,—crushed,—worn out,—heart-broken at seeing all his beneficent plans for reducing the Taxes, and securing Prosperity to France thus ruined. The ignorant Masses in France actually laid the blame of their Misery upon Colbert, and a Military Escort had to guard his body to the grave, by night, to avoid their Fury! Colbert had for 10 years been expostulating against the Strictures even then already, to please the Priests,—placed upon the Million and a half of worthy Protestants then in France, who were guarded by the Edict Signed in 1598 at Nantes securing their Rights as loyal French,—called the "Edict of Nantes." A Letter of Louis XIV.'s is still extant, dated 6th September, 1666,—to the Elector of Brandenburg—especially admitting that the Huguenots were loyal Subjects, giving indeed remarkable proofs of their loyalty, and he even contrasts the peaceable state of things with the turbulence in Poland, and the Swiss Anabaptist troubles. Indeed had he *been left alone* the Edict would never have been revoked, for, in his circulars to the Clergy right up to the Revocation, Louis XIV. expressly *disclaims* his desire to *alter* the Edict. Colbert for 10 years had been in vain pointing out the value to France of the Able,—Skilled,—Protestant Workmen,—Artificers, Officers and Soldiers to France,—loyal, and living,—it was notorious,—good lives.

But the King's health now (1685) after the long life he had led,—anything but a moral one,—began to fail, and now, as usual, after a Sinner's life cannot obviously continue longer, in must, as usual, be called "the Priest."

The vilest of characters think that, after a long life of sin,—with every gift of Nature, and of God,—abused,—all that will be needed to bamboozle the SUPREME JUDGE of all—the ALL SEEING GOD,—is some outward Ritual,—"the Host," "Mass," etc. The crude, extraordinary Remedies of the King's Physicians,—as described by themselves,—applied to Louis XIV. were such that one Writer expressed his surprise that the King did not have them all *executed* there and then. His teeth fell out,—there is little doubt "caries" of the jaw-bone, etc., had set in, and at times liquid nourishment had to be inserted by,—to our day,—extraordinary methods. The Queen Mother had previously died, leaving as a record of *her* Christian Spirit,—urgent, dying requests,—no doubt inspired by the Priests,—to the King to exterminate the Huguenots in France (!) For years the King had been urged by his Confessors and Spiritual advisers,—as his disease increased,—to *atone* for the sins of his past life by exterminating Heresy from France (!) They had succeeded in getting 80 of the Protestant Churches in one Diocese alone destroyed, and every effort had been made by oppression to cause a Revolt to excuse a second Bartholomew Massacre. But the Huguenots offered no resistance. Their Pastors merely calling them to Pray that the King's heart would relent to his loyal Subjects, who, for 87 Years had lived in France *on the strength* of the National honour, and the Edict of Nantes (the Charter of the Protestants). But every fresh attack of the King's disease was the cause of some fresh Edict being issued against their helpless Families. Protestant Children under seven years old were now ordered to be taken from their Families, to Convents, to be taught the Romish doctrines *at the expense* of their *Parents* (!) Thousands of poor *Mothers* were heart-broken at having their *Infants* thus *torn* from them! Huguenot Workmen were exposed to every injustice, until at length, they were ruled to be "outlaws,"—the Mob, seeing this, sacked their houses!

But the King became in Mortal fear that his life was ending, and was in constant Conference with his Priests. It was now that the Jesuits,—always the curse of every Nation until wisely banished, as they have been from a long list of Governments,—resolved to obtain the King's Signature to the "Revocation." One Jesuit,—Meynier,—actually persistently urged that the Edict of Nantes, 87 years before, was only intended to cover the *lifetime* of the, then, existing Huguenots (!) At length, the last infamous woman favourite was bribed by them, it is believed by a promise of their aid to effect a marriage (!) with the King,—to obtain his Signature. The woman succeeded ! The precise date has never been divulged, as the affair was kept secret, when the Signature was actually obtained. Some Historians believe the "marriage" took place the following day (!) The fatal and infamous "Revocation" was,—however,—published on the 22nd October, 1685,—with Winter just coming on !

THE INFAMOUS "REVOCATION" OF THE EDICT.

The "Revocation" was no sooner published, than a brutal Persecution for many years ensued, which no civilised, or so-called "Christian," Nation had ever witnessed ! The very day the Edict became known the Splendid Protestant Church at Charenton, near Paris, the work of the great Debroise,—accommodating 14,000 persons,—was doomed, and in five weeks was levelled. Eight hundred other Protestant Churches followed (!) Anguetil and others say 700 were destroyed *before* 1685. Then began the terrible "Dragonnades." "Dragoons," (admittedly a brutal,—licentious,—ferocious,—set,—capable of any Crimes,—with the Pope's 'Bull,' promising forgiveness of their sins (see page 1,085), whatever atrocities they committed.) were "*quartered*" upon the Huguenot Families, till their "Conversion" to Romanism. At first their Pastors were given 15 days to leave the Country, alone, without their Wives or Children : many refusing to leave their Children, or Flocks, were sent to the terrible "Galleys" for life to work the huge oars,—chained to the vilest Criminals:—an awful life ! Yet many of these devoted Pastors who had escaped returned, braving all dangers, to minister to their flocks in the open air, and were seized and suffered death, 29 Protestant Pastors being hung between 1684 and 1762. Next,—a Royal Edict to stop the wretched Families from leaving France,—proclaimed that the heads of Families attempting to escape should be sent to the galleys for life, and their Property Confiscated (!) The old tale ! Murder the Protestants, and "confiscate" their all, to the Romish Church, and the State. The plunder by this brigandage was very great. That vile woman, Maintenant, the tyrant's Mistress, writes to her brother that she has obtained 800,000 francs for him from the King, and adds, "Estates in Poitou may be got now for nothing ; the desolation of these Huguenots drives them out. You may easily acquire extensive possessions in Poitou" (!) Before the Great French Revolution, 1793, came, the French Clergy possessed a Fifth of the Landed Property in France, worth £160,000,000 sterling ! Then,—7th May, 1686,—another royal decree altered the penalty to death (!) to any Fugitive or to any person assisting in their flight (!) For cruel Winter Months wretched Fathers, Wives, and little Children fled by night, into the wild Pyrenees, Woods, and Caves. They were followed, and hunted like wild animals. Rewards were given for their capture to all who stopped them on the Frontiers or Coast. The Dragoons were ordered to charge any assembly held for Prayer, and to cut down all they could ! Indeed, the King's Minister Louvois allowed

the infamous Governor Nouilles to order a regular Massacre from Grenoble to Bordeaux. The alternative being the "Conversion" we have heard so much of, at the late "Eucharistic" Congress, in London, 1908.

At Nîmes, an entire army of 60,000 entered, and so horrible a "dragonnade" ensued that Nouilles reported to the King that he had "converted" the City in 24 hours, and that by the end of November there should not be a Protestant left in Languedoc! The neighbouring Protestant Nations did their best. Once across the Frontiers, the Dutch Danes, Swiss, and Germans received the poor creatures with every hospitality. The *old, old*, contrast between the two Religions, the Papacy,—first the Priest,—then Power,—then Property,—then Popery,—then Persecution!

Vast numbers were cut down,—executed,—caught,—and sent to the Prisons, and Gallies,—or died of exhaustion,—starvation,—and exposure; especially the delicate, higher class Women, and their little children, unused to hardship. Many escaped; crossing the Channel in small open Boats (!) half naked to the English coast. Those who,—like the writer,—have crossed the Channel over 60 times, can picture to themselves, open boats in the stormy weather of Autumn, crossing, full of exhausted women, and their little ones, after weeks of pursuit, before reaching the Coast. And this was the *Papacy in Power*! It is not the Religion of Jesus Christ!

CHRIST'S RELIGION.

"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar."

"These things I command you, that ye love one another."

"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you."

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."

"Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."

"He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."

"And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."

"He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."

"Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous."

"Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."—*Rom. viii., 9.*

HUGUENOTS RECEIVED IN ENGLAND.

The Fugitives were received into the houses on our Coast with every kindness. The British Government at once voted Money for their support, and a Public Subscription of £200,000 was made at once. The able, skilled, citizens were supplied with tools,—material,—workshops,—etc.,—the old and Sick seen to,—their children supplied with clothes, and Schools.

So many of the Huguenots,—who had wisely fled while the Frontiers were still open,—had managed to reach Holland, Germany, etc., with considerable wealth,—that in 1687,—960,000 Gold “Louis” had reached the London Mint, to be converted into English Guineas. All this time the news of the Revocation and these horrors had been received with an outburst of joy in Rome. The, then, Pope of those dark times forwarded a Brief of praise and congratulation, to “the Most Christian King” (!) Te Deums took place, and Processions visited various Shrines, Medals were struck, at a Public Thanksgiving (!) and a Bronze Statue of Louis XIV. erected in Paris! This was broken up in 1792, and the metal cast into Cannon, *used at Valmy*. “*Cannonized*” in a very *practical* manner! For years after, the “Converted” continued to leave France to join their friends, so that Fourteen Months from the Revocation, 15,500 Refugees,—with their excellent Pastors,—had reached England alone,—and had been relieved, as shown by the Records. In the first year 140 “Persons of Quality” had had their sons placed in our best Commercial Houses, 150 entered our Army, and 15 Churches were built for the Huguenots. 13,000 skilled artizans were soon settled in London alone. Looms were erected,—Manufactures started.—They brought with them their skilled knowledge in working Silk, Wool, Metals, etc. The same success took place in all the other Protestant Countries who had received them. By the aid of that century we English needed no longer to buy from France Silks, Glass, Mirrors, Taffetas, Ribands, Laces, Beaver Hats, Paper, Linen, Cloth, etc.,—we were soon actually exporting these, also Calico and Knitted goods. A Stream of Gold came in! Still, God only knows the Misery thousands of the victims endured for Years in the Prisons, Galleys, etc., of France, or the horrors the brutal Dragoons inflicted upon defenceless men, women and their little ones. It was a War against the unarmed, helpless, peaceable, fellow Citizens, a War against civilisation, and human conscience, and justice. A wholesale Robbery and Brigandage, carried on under the Holy Name of Religion and Christ!

The Roman Catholic Clergy,—and especially the Jesuits,—were beside themselves with joy! Bossuet, the “eloquent,” addressing the debauchee on the Throne thus (15th January, 1686):—“Let us expand our hearts in praise of the Piety of the Great Louis! Let our acclamation ascend to Heaven,—and let us say to this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, ‘You have strengthened our Faith,—you have exterminated the Heretics,—King of Heaven preserve the King of Earth!’” And this was addressed to a barbarous Tyrant, slowly rotting as the result of his vices!

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

Yet the Modern Theology of 1908 wishes us to believe that “Man” is “essentially,—fundamentally,—at ‘oneness’ with the Nature of God, and Christ,” and that he is not a “Fallen” creature.

This all took place in the Civilised “Religious” Period of “fallen” Man, or what the deluded fallen creature called,—and thought,—was his “Religion.” (!)

When such horrors of cruelty, oppression, and outrage, are called by the Name of “Religion,” instead of claiming the Nature of fallen Man as Godlike, one is much more inclined to the conviction of the Sceptic, Voltaire,—who though an Atheist, had lived long, and knew his countrymen thoroughly,—to use his own words (and we may presume he included *himself* in his opinion), Mankind were really “a Cross between the Ape and the Tiger”!

WHAT IT COST FRANCE.

Vauban,—and other French Authorities,—estimated,—a few years after the infamous “Revocation,”—that, out of the Million and a half Protestants in France, 300,000 to 400,000, eventually escaped, an equal number (!) perished on the Scaffolds, in Prisons, the Galleys, during the terrible Dragonnades, — were cut down at the Frontiers, or in attempting to reach the coast,—or perished of cold, hunger, or exhaustion in the Forests and Wilderness. The rest were for a time (so-called) “converted,”—but vast numbers eventually left France, and joined their fellows.

Sismondi estimated that it cost France (1) its most flourishing Manufactures, (2) about Sixty Millions Sterling, (3) The 40,000 employed at Tours in the Silk Trade fell to 4,000 ; of 800 Mills, 730 had to be closed, of 400 Tanneries in Lorraine only 54 remained in 1798. The Population of Nantes,—the most flourishing city at that time in France,—fell from 80,000 to half. (4) France lost 9,000 Sailors, and 12,000 veteran Troops, 600 being officers, who assisted William III. afterwards at the Battle of the Boyne.

JAMES II.

It is a Remarkable fact that the last Papist Tyrant England,—please God,—will ever see upon our Throne was Crowned 6th of January 1685, the very year of the Infamous “Revocation of Nantes.” There was,—indeed,—a wonderful similarity between the two men ; both were Tyrants,—both were *Bigots*,—both were licentious and dissolute,—vibrating between their *Women* and their “*Confessors*.” What the Women,—Valliere,—Montespan,—and Maintenon,—(Women have always been the curse of the French Court and Throne),—were to Louis XIV. and XV.,—that the women Churchill, and Sedley, were to the coarse, vulgar,—James II. As cruel, also at heart, as the Tyrant over the water, he began his Reign with his Savage and Brutal treatment of the excellent English Nonconformists, or Dissenters. Like Louis XIV. and XV. he hated the “Puritan” Sect (as *they* did the “Huguenots”), with a hatred Political,—Hereditary,—Theological,—and Personal. *Why* ? Because they all knew “Nonconformity” stands for Political and Religious Liberty of Conscience, associated as it always has been,—with loyal citizenship and Civil and Religious Liberty. Ever since the Reign of Elizabeth,—disguised in every possible way to accomplish the undoing of the glorious Reformation,—and bring England back to the thralldom of Rome,—these Tyrants, with the Jesuits, were as usual at work, all through the Reigns of those miserable Stuarts. The plan was to set the Church of England against their fellow Christians, the Dissenters or Nonconformists. Edicts, persecutions, fines, imprisonments were at once the lot of the Nonconformists,—the Prisons of good old Protestant England,—were filled,—not with Criminals, but with the good “Quakers,”—“Baptists,”—etc. That detestable tool of James II. of the “Bloody Assize,”—Judge Jeffreys,—always excused his crimes by saying he *never came up to his Master’s* (James II.) *wishes* in all his Atrocities, and judicial Murders. The bloodthirsty ferocity of James II.,—burst out in his other “tool,” that military monster (called “the Butcher”),—Colonel Kirke. Here were poor, Rustic Englishmen,—of blameless lives, industrious Citizens in the Country Districts, set upon by trained troops. Cut down, and hung by hundreds. At Taunton, Kirke hung 100 within a week, many without form of Trial. Many of the victims were “quartered,” and hung in “Gibbets” in the Villages (!)

On one occasion the executioners quartered so many bodies he was like a Butcher,—“ankle deep in blood.” (See Macaulay, p. 619.) Meanwhile Jeffreys hung 70 in Dorsetshire at the Assizes, those in Somersetshire 233, Fathers of Families, with Children and Wives dependent upon them. 841 were transported merely for their defence of Protestantism in this Empire. In Somersetshire, on English Village Greens, the ironed corpses of their neighbours swung before the eyes of the Villagers, or human heads, or quarters stuck on Poles (!) Kirke always swore he merely acted from Royal encouragement, and orders. Next the Tyrant, James II., set to work to capture the English Universities for Rome. In one day twelve Papists were made “Fellows.” Magdalen College was turned into a Romish Seminary, and a Roman Catholic Bishop, Bonaventura, made President. Finally, May 19, 1688,—Seven Protestant Church of England Bishops were committed to the Tower (!) On the 29th June they were tried. Evelyn, in his Diary, says 60 Peers were present. The Foreman,—Sir Roger Langley,—pronounced “*Not Guilty.*” The Scene in London passed all description; the popular delight, the enthusiasm, the church bells ringing! Within 24 hours the invitation to Holland left England to William the III. to accept the Crown of England. Running away from the Battle of the Boyne, to his paymaster, Louis XIV., in France, the Cad remarked to an Irish Lady of Rank,—the Wife of his own Viceroy,—“Your Countrymen *run well, Madam!*” But he met his match in the witty Irish lady! “*Not so well as your Majesty!*” she replied,—“for you have won the Race!”

So fled to France the last of those vile Catholic Stuarts! James II. would have gladly followed the example of Louis XIV. in attempting the hopeless task of exterminating Protestantism. But he met in the English and Scotch Race a People too sensible and too hardy to be put under the heel of Papist Tyrants, Priests, or a depraved “Church and State.” It is remarkable how *little* their “*Masses,*” etc., *affected the real immoral*,—treacherous,—cruel,—tyrannical,—*characters* of these Catholic Kings,—Charles V., Philip II., Charles X., Louis XIV., that wretch Louis XV. governed by the Woman Pompadour; then by the low born Du Barry,—died in 1774,—died as he had lived, in *flagrant vice*. His Reign of Fifty years had been a continual Misfortune to France. “*After me the Deluge!*” he said, and truly enough it *came!* His Body remained, for many hours,—abandoned,—no one seemed to feel the least interest what became of it. Then we have that depraved character Charles II, who brought our English Court to the lowest state of open Immorality it ever reached.

CHARLES II.

Charles II., that licentious wretch, brought the English Throne, and Court, down to its lowest pitch of open Immorality it has ever reached. Evelyn (1620-1706), who had to be in the Palace constantly, gives us an account of the Sunday before the King was struck by the fatal apoplexy.

“The King was toying with his Women,—a French boy was singing love songs from the balcony,—while at a large table in the Room a Group of Nobles of the Court were gambling for a heap of Money!”

Yet we learn a Priest named Huddleston “administered the Sacrament,”—(always the Sacrament!) to the dying wretch. The credulity of such Sinners to think that Almighty God is to be *bamboozled* by such “hocus pocus” after a life of Sin and Debauchery can only be explained by their souls being absolutely blinded by Satan, and a lifetime

of Sin. The *first* time such will really "*believe*" in,—or "*realise*" the Presence of an awfully Holy God,—will be in *Hell*!

Let us, Protestants, humbly pray that James II. is the last Catholic King who will ever again mount the Throne of England, Germany, or France! "*Once bitten twice shy*!"

NOTE.—The Reader is strongly urged to secure a Second-hand copy of the following Excellent Works:—

John Lothrop Motley (b. 1814; d. 1877):—

No. 1. The Rise of the Dutch Republics. 1 vol. edition. Routledge, 1868, written in the years 1851-6. 5s.

No. 2. History of the United Netherlands, 1868 edition, from the Murder of William of Orange down to 1609. 5s.

No. 3. The Thirty Years' War, written 1874. He died at Kingston Rushton House, near Dorchester, 29th May, 1877.

Prescott's excellent Works (b. 1796; d. 1859):—

No. 4. Ferdinand and Isabella. Bell, London.

No. 5. Life of Philip II. (written in 1848-55). 1858.

No. 6. "History of Conflict between Religion and Science," by John William Draper. King and Co., London. (A most instructive work.) 1875. 4s.

No. 7. "Paul the Pope, and Paul the Friar," by T. Adolphus Trollope. (Smith, Elder, London. 1870.) 2s.

This last book is an admirable History of the *Last* "Interdict" ever issued from Rome, unwisely attempted,—by old Paul V., 17th April, 1606, against the warnings of all his advisers. Even at the head of the Vatican Stair, he *wavered*,—well he might,—and, it is believed, would have turned,—had it not been for a certain Cardinal Arrigoni who urged him on. If it failed now before the increased *intelligence* of Mankind it would be a *terrible blow* to the Papal Power. The Republic of Venice at once prevented any Bull, Brief, etc., to be opened, received or exposed, on any Wall, or Church. Night Watchmen patrolled the Streets. Every Priest who would not continue his usual Services lost his position for good. They continued as usual. A wise discretion!

These Measures, recommended by the Friar, Pietro Sarpi,—the "Terrible Friar,"—Paul the Venetian,—prevailed. An amazing man of immense Industry, dauntless Courage, vast Learning, the attempt to Murder him failed, and the Pope gave way. Venice returned very haughtily, with flying colours, to the Fold, and Rome never recovered the blow! That most powerful Engine,—the "Great Interdict,"—could *never* again be *dreaded*,—as once it was by the poor, ignorant Masses. It could terrify people and Monarchs no more! The Venetians were assured by the Vatican that their Marriages were null, and that they might act as if they were not binding. Wives were told that all obedience to "excommunicated" Husbands was a Sin,—Sons were told that they might oppose their Parents, "all Civil Contracts" were asserted "to be null," etc., but it was all in vain! The Venetians *took no notice*! The old, old, Weapon of turning the Ignorant, and Poor, against their Rulers failed. People no longer feared the evils to their Souls by the Pope's Interdict. "The School Master" had been "abroad"! Fancy a Holy Father,—alleged to be Vicar of Christ,—by his "Interdict" daily consigning an entire Nation,—Wives,—Fathers,—Children,—to Eternal Perdition,—unabsolved (!) No Church bells to ring,—no Baptism,—no Marriage,—no Christian Burial,—to take place,—merely because an irritable old man at Rome became angry (!)

The "Council of Ten" at Venice did a great Service in freeing the World from such Mediæval Superstitions for ever!

A most *instructive* Book! The description by the Secretaries, at Rome, called Conclavisti, of the *details* of how a Pope was elected,—the labyrinth of Intrigue,—Counter Plots,—etc.,—is *inimitable*!

No. 8. Another Excellent Work, "The Huguenots," by Samuel Smiles. Murray, 1868. 5s

The immediate results of the Infamous "Revocation of Edict of Nantes," by the dying Tyrant, and Spendthrift, Louis XIV., is well described. The Revocation involved the demolition of all the remaining places of Worship in France; the entire proscription of the Protestant Religion, the prohibition of private worship indoors, under penalty of confiscation of Property; the Banishment of all Protestant Pastors from France in 15 days, the closing of all Protestant Schools; the injunction upon their Parents,—under penalty of 500 francs each case,—to have their children baptized by the Catholic Parish Priest, and then brought up in the Catholic Religion. The confiscation of all the Property of Protestant Refugees who had already fled who failed to return to France; the Penalty of the Gallies for Life to all Males, and life imprisonment to all Women who were caught attempting to escape, and leave France!

The Pastors were not permitted to take any of their little children with them; all under Seven years old being taken from their Parents to be brought up in the Catholic Religion. *Infants at the breast* had to be given up, and many a poor Mother's heart bled at thus losing all their little ones. To fly became increasingly difficult. The Frontiers were patrolled by Troops and gendarmes; the Coast was closely watched by coastguards. Ships of war intercepted outward bound vessels to search for Fugitives, who were sent to the Gallies. Their denouncers received half their goods as reward. Indeed, on 7th May, 1686, the King issued another Edict that any captured Fugitives, as well as any one assisting their flight, and acting as their guide, would be condemned to Death (!) It was Proclamation of War against peaceable Citizens, living in France, confiding in the Honour of the Country to preserve the Edict. A War against Women, Children, Family Life, against Society, Public Morality, against Civilisation and against common Humanity, Justice and the Commands of Christ.

Yet the Roman Catholic Clergy were beside themselves with Joy, fervent in their Praises of the dying Debauchee on the Throne. The "Eloquent" Bossuet said, 15th January, 1686:—"Touched by so many Marvels, let us expand our Hearts in praise of the Piety of the Great Louis (!) Let our acclamations ascend to Heaven (!) and let us say to this new Constantine,—this new Theodosius,—'You have strengthened the faith, you have exterminated the heretics. King of Heaven, preserve the King of the Earth.'" While another Clerical orator,—Massillon,—said exultantly,—"The Profane Tongues are destroyed,—the Pulpits of seduction (!) are cast down; the prophets of falsehood are torn from their Flocks! At the first blow of Louis heresy disappears to bear into foreign lands its false gods, its bitterness, and its Rage" (!) Whereas the Protestants were poor,—defenceless,—prayerful,—peaceful,—Citizens setting the Example to their Country of good, honest, pious, lives, whom these Wretches were murdering!

The French Clergy grew immensely rich upon the Brigandage upon the Property of the Protestants. The Clergy held one-fifth of the entire

landed Property of France, estimated then to be worth about £160,000,000. The old Tale,—the usual 5 “P’s,”—Priests, Power, Property, Popery, and Persecution, till the great French Revolution rent it from them. It was these Priests, Nobles, Kings, who were flying *then* from France.

The rule of the Priests in France,—from their Massacre of the Protestants,—really caused the Revolution of 1793,—they were rolling in wealth; the Masses were starving. In 1789, 200,000 wretched Beggars were prowling about the Palais Royal, spectral looking,—some had had no food for three days. *Then the Storm burst!* One Member of the King’s Council,—Foulon,—had said, “Wait till I am Minister, I will make them eat hay; my horses eat it.” These words were remembered; the Mob hanged him,—filled his mouth with hay,—and carried his head round the Streets!

Now these persecuting Catholics and Nobles *in their turn fled* for safety to Protestant England! What an *Example* of the benefit to every Country of Protestantism! How truly does History thus prove that wherever “Roman” Catholic Priests have the control, Tyranny, Cruelty, and Ruin will ever follow! A proof that Intolerance is ever the Enemy of Mankind! Once they get Control over silly Mankind,—Priests, Power, Popery, Property, and Persecution are always found to cling together.

No. 9. Another old Book with Frontispiece, is, at times, obtainable,—Printed in London, 1705,—“The Western Martyrs,—or Bloody Assize, with the Lives, Tryals, and Dying Speeches of those who suffered.”

No. 10. At times an Old Book may also be met with,—Printed for John Dunton at the *Raven*, in the *Poultry*, London, 1693. “An impartial History of the Life and Death of George Laud Jeffreys, late Chancellor of England.” [The two, early, large, Editions (Quartos) were printed in 1689.]

It gives a circumstantial account of the terrible Assize Journeys (Sept., 1685) of this Wretch: (born 1648, in Denbighshire, at Acton, died in the Tower, 1689). To get the Massacre over quickly, this Judge (!) used to intimate that if they legally *claimed* a Trial, and were found guilty, “they should have *little time to live*,” also “that it would be better for any to plead Guilty if they *expected any favour*.” This was designed to shorten Business; to wheedle the thirty at Dorchester to follow to a confession that they had aided the escape of the followers of Monmouth, or had harboured any even one night. Without this, not a tenth of them could have been proved guilty. A Method without precedent to entrap these poor ignorant people, was to send two officers into the Gaol to take their Names *on promise* if they *confessed* they might expect Mercy, *otherwise not*, which many therefore did, thus putting an end to further Trial (!) The only thing remaining was to pronounce Sentence upon them all; 292 received Sentence of Death, all at once, Jeffries being seen to laugh.

Eighty were executed,—cut up,—and their Quarters sent up and down the Country, to the dread of the Spectators, and of all Travellers. The extraordinary Whipping of others were mere trifles. “He then went to the Town of Taunton, where he thought fit to be as expeditious as might be, to quench his Master’s thirst for Blood of those that ventured their all in Defence of their Protestant Religion, and here we enter the Bloodiest part of the Tragedy in this town, and at Wells in the said County, in all where there were 500 Prisoners. Here were 239 executed,

their quarters being dispersed round the country, the rest Transported, save such of those who could furnish coin to two of his favourites, who had a share; the rest they declared went into his Lordship's Pocket, according to the action of *Rome*, where Sins of any kind may be pardoned for money. The Design in the Eye of Mother Church to root out Heresie by Executions and Transportation." The Book also gives the Charge by Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys at the City of Bristol, Monday, September 21st, 1685, on his return from his West Executions.

A long, rambling, horribly vulgar Speech of four pages, in the strange, at times blasphemous, language of the day. "Our most Blessed Prince,—(James II.) (!),—whom God long preserve, has he not ventured his Life for these Kingdoms?" (NOTE.—He *ran away* quickly, enough, at the Battle of the Boyne!) "Good God! Oh, Jesu! That we should live in such an age! This is a large city, it is impossible to search well into all the corners of it, therefore mind you the Constables of their duty," etc.

But now there were powerful and wealthy men in Bristol with Influence; so James II. sent orders accordingly. The poor Country People had been helpless, were hung, drawn, and quartered. It came now to fines. "A well-known Gentleman's purchase came to fifteen hundred Guineas, which my Lord Chancellor had," etc. A parcel of Taunton girls, some of whom were Children of Eight to Ten years old, the Parents according to Ability gave £50, others £100, which, however, did not answer the first Expectations, yet it did satisfy, and they were accordingly pardoned."

Judge Jeffries went on this Savage Assize, not only Judge, but had a breviate under King James II.'s own hand, to command what Troops he pleased to attend his commands from place to place. He was also Lord Lieutenant-General. On one occasion when a Major of the first Regiment of Guards, the Dragoons, who were his Life-Guard, following Jeffreys from Somersetshire to Wiltshire, the Major asked him if there would be any *favour* (!) shewn to one, Mr. Speake, who was not the Speake it was intended to have been taken. Jeffreys said, "No, his Family, if he was one of the same (!) owed a *Life*, and he *should die* for his *Namesake* who had *escaped*" (!)

It gives a very full account of the Victims,—their Names, Family, their Monstrous so-called Trials, a Mockery of Justice. The brutal Speeches of Judge Jeffries. Their Last Words, conduct at the trials; also their Prayers and Speeches at the Places of Execution. Their Letters to their Friends, etc., are very beautiful; many were evidently Sincere Christians, and were wonderfully peaceful to the last. Terrible *mistakes* were made,—*quite* innocent people were *executed*. Jeffries always said he was instructed, not to be particular, as the King wished an example to be made (!) He raised Money by obtaining Pardons from the Rich. The Poor could obtain none. He was made Lord Chancellor for his cruelties in the West. He only lived 4 years after.

JEFFRIES' DEATH.

The moment he heard that the Prince of Orange had landed, and that his Master,—James II.,—had fled, Jeffries "Betook himself, by night, to Wapping,—disguised as a Sailor,—in order to escape to Hamborough in a Collier. But being discovered he was brought before Sir J. Chapman, Lord Mayor of London, in this strange disguise." To save him from the Mob who gathered,—in great numbers,—to *kill* him,—he was conducted to the Tower protected by a Guard of Soldiers.

He was then, however, greatly diseased, especially suffering from Stone. A Dr. Lower attended him. He died in the Tower, 1689, only 4 years after the "bloody assize."

No. 11. Another excellent Book should be carefully perused, "Light from Old Times," Protestant Facts and Men. By Bishop J. C. Ryle, of Liverpool. May, 1898. Thynne, 5 Great Queen Street, London. A most instructive account. A carefully compiled Book,—giving Details of the Lives, and Martyrdom of good John Rogers,—Rowland Taylor,—John Hooper,—Hugh Latimer,—John Bradford, and Nicholas Ridley, their Lives of usefulness,—noble characters, the Love of their People,—the Sorrow at their terrible Murders by Queen Mary, are given in full by contemporary witnesses. Also the Lives of Richard Baxter and others, with the History of those days, the wicked Judge Jeffreys, &c. It also gives an admirable Life of Archbishop Laud,—the lasting mischief to the Church of England he caused,—the Trial of the Seven Bishops,—the desperate efforts of the Popist, James II., to introduce Popery into England, and how he failed. A very instructive book.

No. 12. Whenever the Reader has the opportunity in Public, or State Libraries, etc.,—let him endeavour to see a copy,—occasionally met with at "Second-hand" Book depots,—a rare Book of 1658.

"The History of the Evangelical Churches of the Valley of Piedmont, a faithful Account of their Doctrine, and Innocent Lives. With a most naked, and punctual, Relation of the late Bloody Massacre of 17th April, 1655 also that of the following 21st April, 1655."

"Their Practice, and Doctrines being founded upon that of the Early Christian Church, as proved by divers Ancient MSS., written many years before Martin Luther. The true originals of which the greater part are to be seen in safety,—in their proper language,—in the Library of the University of Cambridge, England. By Samuel Moreland, Esq.,—Commissioner Extraordinary of His Highness, Cromwell, for the said Valley of Piedmont,—for the Disposal of the Collection made in England, for the Remnant,—(NOTE.—*Ominous* word, Reader!)—of the Poor People left. Printed by H. Hill, one of His Highness's Printers, for J. Byfield, and to be sold at the "Three Bibles,"—next the "Pope's Head" Alley, 1658."

NOTE.—A Day of National Prayer (14th June, 1655) was held throughout England, and Subscriptions and Collections made in the Churches. Cromwell heading it by £1,000. It is an *awful* account! When the News came, Oliver Cromwell was on the point of Signing a Treaty with France, with Richelieu, but refused to sign it till guarantee was given to cease all proceedings against the Piedmont Valleys. Richelieu, at once, gave in, and that wretch the Duke of Savoy's frightful Persecution was stopped. All Europe trembled before the amazing Protestant OLIVER CROMWELL, who, we may claim,—next to ALFRED THE GREAT,—to have been the grandest BRITON these Islands ever produced!

THE DWELLERS IN THE VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT.

These Simple,—“Early Christian,”—People were, and still are,—for there they are still, in 1908,—a very industrious, very poor, but always Pious Folk. They claimed their form of taking the Sacrament amongst themselves. Their objection to receiving it from the stupid, sensual,

Priests of that day in France was that when consecrated by an evil-living, notoriously bad Priest, it was invalid. They "passed the cup round" themselves without a "Priest."

This, as usual, was the true Cause of the Fixed Hatred of the Jesuits and Priests. It always will be! The "Host" alleged to be produced by the Priests at Mass, and carried about, if disbelieved and repudiated, deprives Priestcraft of its Sheet Anchor. That is why the Priests cling to their "Mass" with the tenacity of a drowning man clutching at the Straw! Millions of Christians now do not believe a word of it! The Piedmontese were small Farmers,—Weavers in Cloth, and in Silk. It was in Languedoc that the famous "Truce of God,"—and "Peace of God,"—were settled in the 11th Century to end the horrible Miseries of Private Wars! What took place all over Germany, etc., for ages, God only knows! The Wolves began to come into some of their Towns. We read that, merely as one Incident, "the Bishop (!) of Wurzburg, in a vindictive Foray,—burnt,—and destroyed an entire Territory,—entirely destroying Mills,—Crops,—Vines,—and Dwellings, leaving Ruin and Misery as the piteous results of his ferocity." "In South Germany sacked towns, and civil wars, about religion, caused many villages to disappear altogether,—their very Name being lost to Human Memory." Thus Languedoc, Nimes especially, was the Centre of the Huguenot Faith. The valleys of the Cevennes, inhabited by them, were difficult of access to their Enemies.

The Earlier Massacres of the Vaudois,—or the Valleys of Piedmont, in 1655,—must not be confused with the later one 30 years after in 1684-1704 in the Cevennes. The first horrors had been committed by a French Army, aided by Brigades of Irish who had fled before Cromwell. Horrible cruelties were committed: In May 1655,—Richilieu,—threatened by Cromwell,—compelled that Wretch,—the Duke of Savoy,—to cease these horrors, else the Vaudois might have been totally exterminated (as the Pope expressed it)! See Page 1,085. As a matter of fact their Descendants, Simple, Pious, Folk still occupy those Valleys in 1908. There were 467,531,—in 1872.

Dr. Jilley,—in 1824,—excited much interest by his Work,—“A Visit to the Valleys of Piedmont.” Funds were contributed—and a College was opened for them at La Torre. Then, in 1827, a Colonel Beckwith,—a hero of Waterloo,—took so much interest in the poor People, that he lived 35 years amongst them, and died there at La Torre in 1862, greatly lamented by the worthy Mountaineers. Before his death, by 1849, indeed, 120 Schools were established, and a College at Turin.

NOTE.—The Writer learns with pleasure that the Waldensian College, Torre-Pellice—(La Torre),—where Colonel Beckwith died, is still flourishing in 1908,—and hopes to present a Copy of this Work to its Library. The Faculty of Divinity of the Waldensian Church is established at Florence (1908).

In the Lists of those sent to the "Galleys" between 1684-1762-78, long years of Persecution (!)—the Huguenots are described as of "fine physique, intelligent, and pious." A vile Abbé, "Du Chaila," who had

been on a Mission to Siam,—was appointed Catholic Inspector to the Cevennes. He invented a horrible Instrument called the "Squeezers," like the terrible Scotch "Boot,"—used against the Covenanters in Scotland. The wonderful Leader, Jean Cavalier,—a Baker's Boy,—1702,—defeated, in succession, the Count de Boglie,—and Three Marshals of France,—Montavel, Borwick, and Villars. At length an army of 60,000, including the Irish regiments, were sent against them. Horrible Scenes now took place! In 1703 Clement XI. issued the Bull from the Vatican:—

"Clement XI., the Servant of Servants, Salvation, and Apostolic blessing" (!) "with the design of arresting the progress of heresy in the Cevennes of the execrable Race of the ancient Albigenses, we therefore, in order to engage the faithful in the work of *exterminating* the accursed race of those heretics and evildoers (!) in all ages the enemies of God and Cæsar (!) and in virtue of the power to bind, and to loose accorded by the Saviour of Men to the Chief Apostle, we declare and award of our full powers and authority, the absolute and general *remission* of their sins (!) to all those who shall engage in the holy crusade for the extirpation of these heretics, and we command that our Bull given under the signet of the Fisher, be printed, and affixed to the doors of all the churches in your Diocese. Given at Rome the 1st of May in the year of our Lord 1703, and the first of our Pontificate" !

Reader! Is this the "Spirit of Christ"? Here we have this wicked man inciting his Church to Murder their fellow Christians! Promising them a pretended "Forgiveness" of their Sins,—as a Reward for the Murder of those who believed him to be an *Impostor* (small blame to them either!)

"Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God only?—*Mark* ii., 2.

HOW OPPOSITE THE TEACHING OF JESUS CHRIST !

"And when His disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from Heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did ?

"But Jesus turned, and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.

"For the Son of Man is not come to Destroy men's lives, but to Save them. And they went to another village."—*Luke* ix., 55.

"Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."—*Rom.* viii., 9.

THE MASSACRES.

The first Commander's advice was, "It is not sufficient to kill those who carry arms ; it is necessary to put to the sword all the Protestants in the Country, and to burn their Villages. (!) By this means they will not be able to recruit, and the Extirpation need not cost the life of a Catholic." (!) So spake Julian. (!) A Proclamation was at once issued, in accordance with the Pope's Bull, "It having pleased the King to command the Army not to leave any inhabitant in any of the Parishes, or Places, hereafter named, the inhabitants of them are to repair within

three days, with all their goods they can carry to certain Towns." Thus those of the Parishes of Castagnols, St. Maurice, and Genouillac were all (!) to "repair to the last-named Town, there to remain during the King's pleasure" (!) Fancy, Reader, what this involved in these inhuman orders! Men, Women, and little Children, were seen leaving their old homes, which they were never to see again,—all to be burnt,—carrying all their goods they could, with Winter coming. On 20th September, 1703, till 14th December, *nearly three Months*, the Troops were burning all their houses; (!) the last Parish being that of St. Etienne de Valfrancesque. 400 Villages and Hamlets were burnt to ashes and twenty Leagues of Territory converted to a Desert, with a Town here and there crowded with the wretched people (!) Numbers were killed, cut down if they resisted. But this horror did not succeed! The wonderful Young Leader, Cavalier, led the Camisards to Victory in 1704, till numbers at length told. But a sagacious Baron, friendly to the Poor People, conceived another Plan, and General Villars warmly espoused it. It was a Council of all, to see what the Camisards would be contented with. General Villars,—the Conqueror at Rochstadt and Friedlingen,—saw that Conciliation was needed,—the quiet Protestants at Nimes and other large towns, expressing their horror at the cruelties. He proclaimed an Amnesty, and in May, 1704, he met the Young Cavalier,—who was not 20 years old!—at Nimes,—with all honour. Whether the Signed "Articles," were *really* kept to is *uncertain*. Cavalier had gained the respect of all: he was received with honour, and his Eight articles were nearly all granted. He was only now in his 20th Year. Louis XIV. wished to see him, but on seeing his youth the King shrugged his shoulders, and the interview was a short one. Cavalier entered the English Service, became a General Officer, and Governor of Jersey, afterwards Governor of the Isle of Wight. He died at Chelsea, 1740. Louis XIV. died 1715. He had announced that all Heresy had now disappeared. But he was wrong. Protestantism will never disappear, even in France! 14 years after, the Heroic Antoine Court had organized 120 Churches,—once more,—in Languedoc, with 200,000 Protestants, under their pastors (!) George I. subscribed 500 Guineas annually to aid them. But the last Galley Slave of Languedoc was not released till 1775.

Cavalier was led to agree to end Hostilities, after a desperate Battle 16th April, 1704, at the Bridge of Nages, when he encountered,—with only 1,000,—Marshall Montneval, with 4,000 Veteran Troops,—and even then, successfully, retreated with two thirds of his followers. This Montneval was a very "cruel man,"—he, on one occasion killed 20 Huguenot Women and their children in a Cave. But a greater loss was due to a Woman,—in order to save her own Life,—showed the Army the Secret Caves where they made their Gunpowder,—Bullets,—kept their Stores,—and their Wounded. The latter were at once killed (!) Hostages were given the Young Leader to secure his Safety, and with an armed Escort of his Followers he met General Villars in Nimes. Their astonishment at his youth was such that they could not, at first, believe that he was their Leader who had performed such amazing Deeds. Crowds flocked to see him. His stipulated articles were mostly granted, but some of his followers required to be reinstated just as before the "Revocation," and refused to submit. They were soon, however, dispersed, and Louis XIV. before his death, in 1715, struck Medals at the extinction of all Protestantism in France. He was, however, quite mistaken! 14 years after his death, the heroic Antoine Court had rebuilt 120 Churches in Languedoc, with 200,000 attending. In 1872 there were 467,531. George I. subscribed 500

Guineas annually to them. In 1787 Louis XVI., by Edict, restored their Civil Status after 101 years. The Flight from France had wisely *begun* years before the Revocation. Between 1657 and 1685,—520 Protestant Churches had been destroyed, Auguetil puts it at 700, before 1685. It is believed that in 50 years 2,000,000 (before and after the "Revocation") of the best,—most thrifty,—and able,—of the Population (Huguenots),—most of them skilled artisans,—left France.

A French Historian, a great friend and admirer of Louis XIV. is forced to the following admission.

He says,—“ I confess that this young Warrior —merely by Birth a Peasant,—who had never seen Service,—yet by mere gift of Nature, found himself a great General by 20,—bold, and able enough to punish severely Crimes admitted to have been committed by a skilled army,—yet this young Peasant, born to a stormy Life of constant War,—and hardship,—when presented at Court, and to cultivated Persons, not only caught at once their manners, but won their esteem, and love,—and yet had Philosophy enough to retire, contented,—for 35 years,—into quiet, private Life,—this appears to me one of the Rarest Cases to be found in History.”

It is clear that “ Protestantism,”—even in France,—could never be suppressed,—it never will be! It is, indeed, the Religion of the Future. It is a return to,—and the nearest approach to,—the Pure, Simple, Religion of the Early Church of Jesus Christ. In 1872 there were 467,531 Huguenots or Protestants once more in France.

The Terrible Past History of the (so-called) “ Church ” is but one more Proof of the others urged in this Work,—of the Fatal “ Fall ” of Mankind.

Well may the great Poet, ALEXANDER POPE,—a Catholic himself,—but a “ Good Catholic,”—insist upon toleration in his Noble “ UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

“ That Mercy I,—to *others* show,—that Mercy show to me ”

TOLERATION.

“ Let not my weak,— unknowing,— hand,— Presume Thy Bolts to Throw,
And Hurl DAMNATION o’er the Land,—on each I deem Thy foe !

If I am RIGHT,—Thy Grace Impart,—still in the Right to Stay.

If I am WRONG,—Oh! Teach my Heart to choose the Better Way ! ”

Pope.

THE HUGUENOT PROTESTANT, IN 1686.

His young Wife imploring him to save them and their little ones,—and their Property,—by putting on the Badge of that “Conversion” to Rome of which we heard a good deal and saw on Catholic Banners at the Eucharistic Procession in London, 1908.



INTOLERANCE. BARBAROUS TYRANNY. PERSECUTION.

Reader,—consider the *alternative* to this “Conversion” ! What Constancy,—what Grace,—was needed to refuse the saving Badge. His Wife left defenceless. The Dragoons plundering, and outraging, all round them. Their little ones taken from them, to be brought up as Catholics ; his Property all confiscated ;—he himself sent to the terrible “galleys” for life, chained to the huge oars, with the lowest criminals ! Many Pastors and cultivated men were 26 years in the galleys as Slaves !

THE GALLEYS.

All Conditions of Protestants were condemned to the Galley Slavery,—Gentlemen of good Birth,—Pastors,—Professors,—aged Men,—mere Boys,—all had to work at the oars, for 50 years after this, with the lowest Criminals,—Murderers,—and Ferocious class of Convicts. This continued through that vile Louis XV.'s Reign. This horrible Tyranny of the Catholics was only broken at that Wretch's death. The Great French Revolution giving Freedom to all. An intelligent writer, Marteilhe, gives his experience of these galleys. He was condemned to them when only 17, enduring horrible hardships at Dunkirk for 12 years. Two other Boys, Francis Bourry and Matthew Morel, were only 15, another, 16 years old, remained a Galley Slave for 26 years ! The Maritime Prefect of Toulon found ancient Registers of the Gallies, of his Department, one mentioned a child of 12 had been sent to the Gallies, "for having been with his Father and Mother at a Huguenot Prayer Meeting !"

No. 13.—A Work by Athanera Coqueral (fils) called "Les Forçats pour la Foi,"—describes those terrible Gallies. A Viceroy was on board one of them, a stiff Breeze was against them, they were due at a certain hour. "Now, you will see them work," said the Captain. A whistle,—and the Mates ran along the Platform with their cruel whips. The Galley Slaves began pulling the huge oars desperately, when any flagged, down came the Whips ! By the time they reached the Port many of the men were in a fainting condition !"

Reader ! fancy 26 or 30 years spent thus in the Gallies amongst the vilest criminals ! The Protestants in France, 1,500 in number, should never have trusted a Catholic government,—*who can ?* They should all have *left the Country* years before !

No. 14.—A Work by Marteilhe de Bergerac, Rotterdam, 1757, Translated by Willington, London, 1758,—2 vols.,—describes the "Galleys." No. 13, also the following Work.

No. 15.—"Bion's Relation des Tourments aux Protestants sur la Galères de France, London, 1708,"—both these are standard Works. The 20th June, 1791,—saw the Tuileries *stormed*,—the Great Revolution *burst*, and the Old Regal French Tyranny shattered *for ever* !

"THE BOOT," THE SCOTCH "COVENANTERS."

During the dreadful Persecutions in Scotland in the Reign of that immoral wretch, Charles II., who sank the Court of England, in spite of his "Masses," into the lowest state of immorality it ever reached,—the cruelties which had already begun, inflicted by Charles I. and his Archbishop Laud, were terribly increased. Till the arrival of William in 1688, ending the cursed Rule of the Stuarts,—the good, pious, faithful, "Presbyterians" of Scotland suffered *almost* as much as the Huguenot in France. The poor creatures were hunted by an Army who held commissions to punish any they suspected of "Preaching," or of attending the Prayer Meetings of the "Covenanters." For 28 years, 1660-88, the last eight being the most terrible,—Religious Persecution never ceased in Scotland !

It is calculated as well under the mark, that during those years,—at least 16,000 heroic Nonconformists suffered Death. It is known that 1,700 were "banished to the Plantations,"—(equivalent to Slavery.)—

2,800 were imprisoned in dreadful dens for long years. Vast numbers,—including women and children,—perished through cold,—hunger,—and exhaustion,—being driven from their homes,—their cots being burnt. The entire Country was desolated. The Religious Persecutions relentlessly prosecuted, for all these years, by the latter Members of the vile House of Stuart, fills the mind with amazed horror ! It was a false Religion. It was Bigotry,—“ Priests,” “ Bishops,” &c., trying to force their *discredited* ‘Sacerdotalism’ upon a Scottish Protestant Nation which was at the bottom of it all.

The last victim in Scotland who suffered in the Noble Cause of “ Presbyterian ” (Nonconformist) Religion was a Young Preacher—greatly esteemed—who was Executed at Edinburgh, 17th February, 1688,—the Year before William III. landed. In July, 1689, the hated “ Prelacy,” with its Bishops, and tyranny was formally, and finally abolished in Scotland,—and Presbyterianism, and true Protestantism restored.

But there was no rest till Charles II.—insanely chosen King of England in 1660, died in 1685,—25 years,—now under the short, woeful Reign of James II. (1685-8), with his head butchers, Colonel Kirk and his infamous Judge Jeffries.

THE “ BOOT,” IN 1666-88.

Several good, pious, folks were executed on 22nd December, 1666, in Edinburgh. The cruel fate of one excellent Young Scotch Minister, even in that day of outrage,—caused the deepest commiseration. This Young Man, whose constancy under terrible sufferings was astonishing,—had been called to be a Preacher of the Gospel by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1661, when only 20 years old. He was taken by some dragoons by chance at “ Braid’s Craigs,” and a ferocious officer, Dalyell, and others resolved to make him an example ; insisting that he could confess what were the motives of the rising at Pentland. At his Examination on the 4th December, he recounted the Frightful Cruelties which had *driven* the people to rise. But it was resolved to have a Victim or “ Example.” He was therefore put to the Torture of the Boor. A square wooded box with plates. Between the frame and the plates Wedges were *driven in* by Mallets, so as to crush the leg the further the Wedges were driven in. As he could not possibly “ Confess ” anything more, ten blows with the Mallets, at *considerable intervals*, were given,—producing *excruciating* agony each time. At the eleventh blow the Bone was splintered and the Blood and Marrow spurted out “ (!)”

He was hung, although in terrible pain, with five others, 22nd December. So beautiful was his dying speech to the crowd, that not only were the latter,—but even the soldiers were so much affected,—that in future executions of the Covenanters,—the Drums were ordered to Beat, to Drown the last Words of the Victims. (!)

Reader, an awfully Holy,—all Just, and Almighty God, with a Never Ending Eternity—(not an hour’s agony) at His disposal, will have a TERRIBLE WORD to say to Savage, Relentless, Murderers of His Dear Son’s People ! “ *He is not a Man that He will Repent !*”

“ And I saw the Woman drunken with the blood of the Saints, and with the blood of the Martyrs of Jesus.”—*Rev.* xvii. 6.

“ And I saw under the altar the Souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the Testimony which they held :”

"And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not Judge and Avenge our Blood?"

"And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little Season.—*Rev.* vi. 9-11.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more Death, neither Sorrow, nor Crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."—*Rev.* xxi. 4.

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

"It is a *fearful thing* to fall into the hands of the living God."—*Heb.* x. 31.

"And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."—*Rev.* xx. 12-15.

"To the Christless,—ferocious,—cruel,—the 'abhorred' of the Lord, it must, indeed, be a **Fearful Thing** to fall into the Hands of a Living God."

"My Soul LOATHETH them! and their soul also abhorred Me"!—*Zechariah* ii., 8.

An Awful State in which to enter into an Everlasting ETERNITY!

Conclusion.

Reader,—our Task,—"**A Defence of Nonconformity**,"—is finished!

It has been a sorry Task,—to us both,—to have to wade through the Past History of the (so-called) "Church of Christ."

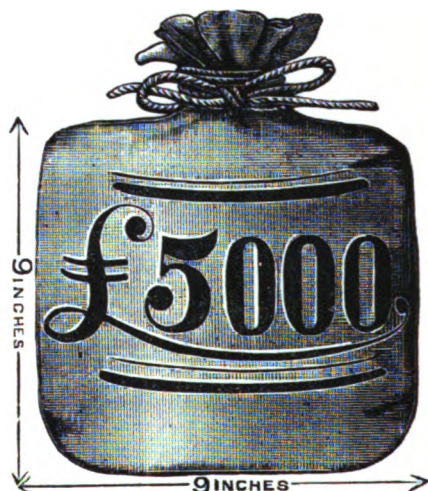
Whether it was the "Church of Jesus Christ" *at all*,—must be left to the Reader's DECISION.

Neither the Reader nor the Writer are Responsible for the **Facts of History**,—it is useless to feel anger,—*like it or not like it*, whatever our "Views" may be,—*there they are!*

Let us hope this "Fallen" World will never have to Record such "History" again!

"The Heart is Deceitful above all things,—and Desperately Wicked"!—*Jer.* xvii., 9,

CHAPTER LXXIII—PART IV.



Money. Gold. £ s. d. Mammon. Lucre.

“ Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.”—II. *Tim. iv. 10.*

Priests,—Power,—and Property always,—throughout History,—have a Magnetic attraction for each other.—Wealth and Power have been the Ruin of the True Church of Jesus Christ in all Ages.

“ Gold !—Gold !—Gold !—Gold !—
Hard, and yellow,—bright, and cold,
Molten,—graven,—hammered,—and rolled,
Price of *many* a Crime *untold* !
Spurned by the Young,—but hugged by the Old,
To the very verge of the Churchyard mould ! ”

“ Earth Buildeth upon earth Palaces, and Towers,—
Earth sayeth unto earth,—‘ All shall be ours ! ’
Earth walketh upon earth,—glittering with Gold !
Earth *cometh unto Earth*, sooner than it wold ! ”—*Old Epitaph.*

Eight hours Work,—*Eight* hours Sleep,—*Eight* hours Play,
A Wife, and *Eight* children,—*Eighty* years to live,
And Shillings,—*Eight* a day !

LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.

"Live while you live!"—the "Worldly" Man will say,
 And seize the Pleasures of the passing Day ;—
 "Live while you live,"—the *Sacred Preacher* cries,
 "And give to God each moment as it flies !"

Lord!—in *our* Lives,—let both *united* be !
 We live to PLEASURE,—when we live to THEE.

"For a Bishop must be blameless, as the steward of God ; not given to FILTHY LUCRE."—*Titus* i., 7.



THE "HOUSE OF PRAYER" MADE A HOUSE OF "MERCHANDISE."

THE FORMER "TEMPLE OF GOD" AT JERUSALEM.

"MONEY" IN THE "CHURCH." JESUS DRIVING IT OUT.

"And Jesus went up to Jerusalem and found in the Temple those that sold oxen, and sheep, and doves, and the Changers of Money sitting ;

"And when He had made a scourge of small cords, He drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen ; and poured out the Changers' Money, and overthrew the tables ;

"And said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence ; make not my Father's house an House of merchandise."

EXAMPLES.

We read :—"It is simply a flagrant Scandal, in these days, that Clergymen should be permitted to hold Cathedral "Stalls" of £1,000 a Year in *addition* to their other valuable "Livings." The worst "pluralists" now in the Church of England, are Canon —." (Here follow their Names.)—*Daily Paper*, 1892.

Immense Sums are drawn from their respective Nations by the "Church of England" and the "Church of Rome" ! *Who* paid for all those Gold "Vestments," and Splendid, costly, apparatus we saw pass through London at the "Eucharistic Procession" in 1908 ? *Who* built the vast Cathedrals here and abroad,—and keep these multitudes of archbishops, bishops, monks, and Priests ? Go where you will,—Mexico,—South America,—the World over,—or at home, we see the same.

"Well!" the Clergy will say,—“The Common People are taken by Display, Show, Vestments, Processions,—through the Streets, Banners, etc. It is a *day* of advertisement, and we must go with the Times. It keeps us before the People, and produces Reverence for the Clergy. “Processions” are aggressive,—Proselytising,—we gain Converts! A Gorgeous Ritual,—Imposing Priests in Robes, and Vestments,—Music, etc.,—“take” the Masses. In plain English, there is MONEY IN IT!”

We read:—

“It is stated that the forthcoming returns of Cathedral Chapter Estates show that out of an Annual Income of £28,000,—barely £900 a year is expended on the maintenance of the Musical part of the Services,—viz., the Organist, Singing Men, and Boys,—education of Four “Foundations,” singing Boys, and Rent of ‘School Room.’ What becomes of the other £27,000 a Year?”—*Daily Paper*, 1892.

“RICH CLERGY.” “MONEY” IN THE “CHURCH.”
 “Priests,—Power,—and Property.” The old bane of Christ’s “Church.”

EXAMPLE IN AMERICA.

“America’s richest Rector, ———, who was 81 years of age, died last night. He was Rector of ——— Church, New York, just by Wall Street, when the Archbishop of Canterbury, and, later still, the Bishop of London, preached there. It was this Clergyman’s fifty-third year of association with Trinity Parish. He was a remarkably smart Business man. As Rector of the parish he had under his immediate supervision nine churches and twenty-six clergymen. Trinity Church Corporation owns Property of the estimated value of £7,800,000 or more, and pays taxes on £3,600,000. It has an Income of nearly £200,000 a year, but the Corporation is run on Business principles, and apparently expends only £76,400 in benevolences and maintenance. In control of this large Property, which is administered with a Secrecy bordering upon the mysterious. As Rector he had to be a financier of ability, and was in receipt of a Salary of £5,000 a year for his Services. In a recent article by Mr. ———, dealing with the great wealth of Trinity Parish, the manner of administering the property, and the closeness of the Corporation, the writer includes the following list of disbursements:

Rector, £5,000.

Vicars and curates (average £1,500), £36,000.

Sextons and expenses, £3,000.

Music, £14,000.

Charities, £14,368.

Light, fuel, and other expenses, £4,000.

Total, £76,368.

Trinity Parish is generally recognised as having more “loaves and fishes” than any other in America, and, as will be seen, the Rector drew as large a salary as the English Chancellor of the Exchequer.”
Daily Paper, 1st May, 1908.

Reader, has Jesus Christ changed in 1908?

“Heaven and earth shall pass away: but My words shall not pass away.”

• “Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.”

"For where your Treasure is, there will your Heart be also."

"No servant can serve two masters."

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."—*Matt. vi., 24.*

"But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?—*Luke xvi., 13.*

If our Religious Teachers have found out that JESUS WAS MISTAKEN,—and that it is "possible" to Serve two Masters,—it is, indeed, important to *let us know it.*

EXAMPLE ON THE CONTINENT.

Happening to be on a Tour in Italy, at the time of the "Jubilee" of Pius IX. (1877),—the Writer,—with some 350 others,—(American Deputation),—attended a Presentation to the Pope, in one of the Splendid Halls of the Vatican, on Thursday, 24th May, 1877. (There are said to be 6,000 chambers in this amazing Building.) At 11.0 p.m. Pope Pius IX.,—who was then infirm,—was carried in by Six Cardinals in Red,—in a Chair. He died 9 Months after, 8th February, 1878. The Deputation,—having presented the American Contribution, some £50,000 (?) or more,—Pio Nono,—sitting,—gave us,—in Italian,—an Address of some length, by no means deficient in an occasional tendency to *humour*, on which occasions the Cardinals,—and all of us smiled in unison.

The Flock in America were reminded of their somewhat noted devotion to the Pursuit of Wealth,—that there were higher objects than acquiring Money, etc. One could not help thinking that,—as the Spanish presentation was to take place the following day,—*then the other Countries in their turn,—all bringing in very large Contributions*, this advice was well *timed* for *all* the Parties concerned. For History proves that the "Church,"—whether Catholic,—or Protestant,—was never known yet,—throughout History, *greatly* to object to the "Loaves and Fishes" *themselves*. FAR FROM IT!

While the Pope was addressing us, an intelligent,—evidently well-educated,—Irish gentleman, whispered to the Writer,—"*Do you see that Ring on the Pope's finger?*" "*That Ring belonged to the Apostle Peter*"!

NOTE.—It was one of those heavy ecclesiastical gold rings seen, at times, in Museums of about the 15th century.

Fancy the Apostle Peter,—a poor fisherman of the Lake,—with a gold Papal Ring, two or three inches long, manufactured a thousand years after Peter had been buried, and gone to dust!

Once lose sight of Christ in the outward Worship of other objects, and teach the children (if you *begin early enough*),—and there is no limit to the fathomless *Credulity* of "fallen" Mankind.

As in England, and America,—as we have seen,—so on the Continent—*Priests, Power, and Property* are closely associated. Christ's Teaching is habitually put on one side by those who pose to be examples to the Church of Christ.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."—*Matt. vi., 19.*

Wherever there are "Bishops" with their "Palaces," there comes in the money. We read in a daily Paper cutting,—some time since, from an unknown source,—the following piece of information, which must be taken as "alleged," for what it is worth ; it seems instructive :—

Extracts from the Papers (1908).

"Sir,—The Founder of Christianity was poor ; His Disciples and the Apostles were not wealthy. The early Christians were scarcely millionaires. The Modern 'Vicars of Christ' have reversed the Apostolic order, and have amassed enormous riches. The last three Popes have labelled themselves 'prisoners' in order to excite sympathy.

"In 1903, the 'Irish Catholic' gave its readers some idea of the worth of the Pontificate from a purely commercial standpoint. When Leo celebrated his diamond jubilee of his entrance into the priesthood, the gifts were estimated to be worth more than 25,000,000 dollars, £5,000,000 Sterling. Queen Victoria's present consisted of a diamond ring worth 100,000 dollars ; the German Emperor offered a ruby ring valued at 750,000 dollars, the Czar of Russia gave a golden crozier worth 250,000 dollars ; the Emperor of Austria, a golden casket filled with gold (100,000 dollars) ; the contributions in gold coin were worth 4,000,000 dollars (£800,000.), etc.

"In 1900 the 'Holy Year' stated that the number of pilgrims to Rome between December 24th, 1899, and April 1st, 1900, was 90,000. The gifts to Peter's Pence from the Belgians, and Austrians, were described as 'splendid.' A Belgian nobleman presented Leo XIII. with 700,000 francs. An Austrian pilgrim gave the 'prisoner' notes to the value of 800,000 francs. In 1901 the Duke of — offered the Pope £12,000 as 'Peter's Pence.'

"In 1901 Count — made a gift to Leo of his villa near Chieti ; it contained 600 works of art. The money value of the present was estimated at £200,000.

"In 1904 £60,000 went from America to Pius X. Cardinal —, the bearer of the gift, received a fee of £2,000 for officiating at a wedding in New York. The Roman Catholic Bishop —, of —, has lately published a book on 'Peter's Pence.' The Pope's income from this source is now about £310,000. In the days of fervent faith it averaged 12,000,000 lire. The expenses at the Vatican Palace are as follows :—For the Pontiff's private use, 500,000 lire ; for the Cardinals, 700,000 lire ; for the poor Bishops, 460,000 lire ; the prelates of the Apostolic Palaces, 1,800,000 lire ; for the office of Secretary of State, 1,000,000 lire ; salaries of officials, 1,500,000 lire (about £57,000) ; for schools and Papal charity, 1,200,000 lire ; total 7,160,000 lire (about £3,500,000).

"The half-starved peasants of Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Italy, etc., who contribute 'Peter's Pence' are not aware of the magnificent style of living prevailing at the Vatican."—*Daily Paper*.

Yet, would it be believed,—in 1874,—*Straws from the Pope's "Dungeon"* were selling to the deluded Peasants, to *excite* them ! Whereas the Vatican contains 6,000 Rooms ! (a fairly good "Dungeon" !)

VOTING FOR A KING.

A Paper says :

"Priestly rule and misgovernment continued until the opportunity presented itself to the People of Italy to say *whether* they would be governed by Pope or King. The voting, as follows, was significant—a

peremptory order to the Pontiff to quit :—Votes in Rome, for the King, 40,785 ; for the Pope, 46. At Umbria, for the King, 97,075 ; for the Pope, 380. In the Marches, for the King, 133,783 ; for the Pope, 1,212. At Osti *all* voted for the *King*. These returns were printed in the Roman Catholic "Tablet." Since 1870 the Pope *sulks*—a "prisoner" !—in the Vatican Palace, with its 6,000 *Rooms*. In 1874, in Savoy and Fanciguy, straw was being sold as coming from the *dungeon* of the *Holy Father* and this with the connivance of the *local priests*. "The end justifies the means."—*Daily Paper*.

What a contrast is all this Wealth to the True Apostles of the Early Church of Jesus Christ.

TRUE APOSTLESHIP—PAUL.

"Behold, the third time I am ready to come to you ; and I will not be burdensome to you : for I seek not yours, but you."

"And when I was present with you, and wanted, I was chargeable to no man."

"And I will very gladly spend and be spent for you ; though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved."

"Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me."

"For Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."—*I. Tim.* iv., 7.

TRUE APOSTLESHIP—PETER.

"For all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's."

"To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain."

"Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life ? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—*Peter* iv., 13.

No wonder that we read in one of their Papers,—some time ago,—that Priest-ridden Spain at last is getting tired of the vast number of "Bishops," Priests, etc., they have to support in idleness, living on the credulity of the hard-working Peasants, and Working Class. We read,

"The Spanish Government will not withdraw from the path upon which it has already set out. When the last Conservative Government was in power Señor — was negotiating a new Concordat, which was approved by Rome, but lacked the assent of the Spanish Cortes."

"'The present Government,' Señor — continued, with great energy, 'cannot take up the projected Concordat, which would be a fresh satisfaction for Rome. The Vatican has never conceded to Spain anything beyond trifles of no *political* or *economic* importance.'

"If the Vatican declines to initiate these negotiations, or to carry them on with rapidity, it may happen that the Government will officially denounce the Concordat of 1851, so as to compel Rome to agree to a provisional *modus vivendi* until a new Concordat has been arranged, a course which would always be better than the actual status quo."

"Rome will end by being convinced that we are demanding just and reasonable reforms. The *Clergy is the only Class* of the Community which is not suffering from the effects of the Colonial disaster—alluding to the loss of Cuba—because while all other Classes feel the *burden*

of new taxation, the loss to the Clergy is merely nominal. Spain can no longer endure the exactions of religion and the Clergy, and it is necessary for the Vatican, in the name of Christian charity, to make a reasonable sacrifice, by reducing the number of Archbishops, Bishops, and Clergy, which is excessive.

"We are not actuated by any hatred against the Vatican, and we believe that Rome will accept our formula, so that the State may live without the oppression caused by the exactions of the Clergy."—*Daily Paper*, 1908.

Another Bleat from the Sheepfold appeared, from a Catholic, some time ago in the daily papers :—

1.—A BLEAT FROM THE FOLD.

"I am loath to speak of it, but Ireland is under the shadow of an arrogant priest power. I am a Catholic myself. I have nothing to say against the Roman Catholic Church. I am a firm believer in the grand Service that the Roman Catholic Church has done for civilisation. I bow before the splendour of her wonderful and awe-inspiring Ritual. A beautiful Catholic Church is of more value to mankind, even in a utilitarian sense, than a factory. No one can deny the truth of what Mankind owes to Catholicism. But the Holy Roman Catholic Church has suffered, before now, from its Priests. Its deadliest enemies it has ever had have been priests.

"Priests lost Italy,—and France,—to the Church. Will they lose Ireland? It is not too much to say, here, in —, the people are in positive terror of the priests. They can neither call their lives or their minds their own. When they speak of the priests they speak in whispers. Even people who are not Catholics are afraid of them. The priests rule everything, and interfere in everything. They stand above all criticism. No one must speak a word to criticise the hierarchy of Ireland. It is above all other judgments, save its own. This hierarchy has cost Rome, Italy,—it has cost Rome France. It will cost Rome Ireland. I,—as a Roman Catholic,—say that these arrogant Irish priests do not represent the beautiful Roman Catholic Faith. Are they aware that, even the peasants are secretly rebelling against the Tyranny of the priests? although they dare not speak. Let the Authorities in Rome know that such are acting against the interests of the Roman Catholic Church."—*Daily Paper*, 1908.

2.—ANOTHER BLEAT FROM THE FOLD.

"It seems to me that the Roman Catholic religion entails on its adherents a constant financial drain during their lifetime, and to my own knowledge some of the methods employed to extort money from the poorest classes do not reflect much credit on a class of men if they are vowed to poverty. When it comes to a death-bed scene here the Priest is surely in attendance. The very thought of "Purgatory" is enough to ensure a considerable portion of any legacies there may be, finding its way into the hands of the Priesthood to enlist their aid for a speedy passage through its Terrors, even when the circumstances of the Testator should demand that those left behind, should be his first care. It is a poor thing to see a lump sum left to the Priests for bribing the "Prince of Darkness" into modifying the torments of perhaps a mis-spent life. While those dependent on the testator have perhaps not enough

left to make a start again. Yet this is what is *happening* every day. Take up any Irish paper and you will see day after day, *year after year*, sums of *Money left to this priest, and that priest*, for "Masses for the repose of the Soul of some deceased member of the "Faith," often running into *hundreds of pounds in a single Will*.

The pictures and prints one sees displayed in some of the shop windows in Dublin would make a marble statue shudder. It is hard to know *where* they get such *minute particulars* of what "Purgatory" is like. Certainly an oven is not in it.

This money is far different from any legacies left to Charitable Institutions such as Hospitals, etc., which *benefit the community at large*. But what the "Church *once lays hands on is never heard of again*, and is withdrawn from general circulation at once. It may be that it goes to maintain the multitudes of Convents and Brotherhoods which seem to be a necessity of the Church of Rome. But this is one and the same thing. It does *no good* to anyone *but themselves*. Yet most of these places have a way of their own in raising the wind at the expense of the working Public

There are numberless places in the vicinity of Dublin, and indeed all over Ireland, which were once the Estates and Homes of resident nobility, and where employment was given to numbers of men, but from one cause or another, mostly land agitation, the Owners could no longer keep them, and they came on the Market to be bought by some of the Religious Orders run by the Priesthood. The first step then is to build a high wall round the house and its immediate surroundings. Some of them get together a quantity of vagrant and outcast children to be cared for and educated at the public expense. Others go in for farming, market gardening, and even dairying, and at the same time they are supposed to be living on a charitable public. They are *soliciting alms and entering into keen competition* with the donors at the same time."—*Daily Paper*, 1908.

The Writer knows *nothing* whatever about Ireland. This worthy Catholic evidently *does*. But why complain? If foolish Mankind *will* kneel down to their fellow Sinners,—believe in their assumption of alleged miraculous powers,—in a word, put their Families, and themselves, under the heel of priests,—what else can they expect? Such know nothing of the "Glorious liberty" of Christ's followers Paul speaks of enjoyed by the true "Children of God."

"Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."—*Romans viii.*, 21.

Of course, those who choose to believe in the assumptions of Priestcraft,—if the fees of the "Church" are not duly paid,—or the priests disobeyed,—the dread of being cut off from the benefits of "the Church"—"forgiveness of Sins,"—the "Mass," etc.,—must, to the credulous, be a terrible one.

The Nonconformist knows *nothing of all this*. He chooses a faithful dissenting "Pastor," or "Minister," who never interferes with or tyrannise over their flocks, and esteems such "very highly for their works' sake."

"And to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake."—*I. Thess. v.*, 13.

But the Protestant *totally* disbelieves in "Purgatory,"—he does not pay,—or bequeath his money to priests to pay,—for his departed Soul,

having no *belief whatever* in Prayers for the dead. He totally disbelieves in the Miraculous powers of any of his fellow creatures,—fellow Sinners,—whether Priests, Popes, or "Pastors." But he,—nevertheless,—values the earnest, extemporaneous,—sincere Prayers of a truly holy, devoted man, be the latter who he may. Indeed, he endeavours to lead a *Life of Prayer*,—Prayer for *everything*!

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—*James v., 16.*

The Nonconformist always values the Prayers of a Pious Friend; but *fancy* any Sane Dissenter *giving money* to his friend for Prayers; or his Pious Pastor or friend *taking it*!

TOO MUCH WEALTH,—SHOW,—AND POWER IN THE CHURCH.

It was just the same with the Priests in our Lord's time:—

"Ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers."—*Luke xi., 46.*

THE THREE "P's,"—PRIESTS, POWER AND PROPERTY.

All the World over it is,—and always has been,—and always will be,—while Mankind believe in their fellow Men,—fellow Sinners,—doing their Religion for them by Proxy.

"PASTORS,"—FAITHFUL "MINISTERS,"—NOT "PRIESTS."

We sorely need,—in this day,—Preachers,—the "Apostolic" devoted Lives,—like those amazing Evangelists, JOHN WESLEY and GEORGE WHITFIELD.

NOTE.—To avoid misconception,—the Writer is not a Wesleyan,—knows little of them,—he wishes he knew more,—but has,—like thousands of others,—for years,—read, with amazed respect,—and admiration, the wonderful Lives of those Saintly Men of God,—John Wesley and George Whitfield.

JOHN WESLEY. GEORGE WHITFIELD.

JOHN WESLEY was born 17th June, 1703,—and was spared to bring about a Revival of the Christian Religion,—which had almost died out,—till 2nd March, 1791,—dying in his 89th year. GEORGE WHITFIELD was born 14th December, 1714,—dying in America (56) 30th September, 1770. Although both were ordained Clergymen of the Church of England they were driven, by the senseless Folly of the corrupt Church of their dark day, from the Pulpits. Forbidden by the Bishops and Clergy of that day of Sin, Neglect, and Vice, to preach the true Gospel of Jesus Christ in the Churches, they both took to "Field Preaching,"—in the open air, like the GREAT MASTER. Whitfield is believed, in 33 years, to have preached 18,000 times, to immense audiences. No opposition, or danger deterred him. His voice was of such power that it was heard from Tor Point to the New Passage, nearly a Mile across the water. Not a trace of his ever preparing a Sermon was ever discovered among his Papers at his death. His torrent of eloquence,—pleading with Sinners,—seemed to carry all before him. Brutal crowds, hounded on,—one blushes to say it, by the Authorities, Clergy,—and

Gentry,—no doubt under Satanic influence, in vain tried to assault, and stop him. Brutal Ruffians, with their pockets full of stones, approached to injure the good man. One of these relates how,—as he got near,—Whitfield was exclaiming with tears,—“ Oh ! dear Hearers ! Remember the Wrath to come ! That Wrath to come ! ” The wretched man paused,—stood transfixed,—God,—no doubt,—*spoke* to that sinful soul ! The Stones *fell* from his Pockets,—he stopped,—listened,—prayed for forgiveness,—and like thousands more, joined the “ Methodists.” Whitfield practised rigid economy in travelling,—poor in this World’s goods,—without any visible means of support,—he lived a Life of constant dependence upon God, nor did he trust in vain. Constantly,—mostly from unknown,—private sources,—the means came in. Yet it is known that he collected £14,000 for his “ Orphanage ” alone. He would never touch the Collections made, for years, by the huge Crowds who thronged to hear him in Great Britain and America. Amazing to state he was never struck by a stone, or injured by the half savage, neglected, ignorant, brutal crowds. The only time he was injured,—we blush to say it,—was by,—let us hope,—a drunken officer in the Army, who forced his way into the house and room, and attacked Whitfield with a Stick. Urged to proceed against him,—though covered with Blood,—the saintly Man declined on the ground that “ he had something better to do.”

He *had* indeed ! He crossed to America,—in the small Ships of that day,—13 times !

JOHN WESLEY.

John Wesley followed his example in “ Field Preaching,”—surviving Whitfield 21 years. He was undoubtedly the greatest Evangelist,—since the Apostle Paul,—the English Church ever produced.

For fifty years this astonishing Servant of God,—John Wesley,—visited every part of Great Britain and Ireland, year after year, through howling fierce Mobs,—encouraged by the depraved Church and corrupt authorities of that Age of Sin,—in constant danger of his Life.

Through terrible Roads,—only passable upon horse-back,—through Snow, Rain, Flood, and Storm,—struck by Stones,—one once cutting open his cheek,—clods of Mud,—exposed to all kinds of weather,—this amazing Evangelist preached to immense Crowds,—sometimes 15 Sermons in one Week ! It was estimated that in 50 years he travelled 225,000 Miles over roads we can have no conception of, and amongst a neglected Population by the Church more like wild Savages than a civilised Nation. No Schools,—no education,—no one caring for them till the good Methodists began their Home Missions and Societies. Amidst the desperate opposition of “ the Church,” this Saintly Man penetrated,—upon horseback,—through Wintry Storms,—to the remotest parts of this Kingdom, carrying,—to all,—his Master’s Message ! “ *The World is my Parish,* ” exclaimed Mr. Wesley. It was indeed ! Wesley lived to “ live down ” early, frantic, opposition ! The Furious,—Unintelligent,—Besotted Mobs,—inspired,—who can doubt,—by Satanic influence,—who had sought so often the good man’s life, had, years ago, become but as a Memory of a Brutal Past.

£28 A YEAR.

In answer to a Challenge,—Mr. Wesley,—in his later life,—confessed that, when, at one time, his Income was but £30 a Year, he succeeded in supporting himself on £28, and gave away £2 ; when it reached £60,

he still made the £28 do,—and gave away £32 in his many Schemes of Philanthropy.

For it must ever be remembered that John Wesley was the Pioneer of our "Medical Missions,"—"Schools for the Poor,"—"Loans to struggling, but honest tradesmen"—"Cheap, Pure Literature," etc.,—his little Band of fellow labourers starting a small Printing Press.

John Wesley was, in a word, a "many-sided" Religious Evangelist,—he saw,—as if by inspiration,—the immense importance of such agencies,—and, gradually he and his small, devoted, self-denying Band of Fellow-Workers, became a Ray of Light amidst the prevailing gloom of that Dark Day. Had it not been for the softening Influence of Religion thus revived, it is believed that there would have been a REVOLUTION in this Country, as well as in France.

The Lower Classes utterly neglected were ripe for it!

£90 A YEAR.

When his Income was £90,—£62 of it was devoted to these Philanthropic Schemes.

An "Exciseman" of that day, thinking that the Great Preacher of 1750-90,—must be "doing remarkably well,"—and had a store of taxable Silver Plate,—found only four poor *spoons*!

That official was a Century before his time! If taxes were now still on everything as in that day, *he* would have "done remarkably well" in 1908!

It reads like a return to the simplicity, vital, Self-denying, True Piety of the Early Christian Church. Rather different to trotting about in Shovel Hats, and Gaiters,—at Garden Parties,—amongst the Aristocracy,—in 1908,—and £40,000 Libraries!

"They *forsook* all, and followed him."—*Luke* v., 11.

"Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."—*Mark* viii., 34.

"And whosoever doth not bear his Cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple."—*Luke* xiv., 27.

"And he that taketh not his Cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me."—*Matt.* x., 38.

"Lo, we have left all, and have followed Thee."—*Mark* x., 28.

"He said unto him, Follow Me."

"And he left *all*, rose *up*, and followed Him."—*Luke* v., 28.

Vigorous to the last,—even at his great age,—he had indeed,—survived most of that Evil Generation! As the well-known figure of Mr. Wesley,—personally known to more people than any other Living Man,—was seen approaching, on his Annual visit to a Town or Village,—respectful Crowds would now come out, to meet the good man. His Visit had long been looked forward to! The Windows filled,—the word passed,—"*He is coming*!"

And Children were held up by their Parents, and told, "That's good Mr. Wesley!"

"They that honour Me, I will honour,"—*I Samuel*, ii., 30.

It is even so with the Blessed God! Reader, you will find it so, in your own experience!

The Tide of that day of Sin, had turned! God grant that it may never ebb in England again;

The Pulpits were now at the Saintly Man's service to preach from,—the Gentry would urge a Stay—if only for one night,—at their Houses!

Mr. Wesley visited, for half a Century, the remotest parts of Great Britain. He was the best known by sight, in the world,—by countless thousands, his name was a household word,—as it had been to their fathers, and even their grandfathers, who had long passed away.

The Funeral of John Wesley took place at 5 o'clock in the morning,—for fear of the consequences. Had the Burial been held later, such Immense Multitudes wished to attend it. Reader, contrast such a life with what we see around us in 1908! You, too, will have to make *your* choice in Life! A Life for Self, and gain,—or, however humbly, to attempt to follow the Lives of the true Followers of the Great Master!

Instead of the Young Christian looking round in our day of Covetousness, and intense desire for accumulation,—saying,—“But look at so-and-so,—a Rich Man,—Splendid House and Grounds,—costs *something* a year to keep them up,—but surely a man of *undoubted* Piety!”—*far better* picture to yourself good John Wesley,—sorely in need of Money for his many Schemes for advancing Christ's Cause,—*taking down his Pictures*, from the walls of his *little Room* to sell them!

“It struck me—will the Good Master say “Well done! thou Good, and Faithful Servant? Thou hast embellished thy walls with money sorely needed for My Great Cause.”

Though very imperfectly acquainted with “Methodism,”—(he wishes he knew more,)—the Writer ventures to express the utmost respect and esteem for the Followers of the Servant of God,—JOHN WESLEY.

What this Country,—or indeed the World,—owes to the “Methodists,”—who can say?

There are, no one denies, most excellent, devoted, Clergymen in the Church of England in 1908.

“HIS LIFE FOR HIS FLOCK.” TRAGIC STORY OF A YOUNG
CLERGYMAN'S SACRIFICE.

TWO BISHOPS PRAY AT HIS BED AT THE HOSPITAL AFTER HE HAS DIED
FROM WORRY.

“The Tragic Story of a young Clergyman's heroic sacrifice of his life by over-exertion, in rescue Work among the “hooligans,” and slum Children of Shoreditch, was brought to light by the Bishop of — yesterday in the course of a remarkable Sermon at St. Martin's Church.

“I am a most enthusiastic lover of the Church of England,” declared the Bishop, “but I must confess that we, as a Church, cannot feel complacent.

“Only last Saturday I was kneeling by the body of a young Priest who had been killed in the prime of life by sheer overwork and worry in a slum parish. He was left to himself, and he died of a disease which had undoubtedly been brought on by Worry.

“By his body,” continued the Bishop, with great emotion, “I prayed for the forgiveness of the Church which had left him in so much despair. While such a Tragedy as this is possible in our midst the Church, I say once more, cannot remain indifferent.”—*Daily Paper*. 1907.

“On Saturday he collapsed unexpectedly, and an urgent message was sent to the Bishop of —, who had previously visited him while lying

ill at his Vicarage. Mr. Eliot's curate arrived at the Hospital a little before four o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Eliot died at four.

Five minutes later the Bishop of — and the Bishop of — reached the hospital. Stricken with grief on hearing of Mr. Eliot's death, the two Bishops knelt by the bedside and prayed."

SCHOOLS CLOSED.

Through lack of funds he saw his Church Schools closed. To add to his troubles, his Church fell into a terrible state of disrepair, and the claims of the poverty-stricken and hungry he rightly considered more urgent than the restoration of the church fabric.

So much did he give away that often he had not got enough to eat. He saw his Parish becoming poorer, and poorer, as one by one, his *principal* Subscribers to parish work were compelled through bad Trade to leave the district.

One of the chief causes of the worry which led to Mr. Eliot's fatal illness was the fact that the New North Road Boys' Club, in which he took such a deep interest, was in debt to the extent of £300.

It seems he was a splendidly endowed young vicar, an athlete, popular, energetic, but worn out for lack of funds.

But what chance have these Splendid Men in the "Church of England,"—against "Patronage,"—the Church Funds going with the "Plums,"—to the Bishops, and "Rich Clergy" with £70,000 a Year?

SPLENDID YOUNG MEN NOW IN THE "ESTABLISHED CHURCH."

There are now earnest, sincere, devoted, hardworking, Young Clergymen in the Church of England,—splendid men,—only too anxious to follow their Master, and to aid the Sunken, the Neglected, the Ignorant, the Very Poor,—the Hopeless,—the Depraved!

"*They* are not, at any rate, attached to Christ's cause merely for the *Money they can save out of it!*

"*They* are real,—not sham,—Christians, and no more afraid of "Slums,"—no, nor the Devil either,—than "General" Booth's "Soldiers" are, but they lack the needful Funds,—the organisation,—to commence a Vast Church of England effort to deal with the Sunken, Neglected, Masses in our vast Modern Cities. How can poor Curates,—however earnest and devoted,—or the poorer Clergy with families to support, be expected to do much unless backed up by the wealthy Clergy who secure the "Plums," and "Rich" Livings drawn from the State? It is "Patronage,"—"Church and State,"—"System,"—which is ruinous!

A CONTRAST, £70,000 a YEAR! EXAMPLE NO. 1.

Money, and Power, Ruins the True "Church" of Jesus Christ.

RICH CLERGY. "LOAVES AND FISHES." EXAMPLE NO 1.

The following appeared in several daily Papers, 1908:—

"The Rev. —, Rector of — for 35 years,—died at — yesterday, at the age of 72. He was one of the Richest Clergymen in England."

NOTE.—Let us hope,—and humbly pray,—that he was **THE** Richest,—for the Religious World does not want any more such Examples.

"He owned considerable Properties in the vicinity of Regent Street

and Piccadilly. His Income was reputed to be between £70,000 to £80,000 a Year."—*Daily Paper*, January, 1908.

Almost at the same time, the daily Papers announced :

"BISHOP'S £40,000 LIBRARY. EXAMPLE NO. 2.

"One of the most Important Library Sales this Season will take place shortly at Messrs. — Rooms. This will be the dispersal of the *Remainder* of the Library of the late Bishop of —."

NOTE.—In addition to his other Wealth.

Subsequently,—at the Sale,—FOUR of these Books ALONE were bid for up to £3,800,—but the reserve,—probably £4,000, was not reached (!)

Thus half the price of a SINGLE Book in this "Consecrated" Bishop's Library, would have kept up the School in the East End "SLUMS," and saved the VALUABLE LIFE of the Young Brother Clergyman, mentioned on Page 1103.

Reader,—We cannot have our common sense abused to believe that these are truly "Christian" men !

Conclusion.

Christ was Poor,—He gave up ALL for us. True Christians follow their Master, in the Shadow of the Cross !

"And Jesus saith unto him, The Foxes have holes, and the Birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."—*Matt.* viii., 20.

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor."—*II. Cor.* viii., 9.

"Hath not God chosen the Poor of this World rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him ?"—*James* ii., 5.

"But so shall it not be among you : but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister."

"And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be Servant of all."

"For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

THE TRULY "SUCCESSFUL" MEN.

As long as God exists, and Religion remains true,—a *Christian*, however poor, possesses *all things* ; and can never be said to have been "unsuccessful." The devoted and holy HENRY MARTYN,—leaving home, bright prospects, and reciprocated love, behind him, for ever,—to carry Christ's message to the Heathen,—and meeting his death alone, unbefriended, and unknown ;—the devoted BRAINARD amongst the poor U.S.A. Indians ;—the noble DR. LIVINGSTONE, dying, on his knees, solitary, and unaided in a "dismal swamp" of Africa ;—good BISHOP PATTISON, murdered by Savages on a far-off Island ;—noble FATHER DAMIEN, dying amongst the Lepers,—and how many more of Christ's Beloved ones in all ages,—were not "successful" or "Wealthy" men, judging by the Standard of *this* World.

"Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called."

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the World to confound the Wise ; and God hath chosen the Weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."—*I. Cor.* i., 27.

THE CURRENCY OF HEAVEN.

Myriads of Christ's "chosen,"—devoted,—Servants, left no "Fortunes,"—they were true examples of really "Consecrated" Men. These devoted Christians died "Poor" men,—judging by the Standard of a DYING WORLD. They were not amongst the "Wealthy,"—or the "Great" in the Parlance of this Fallen World! These true Servants of God were something *far higher*, and nobler! Their "Wealth" and "Success" is not to be reckoned in *this* World's Gold, it must be estimated in the Currency of Heaven! In the "UNSEARCHABLE" RICHES of Christ!

Their lives shine,—in an age of "rich, business, Christians,—wealthy "Clergy,"—Selfishness, and ungodly Greed,—like Beacons pointing us to a Nobler, and a better Life!

"Birds have their quiet Nests."



"And Jesus saith unto him, The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

Birds have *their* quiet Nests,—Foxes their holes,—and Man his Peaceful Bed,—

All have *their* Rest from Care,—but JESUS had not where to Rest His Head!

The Wild Deer hath *his* Lair,—the Homeward Flocks, the Shelter of their Shed,

All have *their* Rest from Care,—but Jesus had not where to Rest His Head!

Then why should *we* have rest? Why doth He stand, and Knock with Ceaseless Love

Which cannot,—*will* not cease,—until He makes us Heirs of Joys above?

Let the Birds seek their Nests! On Earth Thou loved'st to Dwell, In Contrite Hearts, who Sorrow for their Sin. Oh! deign to take Thy rest,

Our Humbled,—Loving,—Contrite,—Hearts within!"

CHRIST WAS POOR. JESUS IS BORN IN A MANGER.

"And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a Manger; because there was no room for them in the Inn."

"Because there was no room for them in the Inn."—*Luke ii., 7.*

(Dear Reader, are *our* hearts so full of this passing World, that *we* have "no room for Christ?")

"A *poor* Reception!" "*Manger*,"—and a "*Stall*"! But there's a Cure! Thy Presence, Lord, alone, can GILD the Manger! Make the Stall,—a THRONE!

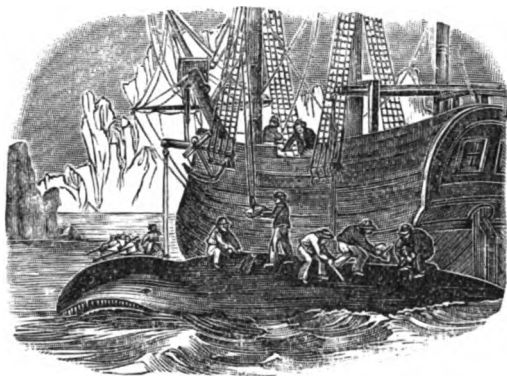
"For thus saith the High,—and Lofty one,—that inhabiteth Eternity,—Whose Name is Holy. I dwell in the High, and Holy Place with him also that is of a Contrite and Humble Spirit,—to Revive the Spirit of the Humble,—and to Revive the Heart of the Contrite ones."—*Isaiah lvii., 15.*

"No servant can serve two Masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

"And the Pharisees (Priests)—also, *who were covetous*, heard all these things: and they derided him.

"And he said unto them, Ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts: for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God."—*Luke xvi., 13—14.*

Whale Fishing in the Polar Regions.



Modern Science now employs Explosive Harpoons,—fired from a Cannon, in Whale Fishing.

CHAPTER LXXIII.—PART V.

THE RELIGION OF NONCONFORMITY.

PERSONAL,—INDIVIDUAL,—PIETY WITHOUT A RELIGION OF
PROXY BY PRIESTS,—OR RITUAL.

KEEPING OUR LAMPS BURNING.

“ While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. But at Midnight there was a cry made, ‘ Behold ! The BRIDEGROOM COMETH ! Go ye out to meet Him ! ’ And the Foolish Virgins said unto the Wise, — ‘ Give us of your oil ; for our lamps are gone out ! ’ * * * And while they went to buy, the Bridegroom CAME, and they that were ready went in with Him, to the Marriage,—and the Door was SHUT ! Watch,—therefore,—for ye know neither the day, nor the hour, wherein the Son of Man cometh.”—*Matt.* xxv., 5-10.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

“ DIRECTIONS FOR MAINTAINING CONTINUED COMMUNION
WITH GOD, AND LIVING IN HIS FEAR ALL DAY LONG.”

“ THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN THE SOUL.”

BY DOCTOR PHILIP DODDRIDGE, EMINENT NONCONFORMIST
MINISTER, 1702-1751.

NOTE.—The Reader must not feel discouraged by the following suggestions towards attaining to a daily life of **Faith and Piety**.

“ They are only suggested to be followed as far as they properly suit his age, capacities, and circumstances in life.”

If you cannot reach them all,—come as near to the most important of them as you conveniently can.

“ I wrote them for a young friend to whom I was greatly attached,—a Youth of eminent Piety,—(now I doubt not with God),—about sixteen years ago,—who,—to the inexpressible grief of all who knew him,—died only a few Months after receiving my letter.

I can assuredly say that the experience of each of these Years has confirmed me in these views, and in the persuasion that one day thus spent is preferable to whole years spent in sensuality, indolence, and neglect of Religion.”—DR. DODDRIDGE, 1745.

Good Books.

“ Good Books are the best of Companions, for they help us to see with our eyes,
The Great Ones,—of Ages Historic ;—dead Saints, at their bidding, arise,
From the moss-covered graveyard to teach us,
That the Good which has lived,—never dies !

Good Books !—Who can measure their blessing ? Tell how it begins,
—or where ends ?
How they mingle Past,—Present,—and Future,—till Time with Eternity blends !
They are more than Companions, and Neighbours,
Good Books are the truest of Friends ! ”

IN order to present to the Young Reader the daily life of the true Christian, the following “ Directions for maintaining continual Communion with God, and living in His fear all day long,” by excellent Dr. Doddridge, of 150 years ago, are given.

They occur in that remarkable work, “ The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.” Messrs. Ward and Lock, London,—to whom we are indebted for so many excellent books, at a price all can command,—have published a One Shilling Edition of this Work, still obtainable.

It seems that Dr. Watts had long felt a desire to compile such a work to assist the Christian life of his Generation, but he felt that his failing health, and the infirmities of his great age, precluded him from the task.

He, therefore, besought Dr. Doddridge,—then in his 40th year,—to attempt it. It was with great reluctance, and diffidence, that the latter, at last, was prevailed upon to undertake the task. The first Edition appeared in 1745.

What was the state of English Society,—Religion,—and this Country generally, at that dark Period ? The Pictures of Hogarth,—(say 1720-1750),—give us some idea ! Even the few Theological Works of that dark day,—read by few, and understood and appreciated by fewer still,—were, too often, bitterly controversial. *Practical*,—Evangelical,—literature seemed to be almost unknown. True Religion seemed dying out of England ; Immorality, Drunkenness, Brutish Sports, Gambling, Crime, Scepticism, Social and Political Corruption prevailed.

Thus, this remarkable Book came,—like a ray of Sunlight amidst the prevailing Gloom ! Passing through countless Editions,—from 1745 to the present year (1908),—it has,—for 163 years,—been read with incalculable benefit to tens of thousands, and has been translated into several Continental Languages.

The Young Reader will note that the excellent author died in 1751,—only six Years after completing his task. Therefore, if the Rules given for the Daily Life of a Christian appear to him to be too strict, or too difficult for our attainment, we must remember that they were the outcome of a Life,—entirely devoted to God,—of an eminent, and *advanced* Christian nearing the close of his life upon Earth, and about to enter upon the untold Glories of that Future Life in Heaven, upon which Dr. Doddridge had,—from a Youth,—fixed his hopes, heart, and ambitions.

That there has come over the Christian Church a change in their

estimation of the speechless importance of Personal Consecration, and daily "Walk with God," since Doddridge's day, there is little doubt.

During the International Congregational Council (1891) one of the Papers read upon the occasion seems to have dwelt upon this fact under the title "Changes in Social Piety."

"He" (the Speaker) "said they had experienced some losses which were not less to be regretted because they were inevitable (?) He referred chiefly to the fact that the personal consecration of life to the service of Religion was less marked,"—(*it is indeed*)—"and that personal spiritual culture was less distinctly aimed at. But still they had gained much. They had a wider and nobler conception of human brotherhood," &c. (Newspaper Report.)

What is to compensate the Christian Believer for the loss of "personal spiritual culture,"—and "consecration of life to the service of religion,"—certainly seems to be *unintelligible*.

All the "Wider and nobler (?) conceptions" in the World, alleged to have been gained, will prove, it is to be feared, one day, as nothing to that *fatal* loss,—the lack of "Personal consecration" to God!

Well, Reader, use your own common sense! You are as certain as you read these words that,—one day,—you and the Writer shall leave this World to MEET OUR GOD! No two words about *that*! Are we to meet Him as an entire Stranger, Whom we have *habitually neglected*,—avoided,—and shunned,—as long as we could possibly continue to do so? As One on Whom we have lived,—eating and drinking His provisions,—supported for Years by His creatures,—receiving all with no thankfulness, no recognition, no sentiment of gratitude, love, or any feelings of duty or respect?

If so, how, Reader, can we possibly or reasonably expect to live with Him throughout Eternity? "Heaven" would be no Heaven at all to such persons. They have, *by neglect*, put their spiritual faculties, aspirations, and sentiments, as it were, to death. They go out into Eternity totally unprepared to MEET THEIR GOD!

Dr. Doddridge's Rules for a Christian's life, addressed,—sixteen years before his Book was published,—to a Pious Youth who asked his aid,—and who, "to the inexpressible grief of all who knew him, died a few Months after receiving the letter."

REQUIRES TO BE READ PATIENTLY.

SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS ATTAINING TO A DAILY LIFE OF FAITH AND PIETY.

1. I am about to suggest a Life which I fear will seem to some of my readers so hard a task, that they will want courage to attempt it; and, indeed, it is a life in many respects so far above that of the generality of Christians. But I am persuaded much of the credit and comfort of Christianity is lost, in consequence of its professors not conceiving of their holy calling in so elevated a view as the Nature of Religion requires, and the Word of God directs. I am fully convinced that the expressions of "walking with God," of being "in the fear of the Lord all the day long," and, above all, that of "loving the Lord our God with all our heart, and soul, and mind, and strength," must require, if not all these circumstances, yet the substance I have to recommend so far as we have capacity and opportunity: and I think that many might command the latter if they would take due care in the *government of themselves*; if they would *give up vain and unnecessary diversions*, and

certain indulgences, which only suit and delight the lower part of our Nature, if they do not plunge us into guilt. Many of these rules would appear easily practicable if men would learn to know the value of time, and to redeem it from things which waste many golden hours of the day.

2. But so much of the honour of God, and so much of your true happiness, depend upon it, that I beg you will give me a *patient and attentive hearing*, and that you will seriously examine the arguments, whether a Conduct like that which I have advised be not reasonable; and whether it will not be conducive to your Comfort and Usefulness in life, *your peace in death*, and the advancement of your Eternal Glory.

3. Let Conscience say whether such a life as I am about to suggest be not highly reasonable. Recollect, O Christian, and carry it with you in your memory, while you are pursuing this review, that you are the creature of God, that you are *purchased with the blood of Jesus*; and then say whether these relations in which you stand do not demand all that application and resolution which I would engage you to. Suppose the Counsels I have given you reduced into practice: suppose every day begun and concluded with such devout breathings after God, and such *holy retirements* for converse with Him and with your own heart: suppose this regard to God, this sense of His presence, and zeal for His glory, to run through your acts of worship, your hours of business and recreation: suppose this *guard against temptations*, this *dependence upon divine influence*, this government of the thoughts in solitude, and of the discourses in company:—suppose, I say, all this to be done not for a day, or a week, but through the remainder of life, whether longer or shorter; and suppose this to be reviewed at the close of life, in the full exercise of your rational faculties—will there be reason to say, in the reflection, “I have taken too much pains in religion? The Author of my being *did not deserve all this from me*; less diligence, less fidelity, less zeal than this, might have been an equivalent for the blood which was shed for my redemption? *A part of my heart, a part of my time, a part of my labours might have sufficed for Him*, Who hath given me all my powers; Who hath delivered me from that destruction which would have made them my everlasting torment; for Him, Who is raising me to a blissful immortality.” *Can you, with any face, say this?* If you cannot, then, surely your Conscience bears witness that all I have recommended, under the limitations given, is reasonable; that duty and gratitude require it; and, consequently, that by allowed failure in it, you bring guilt upon your soul, you offend God, and act unworthy your Christian profession.

4. **At length Death will come:** that solemn hour, which has been passed through by so many Thousands who have, in the main, lived such a life, and by so many Millions who have neglected it. And let Conscience say, if there was ever any one of these millions who had then *any reason to rejoice in that neglect?* Or any one, amongst the most strict and exemplary Christians, who lamented that his heart and life had been too zealously devoted to God! Let Conscience say whether they have wished to have a part of that time, which they have thus employed, given back to them again, that they might be *more conformed to this World*, that they might plunge themselves deeper into its Amusements, or pursue its Honours, its Possessions, or its Pleasures, with greater eagerness than they had done? If you were yourself dying, and a dear Friend or Child stood near you, and this Book should chance to come into your thoughts, would you caution that friend or child against conducting himself by such rules as I am about to advance? Well, then, let me beseech you to learn how you should live, by reflecting how you would die, and what course you would wish to look back

upon, when you are just quitting this world, and entering upon another. Think seriously ; what if Death should surprise you on a sudden, and you should be called into Eternity at an hour's or a minute's warning, *would you not wish that your last day should have been thus begun ;* and the course of it, if it were a day of health and activity, should have been thus managed ? Would not you wish that your Lord would find you engaged in *such thoughts and in such pursuits* ? Would not the passage, the flight from Earth to Heaven, be most easy, most pleasant, in this view ? And on the other hand, if death should make more gradual approaches, would not the remembrance of such a pious, holy, humble, diligent, and useful life, make a dying bed much softer and easier than it would otherwise be ? *You would not die depending upon these things ;* God forbid that you should ! Sensible of your many imperfections, you would, no doubt, desire to throw yourself at the feet of Christ, that you might appear before God adorned with His righteousness, and washed from your sins in His blood ! You would also, with your dying breath, *ascribe to the riches of His grace every good disposition* you have found in your heart, and every worthy action you had been enabled to perform. But would it not give you a delight, worthy of being purchased with ten thousand Worlds, to reflect, that His Grace bestowed upon you *had not been in vain* ; that you had, from an humble principle of grateful love, glorified your Heavenly Father on Earth, and in some degree, though not with the perfection you could desire, finished the work which He had given you to do ? That you had been living for many past years as on the borders of Heaven, and endeavouring to form your heart and life to the temper and manner of its Inhabitants ?

THE LETTER TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.—“ A YOUTH OF EMINENT PIETY.”
1727.

“ Seek the Lord while He may be found.”

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Since you desire my thoughts in writing, on the subject of our late conversation, namely, “ By what particular methods, in our daily conduct, a life of devotion and usefulness may be most happily maintained and secured ; I will try to recollect the hints which I then gave you ; hoping it may be of service to you in your most important interests, and may fix on my own mind a deeper sense of my obligation to govern my own life by the rules I offer to others. I esteem attempts of this kind among the surest cements of friendship ; and as I *hope ours will last for ever*, I am persuaded a mutual care to cherish sentiments of this kind will add everlasting endearments to it.

ON AWAKING.

“ When I awake, I am still with Thee ! ”—*Psalm cxxxix.*, 18.

In the beginning of the day, it should certainly be our care to lift up our hearts to God as soon as we wake, and while we are rising ; and then, to set ourselves seriously, and immediately, to the secret devotions of the morning.

The ease and cheerfulness of our mind at first awakening ; the refreshment we find from sleep ; the security we have enjoyed in that defenceless state ; the provision of warm and decent apparel ; the cheerful light of the returning sun ; the contrivances of art, taught us and

furnished by the great Author of our creation :—the hope of returning to the Society of our friends ; the prospect of spending another day, and, above all, the lively hope of a joyful Resurrection to an Eternal day of happiness and Glory ;—any of these particulars may furnish us with matter of reflection and cheerful Praise, while we are rising. Permit me to add, that if we find our hearts in such a frame at our first awakening, even that is just matter of praise, as perhaps it is an answer to the prayer with which we lay down.

MORNING.

Were I to propose a particular model for those who have five minutes to a quarter of an hour at command (which with prudent conduct I suppose most may have), it should be this :

To begin the devotions of the day with a solemn Prayer, offered to God on our knees, acknowledging the mercies we had been reflecting on while rising, *never forgetting to mention Christ*, as the great foundation of all our enjoyments and our hopes, or to return thanks for the influences of the Blessed Spirit, which have led our hearts to God, or are then engaging us to seek Him.

It may be proper, after this, to take a prospect of the day before us. What business is to be done ? What opportunities may I expect, either of doing or receiving good ? What temptations am I likely to be assaulted with, in any place, company, or circumstance, which may probably occur ? In what instances have I lately failed ? And how shall I be safest now ?

I would advise you after this to read some portion of Scripture—some select texts, a few verses. And if you pray over the substance of this Scripture it may impress your memory and your heart yet more deeply, and may form you to a copiousness and a variety, both of thought and expression in prayer.

DURING THE DAY.

The material directions relating to the progress of the day are these :—That we be serious in the devotions of the day ;—that we be diligent in the business of it ; that is, in the prosecution of our worldly callings ;—that we be temperate and prudent in the recreations of it ;—that we carefully remark the providences of the day ; that we cautiously guard against the temptations of it ;—that we keep up an humble and lively dependence upon the divine influence, suitable to every emergency of it ;—that we *govern our thoughts* well in the solitude of the day ;—and our discourses well in the Conversations of it.

For seriousness in devotion, whether public or domestic : Let us take a few moments, before we enter upon such solemnities, to pause, and to reflect on the perfections of the God we are addressing, on the importance of the business we are coming about, and on the guilt and folly of a hypocritical formality. When engaged, let us maintain a strict watchfulness over our own spirits, and check the first wanderings of thought. There is a certain manner of going through pious duties, which our own hearts will immediately tell us it is *impossible* for God to *approve*.

BUSINESS.

As for the hours of worldly business, whether it be, as with you, that of the hands, or whether it be the labour of a learned life, not immediately relating to religious matters. Let us set to the prosecution of

it with a sense of God's authority and with a regard to His glory. And let us be habitually sensible of the need we have of the Divine blessing, to make our labours successful.

AMUSEMENTS.

For seasons of diversion. Let us take care that our recreations be well chosen ; that they be only used in subordination to the honour of God, the great end of all our actions. Let us take heed that our hearts be not estranged from God by them ; and that they do not take up *too much of our time* ; always remembering, that the faculties of the human nature were not given us in vain ; but that we are always to be in pursuit of some great and honourable end, and to indulge ourselves in amusements and diversions no farther than as they make a part in a scheme of rational, benevolent and pious conduct.

GOD'S PROTECTING PROVIDENCE.

For the observation of Providence. It will be useful to regard the divine interposition in our comforts and in our afflictions. In our comforts, whether more common or extraordinary : that we find ourselves in continued health ; that we are furnished with food for support and pleasure ; that we have so many agreeable ways of employing our time ; that we have so many friends, and those so good and so happy, that our business goes on prosperously ; that we go out and come in safely ; and that we enjoy composure and cheerfulness of spirit, without which nothing else could be enjoyed ;—all these should be regarded as providential favours, and due acknowledgments should be made to God on these accounts as we pass through such agreeable scenes. On the other hand, Providence is to be regarded in *every disappointment*, in *every loss*, in *every pain*, in every instance of unkindness from those who have professed friendship ; and we should endeavour to argue ourselves into a patient submission, from this consideration, that the hand of God is always mediately, if not immediately, in each of them. It is a reflection which we should particularly make with relation to those little cross accidents (as we are ready to call them), and those infirmities and follies in the temper and conduct of our intimate friends, which may be ready to discompose us. And it is the more necessary to guard our minds here, as wise and good men often lose the command of themselves on these comparatively little occasions ; who, calling up reason and religion to their assistance, stand the shock of great calamities with fortitude and resolution.

TEMPTATION.

“ We need Thy Presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy Grace can foil the Tempter's power ? ”

For watchfulness against temptations. It is necessary, when changing our place, or our employment, to reflect. What Snares attend me here ? And as this should be our habitual care, so we should especially guard against those snares which in the morning we foresaw. And when we are entering on those circumstances in which we expected the assault, we should reflect, especially if it be a matter of great importance. Now the combat is going to begin : now God and the blessed angels are observing what Constancy, what Fortitude, there is in my Soul, and how far the Divine Authority, and the remembrance of my own prayers and resolutions, will weigh with me when it comes to a Trial.

DEPENDENCE UPON GOD.

"Unless the Lord keep the City, the watchman waketh but in vain."

As for dependence on Divine Grace and Influence. It must be universal; and since we always need it, we must never forget that necessity. A moment *spent in humble, fervent breathings after the communications of the Divine assistance* may do more good than many minutes spent in mere reasonings. Let us therefore *always call upon God*; and say, for instance, when we are going to pray, Lord, fix my attention! Awaken my holy affections, and pour out upon me "the spirit of grace and of supplication!"—When taking up the Bible, or any other good book, Enlighten my understanding! Warm my heart! May my good resolutions be confirmed, and all the course of my life in a proper manner regulated!—When addressing ourselves to any worldly business, "Lord, prosper Thou the work, and give Thy blessing to my honest endeavours."—When going to any kind of recreation, "Lord, bless my refreshments! Let me not forget Thee in them, but still keep Thy glory in view!"—When coming into Company, "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of my mouth!"—When entering upon difficulties, "Lord, give me that Wisdom which is profitable to direct!"—When encountering Temptations, "Let Thy strength, O glorious Redeemer, be made perfect in my weakness!" Without the Presence and Assistance of God the Holy Spirit, all will be in vain.

GOVERNMENT OF THE THOUGHTS.

For the government of our thoughts in solitude. Let us accustom ourselves on all occasions to exercise a due command over our thoughts, watching against temptation. Let us take care of those entanglements of passion, and those attachments to any present interests and views, which would deprive us of our power over them. Let us set before us some profitable subject of thought: the certainty and importance of Death and Judgment, and the Eternity of happiness or misery which is to follow.

INFLUENCE OVER OTHERS.

Lastly, for the government of our Discourse in Company. We should take great care that nothing may escape us which can expose us, or our Christian profession, to censure and reproach; we should watch for decent opportunities of introducing useful reflections; and if a pious friend attempt to do it, we should endeavour to second it immediately.

NIGHT.

"Abide with us when Night is nigh."

The directions for a religious closing of the day. Let us see to it that the secret duties of the evening be well performed: and let us lie down in our beds in a pious frame.

For secret devotion in the evening, I should advise you to read a portion of Scripture in the first place; after this to enter on self-examination, to be followed by Prayer. In this address to the throne of grace, it will be highly proper to entreat that God would pardon the omissions and offences of the day; to praise Him for mercies temporal and spiritual; to recommend ourselves to His protection for the ensuing night; with proper petitions for others whom we ought to bear on our hearts before Him.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Before I close, I must take the liberty to remind you that self-examination is so important a duty, that I offer you therefore the following queries, which I hope you will, with such alterations as you may judge requisite, keep near you for daily use :—" Did I awake as with God this morning, and rise with a grateful sense of His goodness? How were the sacred devotions of the morning performed? Did I offer my solemn praises, and renew the dedication of myself to God, with becoming attention and suitable affections? Did I lay my scheme for the business of the day wisely and well? How did I read the Scripture or any other devotional or Religious works which I might afterwards conveniently review? How have the other stated devotions of the day been attended to, whether in the family or in public? With what temper, and under what regulations, have the recreations of this day been pursued? Have I seen the hand of God in my mercies, health, cheerfulness, food, clothing, books, preservation in journeys, success of business, conversation and kindness of friends, etc.? Have I seen it in afflictions and particularly in little things, which had a tendency to vex and disquiet me? Have I received my comforts thankfully, and my afflictions submissively? How have I guarded against the temptations of the day, particularly against this or that temptation which I foresaw in the morning? Have I been looking forward to Death and Eternity, this day, and considered myself as a probationer for heaven, and through grace an expectant of it? Have I governed my thoughts well, especially in such or such an interval of solitude? Have I governed my discourses well, in such and such company? Did I say nothing passionate, mischievous, slanderous, imprudent, impertinent? Has my heart this day been full of love to God, and have I sought opportunities of doing and of getting good? With what attention and improvement have I read the Scriptures?

" ABIDE WITH ME, WHEN NIGHT IS NIGH."

The sentiments with which we should lie down and compose ourselves to sleep. Here it is obviously suitable to think of the divine goodness, in adding another day, and the mercies of it, to the former days and mercies of our life; to take notice of the indulgence of Providence in giving us commodious habitations and easy beds, and continuing to us such Health of body, that we can lay ourselves down at ease upon them, and such serenity of mind as leaves us to hope for refreshing sleep; which our wise Creator, in order to keep us humble in the midst of so many infirmities, has been pleased to make necessary to our being able to pursue His service with renewed alacrity. Thus may our sleeping as well as our waking hours be in some sense devoted to God.

I am persuaded the most important of these duties have, dear Friend, in one form or another, been long regarded by you, and shall greatly rejoice if the review may be the means of *leading you into more intimate communion with God*, and rendering your life more pleasant and useful, and your Eternity,—whenever that is to commence,—more glorious.

Your very affectionate Friend,

P. DODDRIDGE.

" This,—with the alteration of a very few words,—is the letter I wrote to a Young Friend, a Youth of eminent piety (now I doubt not with God) about sixteen years ago, who, to the inexpressible grief of his many friends, died a few months after receiving this letter, and I can assuredly say that the experience of each of these years has con-

firmed me in these views, and established me in the persuasion that *one day thus spent is preferable to whole years of sensuality* and the neglect of religion."

"Far be it from me, however, to lay down Universal Rules for one and all alike, or for any one person at all times, places, and seasons. Let them be practised by those who are able, and who are placed in God's Providence, *with leisure to perform them*. God will be found *far* from being a hard Master,—so that there be the Bias or Inclination, or longing in the Mind and Soul towards Him.

"When you cannot reach them all," concludes the excellent Doctor, "come as near to the most important of them as you conveniently can!"

DR. DODDRIDGE.

AN AGE OF SIN,—A DREADFUL TIME !

This Man of God lived in that dark day, 1710-1750,—a Day of Sin. Truly God *has His Witnesses* in the darkest days !

The youngest of a Family of Twenty (!) Philip Doddridge was born in 1702. So feeble an infant was he, that little hopes were entertained that he could be reared at all. Almost all the other children died when very young. He, himself,—as an Infant,—was given up as dead,—but a Nurse fancied she saw a feeble heaving of the Infant's chest,—and succeeded in restoring the almost extinguished vital spark.

Thus, as God so frequently does,—He exhibited,—once more,—His Power in permitting His Honour and Glory to be advanced by the

"Weak things of this World !" —I. *Corinthians* i., 27.

The feeble Infant thrived,—became healthy,—and passed a very happy Childhood, under an excellent Mother's care.

It is related that the little Boy's earliest Scripture Lessons were learned from the Illustrations of Scripture History, depicted on certain Blue and White Dutch tiles, over their fireplace, which greatly took the little fellow's fancy.

He lost his Father when thirteen years old. The Widow's means were scanty,—the Times were hard, but the Boy proved to be of remarkable promise, intelligence, and learning, and efforts were made to secure him a good education. While a Youth of Sixteen, he spent an entire morning in earnest Prayer that God would give him some opening of usefulness, especially in the direction of the Christian Ministry. Before he had concluded he was greatly surprised by receiving a letter from Mr. Samuel Clark, offering him the very opening he so greatly longed for !

TRUE RELIGION HAD ALMOST DIED OUT.

The following year (1719) he began to Preach. After thirty-two years' service,—six years after writing the "Rise and Progress," his too short, and holy life ended 30th September, 1751, at Lisbon, whither he had been taken in hopes that the genial climate might prolong his life.

Should the Young Reader procure his remarkable Book,—and read it *patiently*,—for the Works of that day need patience, in the bustle and worry of our days of *shallow*,—*transient*,—thought,—let him remember that God's grace is just as free, and powerful, in 1908, as in 1702, and that many a Young Christian is yet to show forth His Praise, and to promote Christ's cause upon Earth !

Why may not the Young Reader be one of these ? In 1908,—as in A.D. 33.

1118 MASTER, WHERE DWELLEST THOU ? " COME AND SEE ! "

" The Harvest truly is plenteous,—but the Labourers are few."—*Matt. ix., 37.*

One cannot close the admirable directions of this true Servant of God without the Prayer.

" Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my *last* days be like *his* ! "—*Numbers xxiii., 10.*

" *Precious* in the Sight of the Lord, is the death of *His saints* ! "—*Psalms cxvi., 15.*

YOUTH.

Come, while the Spring its Linden blossom spreads,
Come, while life's Morn is bright,
Come, while the Golden Crown is to be won,
Come, ere the long, cold Night !

Come, while the Saviour's love for thee is saving,
Come, while Salvation is God's holy will,
Come, ere the churchyard grass o'er thee is waving,
And all around is Cold, and Stern, and Still !

TO A YOUTH DISCOURAGED.

The Writer fears that the rather lengthy, measured style of 162 years ago,—and the Rules above given,—may discourage a Youth.

Do not, for a moment, attempt too much at first ! Only make a gentle beginning ! God is no hard Master ! *Indeed,*

" His Ways are ways of Pleasantness,—and all His Paths are Peace."

" In Thy presence is fulness of Joy,—and at Thy right hand are Pleasure for evermore ! "

Do you doubt it ? *Then Try it ? Try it for a Month,—a Year !*
" Come and See ! "

JESUS SAITH UNTO THEM,—" COME AND SEE ! "

" Again, the next day after, John stood, and two of his Disciples ; and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, ' Behold the Lamb of God ! '

" And the two Disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.

" Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, ' What seek ye ? '

" They said unto Him,—' Master, where dwellest Thou ? '

" He saith unto them, ' Come and see ! '

" They came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him that day : for it was about the tenth hour."—*John i., 35-39.*

A happy day that,—dear Young Reader,—for the two good Disciples, when first they followed the Blessed One ! A holy hour must that have been for *their* souls, when the Lord of Heaven and Earth said, " Come and see," and they followed their Saviour to His, then, humble home !

And, surely,—when our Blessed Lord sees a Youth inclined towards Piety,—anxious to know more of " the Way " to his Heavenly Home,—our Lord's sweet Invitation comes, as surely to you,—"*Come and See !*"

" I am the Way ! " says our Lord.—*John xiv., 6.*

He is " the Way," because it is by Him alone Believers obtain Eternal Life, and entrance into Heaven. Christ is " the Way " by the God-like Precepts He taught,—by His Death, by which He purchased the

Heavenly Inheritance for Believers,—and Christ is “the Way” by His Holy life,—setting us an Example that we should follow in His steps.

How few of the Young concern themselves to seek Christ “the Way!” Amongst Youths of the Wealthier Classes, how many are engaged in the Pursuits and Amusements of a busy, thoughtless life,—how many of them would consider a Christian’s life insupportable!

Again, amongst Youths of the Working Class, how few, in our Workshops, great Manufactories, and Mills, choose Christ!

The Blessed One sees the greater part of the Young utterly careless of His dying love,—treating Religion as quite unsuitable to youthful gaiety, and pleasure, and yet,—amongst them,—He sees, here one, and there another, amongst the Young,—a Youth wistfully following Him,—and,—as of old,—the Blessed One still turns, and says to such an one, “What seek ye?”

“What do I seek!”—such a Youth replies,—“I have heard of One,—‘The Chiefest of Ten Thousand, and the altogether lovely,’—a Saviour for my dark soul,—I *would* know more of Him! Master! Where dwellest Thou?” The Answer comes,—as it did nigh 2000 years ago,—for Jesus Christ is the same Yesterday,—To-day,—and For Ever.—*Heb.* xiii., 8.

“A Thousand Years are with the Lord as one Day, and as a Watch in the Night.” Nay! as nothing at all! “He habiteth Eternity!”

And the Answer to “Where dwellest Thou?”—still comes from our Blessed Lord, in 1908,—as it came in 33,—“Come and See!” The loving Invitation, dear Reader, given to the two good disciples, comes to you in the Early days of your Life! Go to Him, Reader, in the way recommended in this Chapter, and spend the Early Days of your Life with Him!

Life with Him! “Abide with Him that Day!” The Morning of your Life,—thus spent with Christ,—will prove a blessed Dawn to you! That is the Dawn,—it is the Dawn of an Eternal Day,—when you “Come and See”;—when Prayer becomes no longer Dull, or distasteful, but delightful,—when you can read the Bible with Pleasure,—when you can engage happily in some good Work for the Master in the Sabbath School or other Christian efforts. When glorious hopes come at times to you, and you feel that by following the Master’s Invitation to “come and see,”—you have now really begun your Journey to your Heavenly Home! “Come and see!” It is not far to go to His abode,—dear Young Reader. The quiet Chamber,—the House of Prayer,—the Sunday School,—the Mission Room,—the Solitary walk,—even the most lonely places,—to the sincere, prayerful, earnest, Young Inquirer, Christ is always *there*!

“What shall separate us from the love of Christ?”

HOW FEW OF THE YOUNG SEEK CHRIST.”

The Blessed God sees the greater part of the Young neglecting their Saviour for sinful pleasures,—or the things of this World,—but, amongst them, He beholds, with pleasure, some Youths desirous of following Christ. He says to such an one,

“I do remember the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine Espousals.”

Never was there a day when Christ’s cause needed the Young Men of our Nation more! He will never forget the humble resolution of the Youth who says to Him,

“I would be more Thy Friend, because Thou hast so few, of my age, who seem to be Thy friends at all!”

Accept then, the hints given in this Chapter from a great and good Servant of Christ, long since passed away! His wise advice,—how to live the daily life of a Child of God,—is for all Time.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS RECOMMENDED TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

In reading the following excellent Works recommended the Young Reader must remember that they cannot be read hastily, or "right away." They need quiet,—steady,—prayerful,—Reading,—a little at a time:—

BOOKS UPON PRACTICAL PIETY RECOMMENDED TO THE READER.

1. Doddridge's "Life and Progress of Religion in the Soul," 1s. Edition.
 2. "The Anxious Inquirer," by John Angell James, 1s. Edition. An admirable work of Advice,—Encouragement,—and Warning.
 3. Sermons to the Boys at Rugby School," by Dr. Arnold, 4s. 6d.
 4. Sermons by Dean Church, at Whatley, before becoming Dean of St. Paul's. 4s. 6d. each vol.; three in number.
The Second volume upon our Lord's (1) "Love to Mankind,"—(2) "Love to the Multitudes,"—(3) "Love to His Enemies,"—(4) "Love to His Friends,"—(5) "The Last Evening,"—(6) "The Return for Christ's Love,"—etc.,—are the most instructive the Writer has met with in 50 years' Reading.
 5. "Ourselves,"—"A Picture,"—by Brownlow North, B.A., Thynne, 1901. 1s. 3d.
All obtainable at the Religious Tract Society, or any Bookseller.
 6. Last, but *certainly* not *least* the admirable Sermons of that Great Baptist Preacher of the True Gospel, C. H. SPURGEON (1885-1892).
Myriads have been sold at ONE PENNY each by Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore and Company, Paternoster Buildings, London. All in Print, a Selection given on Page 446, Vol. I. of this Work.
- Do not deprive yourself of the admirable Efforts of these True Servants of God, merely because you,—or your Parents,—happen not to belong to their "Denomination."

The Reader of Religious Works,—or the Bible itself,—cannot expect much Result,—unless the Reading is habitually accompanied by Prayer. In the merely Intellectual Reading or Study of **any Book** upon Religion,—when this Duty is neglected,—the Writer has not the slightest Belief.

Without the Enlightening,—Softening, Grace, which the Presence of God,—the Blessed Holy Spirit,—the Third Person of the Trinity,—Christ's Representative upon Earth,—can *alone* impart, to Mankind, no Sermon,—Good Books,—or the Bible itself ever has,—or ever will,—lead any human Soul to Salvation.

"JOHN INGLESANT,"—the Eldest of a Family of Three Brothers,—left no issue : and his surviving Brothers, being unmarried,—a very old Birmingham Family dies out. Their Business has CONTINUED,—without Partners,—4 Generations, from 1760-1908. They were early clients of the well known LLOYDS BANK, which started in 1764, and continue as Clients and Shareholders, AFTER 138 YEARS. A long-lived Family,—from the Author's Grand-mother (1765-1858), 93, the THREE Generations already COVER 143 YEARS (1908). Unlike his Brothers, he never travelled from England ; the Work being one of entire Imagination. His aunt,—Mrs. Sarah Southall,—lived 100 years and 4 months (1801-1902), his Uncle Southall founding, in 1824, the firm of Southall, Barclay & Co., Chemists, Birmingham.

Edmund Shorthouse,

Hempstead House, Trafalgar Road, Moseley.

Pannell's Reference Book, 1906, amongst a vast mass of information, has the following :—
 "SHORTHOUSE, JOSEPH HENRY, b. at Birmingham 1834, d. 1903, an English Manufacturer,
 "who made his name as an Author. His masterpiece, 'John Inglesant,' took him many
 "years to write, and is considered to be one of the best Historical Novels ever written."



The Author of "John Inglesant."

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE,

Born 9th April, 1834. Died at Edgbaston, 4th March, 1903.

Taken about the time (1880) the Romance appeared.

OLD EDGBASTON CHURCH (in 1830).



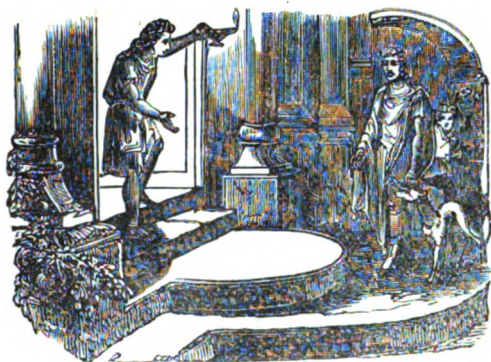
**In the Family Vault of this Church the Author of "John Inglesant"
was buried in 1903.**

THE SLEEPER.

Up the still Valley a footstep passes,
A silvery Voice
Calls through the green of the woods and grasses,
Calls to rejoice.
Warm rains—and sun,—the Earth hath shaken,
The sweet birds sing ;
Birds, Flowers, and Nature, joyfully awaken
At the call of Spring.
But, in that Vale, lies one who sleepeth,
Who wakens not ;
Spring, and the Primrose,—breathing their sweet numbers,
Have him forgot !
He,—too,—forgetting, things once so treasured
In his sweet "long ago,"
Sleeps in that secret—no Man yet hath measured,
No Man doth know !

PARTING WORDS.

And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord.
And if He shall come in the second watch (Youth), or come in the third watch (Manhood),
and find them so, blessed are those servants.



Be ye therefore ready also ; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not.—
Luke xii., 36-40.

PARTING WORDS.

AND now,—Reader,—the Writer must bid you *Adieu*.
At his age it is improbable that he will live to issue
another Edition of this little Work. But,—as throughout
this Book,—the Candid Reader will admit,—from first to
last, the Words of Christ, with their References, are *habitually*
given,—it may be,—in perusing Christ's Words;—Invitations,
—Teaching,—you may have been inspired by them, with a
Desire, while in Early Life,—for Divine Grace and Divine aid
to obey His Precepts,—God may have sent you a Call to
accept Him as your Saviour,—and,—with all Life before you,
—to commence the Blessed Life of a Christian, and perhaps
do a Work for God,—which *you* alone can do.

But how many a one on perusing a Religious Book have been
roused to earnest desires after a nobler, better life ; inspired
with some resolution to begin at once the acquirement of
some good habit recommended ;—but soon some trifling
thing, a new pursuit, a new book, a fresh companion, sufficed
to blot from his recollection those passages which had arrested
his attention ; he may have one day to remember how the
duties commended to his adoption were neglected, and how he
returned once more to his former state of inaction and Spiritual
Slumber. I would warn you against that *falling back* from
attempted Reformation ; that turning again to Sins once
repented of, and once forsaken. I would have you fear, above
all else, letting Days, Weeks, Months, and whole Years pass
by, without thought of God. I would ask you to remember

that a book of Religious instruction is *not merely like a medicine*, which, once taken, will produce its good effects without the *least effort on your part*.

You cannot expect merely to satisfy yourself with bringing religious truth into contact with your mind, without attempting to follow its precepts by *your own* active efforts, and Earnest Prayers.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

There is no Flock,—however Watched and Tended,—
But one Dead Lamb,—is there,—
There is no Fireside,—howsoe'er Defended,—
But has one VACANT CHAIR !

Longfellow.

, LIFE COMES BUT ONCE.

Let us take,—in order to give the Reader a parting thought,—the “longest life,”—and see how it glides unperceived away !

Take a thousand Youths ; take them fairly, from all classes of society, take them, haphazard, and let them all start life with fair, average health. How many will reach seventy-two years of age ? Consult the Life Insurance Companies' rates,—founded entirely upon known facts, and the average of ninety years past. Look at what their opinion is of the majority reaching even fifty-two years !

Out of 10,000 Persons one arrived at the age of 100 ; out of 500 one reaches 90 years.

Omitting the deaths of children,—taking 100 Persons arrived at 21 years of age,—“Ogles’,”—the “Oddfellows,”—and the “Foresters” Societies, give their ascertained Results for very many years past. “Ogle” deals with the entire population,—the “Oddfellows” chiefly on Working Class Lives.

OUT OF EVERY 100 PERSONS,—“GOOD LIVES,”—WHO HAVE REACHED 21 YEARS, IT IS FOUND THAT,

“Ogle's” Tables.	The “Oddfellows’ ” and “Foresters’ ” Tables.			
54 reach 60 years	59
44 reach 65 years	49
33 reach 70 years	37

Note.—If “Infant Mortality” or under “21” be added, it is doubtful if, out of 100 persons actually born, *ten* in the hundred live to be sixty.

The very fact that they were Members of these Societies, proves that we have in the above Tables, the averages of the better class of Lives,—“good lives,”—temperate, thrifty, people, with habits conducive to health and longevity. Yet, *only half* of these live to be Sixty! **VERY FEW OF THE READERS OF THIS BOOK WILL REACH 72.**

We *all*, individually, *secretly*, consider ourselves to be *the* exception; every one considers, from certain circumstances, that his chance of being *the exception* out of thousands, and attaining a great age,—say eighty-two,—is in his favour. Nothing but death itself will shake their firm belief! Then let us take seventy-two years as the most lengthened period of life, a Youth reading this Book can expect to reach. Remember that the entire experience of Mankind renders it absolutely certain that the vast majority of its readers *never will reach* that age!

SIXTY YEARS OF ACTIVE LIFE.

Let us now strike off the first twelve years of Life, the years of infancy, and early childhood. In the great majority of cases, few can recall very definitely, much of that period. The true,—thinking,—reflecting,—responsible life, can hardly fairly be said to have yet commenced.

Let us also strike off the exceptionally lingering ten years of an unusually prolonged life,—namely, from seventy-two to eighty-two. These can hardly be called years of *active* life. Thus, then, we have Sixty years of life.

THE BOY OF 12,—TO THE OLD MAN OF 72.

Let us divide this *possible* Sixty years of active, capable, life into *Three Periods*, namely,—

THE THREE PERIODS OF LIFE.

(1). Morning, 12 to 32 Years old. Gives 20 Years, 1040 Weeks, 7280 Days. Waking hours (say 16 hours the day) 116,480 Hours.

(2). Afternoon, 32 to 52 Years old. The man has now had 40 Years, 2080 Weeks, 14,560 Days, and 232,960 Waking Hours.

(3). Evening, 52 to 72 Years old. The man has now had 60 Years, 3120 Weeks, 21,840 Days, and 349,440 conscious waking Hours of Life.

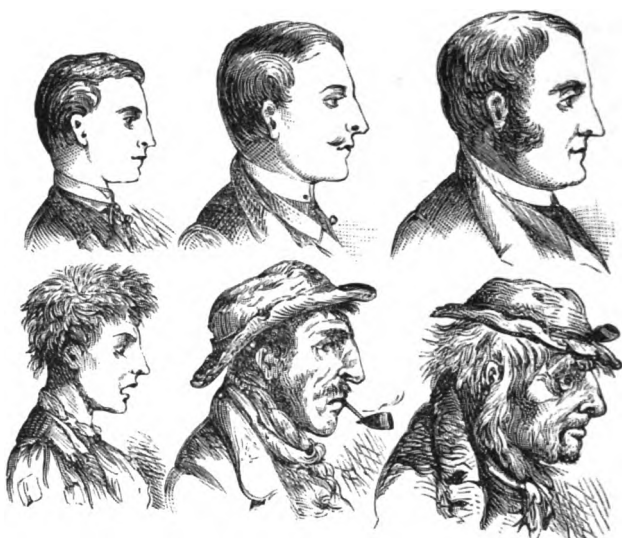
Reader, judge by your own period of life how *you*

MORNING.

AFTERNOON.

EVENING OF LIFE.

GOOD HABITS.



BAD HABITS.

12 to 32 years.

32 to 52 years.

52 to 72 years.

stand! How many thousands of precious hours have you let slip by already? How many of those thousands of hours have you spent in Prayer, and in Religion? What makes you think, if you are squandering a thousand days in the morning period,—you will not be found as *irreligious* and as *prayerless*,—squandering thousands more, in the *last* Period,—the Evening of your Life?

Be wise in time! "Procrastination is the thief of Time; year after year it steals, till all are fled!"

FIRST PERIOD.—MORNING.—A BOY OF 12 TO HIS 32ND YEAR.

School days. Early acquaintances made. Attainments in knowledge, and general capacity, decided in this Period. Symptoms of the Character, for good or evil, begin to show themselves. The chief bias, or besetting fault, or Sin, develops. Who is there without some such besetment? Habits of daily life are formed. From fifteen to twenty-five is—in the immense majority of Youths,—the Period for the commence-

ment of *Religious* thoughts, and experience. Religious impressions and feelings now mingle with the things of Sense and Time.

Upon the reception,—or the persistent rejection of these Calls,—these Whispers of the Unseen God,—the after life, and Character depend! Steadily rejected;—this World chosen,—Christ put aside for Sin,—and a prayerless life adopted for Weeks, Months, and Years, and those early impressions, in countless instances, do not seem to come any more!

Has the Blessed God passed on to others? A solemn parting thought, dear Young Reader! Be warned in time!

It is to be observed that Time goes somewhat slowly in the above Period of life.

SECOND PERIOD.—AFTERNOON.—THE MAN FROM HIS 32ND TO HIS 52ND YEAR.

These are the Years of active Business life, its hopes, its fears, its excitements. Marriage has probably taken place, bringing with it a thousand anxieties, ambitions, social calls, and responsibilities.

Much is said of the influence of Women, and doubtless a pious, Christian, Wife is a boon to any Man. But what about a frivolous, irreligious one? However, for weal or woe, now come the varied, unceasing claims of married life, Money making, Friends, Visits, Pursuits, Travels. Occupied thus, no wonder that Life now passes quickly! The “7,280 days” of this 2nd Period, or Afternoon of Life, glide imperceptibly away.

The man's Religious Life has now been decided! Long ago he has decided *once*,—(and, in countless instances)—*for ever*,—whether, as the Father, and Master, there *shall*—or shall *not*, be Family Prayer in *that* Home; whether God's Word *shall*, or shall *not*, be daily heard!

Whether, or no he will “come out” as a Christian man, and whether his influence over Family, Wife, Children, Workpeople, Servants, shall, or shall not, honour the God Who made him! It is *now* or *never*! The opportunity,—comes but once!

During this period of life the former generation, the Relations, and Friends, who were grown up when we were boys, begin now, one after another, to drop silently away! The voices of loved ones,—once so familiar,—fade from our ears,—we shall hear them again no more! “*What* is — dead?”

is now the frequent inquiry. The News comes to us,—each time,—with a *shock of pain!*

And to many a sleeping Soul,—engrossed in the Concerns of a fleeting, dying, World, God oft-times sends a *closer* call! "*My Wife! My Child!* to be called away?" And, indeed, few pass the two first Periods of life without a yet more solemn call! There comes to many a one a time of illness, or accident, at which the Doctors look grave! "*What! I in danger myself? What! I may have to leave it all?*" Around me, I knew, was a dying World, but I had hoped that I should have not heard the dread summons for *many* a long year!"

Towards the close of this 2nd Period, the man notices that sure sign of advancing age,—he observes that the *majority* of the persons he meets in the Streets, or in Assemblies, are *younger* than himself.

GETTING LATE. IT IS NOW OR NEVER.

THIRD PERIOD.—EVENING.—THE MAN OF 52 TO 72 YEARS OLD.

The Writer appeals to every Reader of, 50 years of age, if so far, he has not sketched an average life fairly? He asks their witness to confirm his own, in assuring the Youth who reads this Book, that *once passed*, those years appear like a Dream!

It does seem difficult to realise that 10 more fleeting years,—the space between 1890 and 1900,—is all that is probably left to some of us of that life we had fondly hoped so much from!

But, dear Reader, if you have commenced the life of a young Christian, think you that forty years well spent,—those many prayers,—those holy desires,—shall pass *all in vain?* *No indeed!* Then will come the exceeding great reward of a religious life!

Ask any true Christian,—when the shades of life's Evening are beginning to fall,—"*What mean those joyful thoughts,—those glorious hopes, which, ever since I gave my heart to God, have come to me, at intervals, throughout my life, especially in Seasons of danger and distress?*" Surely, not being of this Earth,—they must be the Whispers of the Unseen God! The Blessed God, who called me in my Youth, surely sends me these tokens that His faithful love will follow me to my Grave!"

"LIFE" VICTORIOUS.

To every Aged Person who dies,—two children are born into the World. Every Dead,—Autumn,—leaf or Flower,—leaves the Germ of a coming new one! Winter,—and Death,—level all, it is true,—but Spring,—and Life ever rise,—with a SHOUT OF VICTORY!

READER,—You may be looking back,—one day,—with sadness to a lost youth, and vigour,—to "Pleasures, Past,—and Joys of Long ago." But you will admit that an "Immortality" to our Mortal Bodies on Earth would never do!

"The Pitcher goes off to the well,—but is broken at last!"

For, consider the accidents we are all liable to meet with upon Earth. We see men deprived of their limbs,—Sight,—Health,—Hearing,—etc.—Fancy an "Immortality" for Crippled Persons,—a World full of beings incapable of enjoying it. A never-ending Life upon this Earth would end in being a Curse,—even if it had been permitted.

READER,—It would never do! *Die we Mortals must!*

These mortal bodies of ours can never enter into immortality. It is not in the Constitution of Things,—it is contrary to the Laws of Creation, and of Nature.

"Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways."—*Rev. xv., 3.*

"TIRED OF LIFE."

UNDER FIVE MONARCHS.

"I am very tired of it all; I don't want to see another Christmas or another birthday," were among the last words uttered by Mrs. Sarah Lamb, who died in the small hours of yesterday morning, in St. Pancras Infirmary, in her 106th year. This parting confession implied no reflection upon those who had the care of her in the infirmary, for she had again, and again, expressed her gratitude for the constant kindness and attention she received. It was simply the expression of world-wide weariness in one who had long outlived the natural span, and had seen everyone depart with whom she was in any way related.

Mrs. Lamb, who is described by the matron of the infirmary as "the dearest old granny," was born at Ramsgate, on September 24th, 1801, and had resided in London practically all her life. She was left a widow, and was the mother of several children, all of whom died before her. Up to the last the old lady, although bedridden, maintained most of her faculties. In her more cheerful moments she would relate how she had lived under five Sovereigns, and she recollected being told to curtsy as King George III. passed by. She had many opportunities of seeing George IV. and William IV., and, of course, the late Queen Victoria. At the time King Edward came to the throne, she was an inmate of St. Pancras Workhouse, and it was one of her happiest reminiscences to describe how she was driven in a cab to Buckingham Palace in order to see his Majesty.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE JUST.

"It is sown in Corruption ; it is raised in Incorruption."

"It is sown in Dishonour ; it is raised in Glory ; it is sown in Weakness ; it is raised in Power."

"It is sown a natural body ; it is raised a Spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a Spiritual body."

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

"And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

"Now, this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God ; neither doth Corruption inherit Incorruption."

"For the Trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

"For this Corruptible must put on incorruption, and this Mortal must put on Immortality."

"So when this Corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this Mortal shall have put on Immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

"O Death, where is thy Sting ? O Grave, where is thy Victory ? "

The Resurrection. "O ! *Grave*, where is thy *Victory* ? "



"It is sown in Corruption,"—"Old Age" and Decrepitude),—
 "It is raised in Incorruption. It is Sown in Weakness,—it is raised in Power."

"DO NOT SPOIL MY PLEASANT PICTURES OF LIFE."

"Very proper thoughts for a man of your age,"—the YOUNG READER may say,—“but your Scheme of life gives me an uncertain,—it is true,—but possible, forty years more to live. I am but just of age. Do not spoil the pleasant pictures of Life for me,—the many really great pleasures this World has to offer,—just at my time of life when all seems bright! Surely there is for me, *Time enough yet!*

So say Multitudes of the Young! In that wearisome search after happiness in a dying World,—where true,—lasting,—Happiness *never has been*, and *never will* be found,—a Youth feels sad, when the brightest of his hopes and dreams disappear, when the delicate veil is rent through, which, at length, he perceives the *real* feelings, the *self-interest*, the *motives*, and the *deeds* of men!

Yet, for him, he thinks, there yet remains, the fond hope of replacing the bygone pleasant creations of his own fancies, and ambitions,—by others, which, though no less transient, he fondly hopes, may, nevertheless, prove quite as sweet! But what,—he thinks,—can compensate for them to one of the age of the Writer? “When I reach his age, I, too, shall probably attend more to Piety. These older Folks are jealous of us younger People, they envy us a Youth,—its ‘affluence of Love and Time,’ which to them they feel has now passed away,—for ever!”

No! Reader, it is not Envy! However fairly successful, happy, varied, and interesting, our past life has been, we would not care to go through it all again, except it were with the assurance that it should be a life more devoted to Religion.

THE BEST WINE PLACED UPON THE TABLE FIRST.

For we, Christians, see clearly, at our age, that forty or sixty years of mere Worldly success, and (so-called) worldly happiness, is just nothing at all; once past, it gives nothing more! At our age we have learnt that hard lesson for the Young to believe, that in the things of life, the “best wine is placed upon the table first,—*after*,—that which is *worse!*”

“Every man, at the beginning, doth set forth good wine, and, when men have well drunk, then that which is *worse*; but *thou* hast kept the good wine until now!”—*John* ii., 10.

was the astonished exclamation of the Ruler of the Marriage Feast to the Bridegroom, upon tasting the “good” wine our Blessed Lord provided for them.

It certainly is so with our life on earth, and, with regard to the things of this World!

The "best Wine,"—as regards our Vigour, Health, Capacity for enjoying Life, and opportunity for doing so,—comes first! Many will never learn this lesson!

It is impossible for us to pass through this World without observing that there are those who live for the things of Sense and Time alone! By a diligent,—nay, often exclusive,—attention to these things,—by middle life they frequently attain to great Possessions, and Position in *this* World, and these bring with them all the Pleasures, and the Comforts which *this* World has to bestow! "The *best* Wine is placed upon *their* table first!"

To deny that totally Godless, and Irreligious, persons heartily appreciate, and enjoy, the good things of *this* Life, would be to deny the Sunlight which shines around us! They do enjoy them! They enjoy them for many a long Year! "When men have *well drunk*,—then that which is *worse*!"

It is indeed so with Human Life! For the Shades of *Evening* close at length, upon the *Christless*,—as they close upon the Christian life! The cold Night settles at length, upon the followers of this World, its follies, and its sinful pleasures, as it settles upon the Followers of Christ! But oh! how *different* is that Closing Scene!

KEEN BLOWS THE WIND, RUSTLE THE DEAD LEAVES!

Oh! very, *very* gloomy is the Evening of a Prayerless, Christless life! Oh! very *very* gloomy is that Portal,—keen blows the Wind,—*rustle the dead leaves*, on that deserted Portal, from which the Blessed God, and Precious Saviour, have *passed away*!

"*Worse?*" What must it be for some to stand, at last, upon the Shore of that dread Ocean, which men call "Eternity,"—that awful word which God *alone* can understand,—with a past life which speaks to them of nothing but a neglected Saviour,—a neglected God!

Christ died once, and *once* only, for all Eternity, and yet died in vain for them! A long life of mercies, and entreaties, passed unheeded, and now God, and Christ, and the sweet Heaven above, passed by for ever, and some left to face Eternity unchanged,—unsaved!

OUR LIFE.

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—*Psalms* xc., 10, 12.

"For what is Human Life at best? A Mother's,—a Lover's,—a Mourner's breast! A wreath that's composed of Flowrets three,—of Primrose,—of Myrtle,—and Rosemary!"

"A Launch!—A Voyage!—a whelming Wave! The Cradle,—the Bridal,—and the Grave!"

NOTE.—"Primrose" emblem of Youth, Spring,—"Myrtle" of Love and Joy. "Rosemary" for *Remembrance*.

True! "Change and Decay, in all around, we see,"—but the Christian Believer accustoms himself to it, as the *very Design*, and intention, of our Maker!

This Transitory Scene is but a Probation, a Trial! It is not intended, by God, to be *anything else*!

Knowing this, the Christian Believer cheerfully resigns himself, at all times, to his God, and to his Saviour,—happy in his "Belief" in the Faithfulness, and Love, of God, and "Confident,"—with the Great Apostle,—of a happy Immortality.

And can say, with Paul,—

"I know Whom I have believed,—and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him, against that day!"—II. *Tim.* i., 12.

He looks to the "Good Master,"—Whom he has endeavoured to serve,—and whose Blessed Cause he has been permitted,—it may be,—to promote,—to be with him to the End! He asks, with Paul,—

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

"For I am persuaded that neither Death nor Life, nor Angels, nor Principalities, nor Powers, nor things present, nor things to come,—shall be able to separate us from the Love of God,—which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!"—*Romans* viii., 35, 38.

PROMISE TO THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

"I do remember the kindness of thy Youth, the love of thine espousals!"

"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him. I will set him on high because he hath known My name! He shall call upon Me, and *I will answer Him*! I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him My *Salvation*."—*Psalms* xci., 14, 16.

Your first object should be thus to obtain a *real love* and *affection* for the things of God—the habit of associating the thought of God with what you *like best*—your favourite pursuits, and amusements; in this lies the secret of all success in Religion.

“IN THY PRESENCE THERE IS FULNESS OF JOY.”

Why should a day's pleasure, a holiday, a favourite amusement, give you less enjoyment because you have in a few simple, honest words, thanked God for these good things of your life,—for the many pleasures you are expecting and have in store? You cannot think that He who gives us all things richly to enjoy, desires to lessen your happiness, and prevent all your enjoyment, for you know that it is in Him “we all live, and move, and have our being;” that it is His hand that supports us; His creation which ministers to our pleasures.

THE SOUL IS INSATIABLE.

In all Worldly advancement and acquirements, there is something wanting. The object of ambition *once gained*, the Mind craves for something more. Wealth,—Success,—Pleasures acquired, in *no way* dulls or satisfies the longing for greater increase! The Pleasures and Amusements of Life become tame and wearisome, and what once gave pleasure, as age advances, can do so no longer! The longest life is as nothing when it has passed, for the Soul is *Insatiable*,—Immortal! God's love alone can satisfy it!

You cannot give way to any selfish Appetite or Sin, without feeling a sense of degradation; and he who sinks in this way will begin one day to despise himself! Remember, Almighty God will *never, can never, change*, the Change must be on *your* part; give up your Sins, you *must*, or you are *lost for ever*!

“To those who, by patient continuance in well doing, seek for Glory, and Honour, and Immortality,—Eternal Life. But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the Truth,—indignation, and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul that doeth evil. For there is no respect of persons with God, Who will render to every man according to his deeds.”—*Romans* ii., 6-11.

Reader,—in these days when we hear so much of that *one* Phase of Divine Truth,—namely, exhortations to “only believe,”—“Believe and be saved this instant,”—“cast your deadly *doing* down,”—“come simply to Jesus,”—“getting well saved,” etc.,—these are doubtless most precious Truths,—and every true Christian is brought by God's grace, to do this *in the first place*. But,—this accomplished,—there *yet remains* the *other, equally important* side of Divine Truth, the “patient continuance in well-doing;” the Christian “warfare,” to follow!

"He that spared not His only Son,—but delivered Him up for us all, shall He not, with Him, freely give us all things?"

The great Apostle concludes,—

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation,—or distress,—or persecution,—or famine,—or nakedness,—or peril,—or sword?"

WHAT CAN SEPARATE FROM THE LOVE OF CHRIST?

No! Reader. It is not in *their* power! And yet there is one thing which can, and does, "separate us,"—(even "Believers") from the "love of Christ!"

It is utterly impossible,—utterly false,—to deny it! There is not a Christian living who cannot give instances of dismal Religious failures,—religious Declensions,—in his experience!

"Getting well saved!" "That moment he was a saved person!" "Saved by a word!" etc., etc., are *bold* expressions to use, dear Reader. You feel them to be so *yourself*! We see the *beginning*, let us see the *results*! Let us see the after life! Let us see the *end*!

"Having made peace through the Blood of the Cross, if ye continue in the Faith, grounded and settled."—*Colossians* i., 20, 23.

"He died for all, that they which live *should* not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him Who died for them!"—*II. Cor.* v., 15.

Let us see that "saved" person's *after life*!

"Without Holiness no man shall see the Lord."—*Hebrews* xii., 14.

There is one thing which does "separate," too often for ever,—from the love of Christ!

It is that woeful Neglect,—wilful, long-continued, Neglect of Prayer;—that neglect to use the Means of Salvation, now placed in the Path of all Men!

It is a certain Pride and Self-Conceit which is permitted to feel a kind of Contempt for Jesus Christ,—for His People,—and for the speechlessly precious offers now made by God to the Souls of all Men!

It is that fatal,—long continued,—almost total Indifference to God,—Christ and Religion,—*which kills*! It is that grasping,—for long Years,—the pleasures, the honours, the gains, the gratified self-importance, of a "Worldly," selfish Life,—and *letting Christ go*! Allowing Youth, Health, Time, Life, opportunity, all to go by,—until the dark, chill, Evening of a Prayerless, Christless life, warns too many, that to them all is lost!

By going down the Street of "By and By,"—one comes,—at last,—to the Gate of "Never!"

These are the things which "can separate,"—and do separate, too often for ever,—“from the love of Christ.” Not the mere fact of possessing a naturally “indifferent character.” The “Good Physician” can alter *all that* !

“They that are whole need not a Physician,—but they that are Sick. I came *not* to call the Righteous,—but *Sinners* to Repentance!”—*Matthew ix., 12 ; Mark ii., 17 ; Luke v., 31, 32.*

Attempt, then, let your *Character be what it may*, the life I have endeavoured to recommend to you.

Your reward will be greater than any words can express, or that you can either ask or desire ! We feel a little of the goodness of the Creator even here, while upon Earth. But He who created us, made us susceptible of higher and nobler happiness than anything which this earth can ever bestow ; and He tells us so when He says,

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the Heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.”—*I. Cor. ii., 9.*

“They which run in a Race, run all, but one receiveth the prize. So run that ye may obtain.”—*I. Cor. ix., 24.*

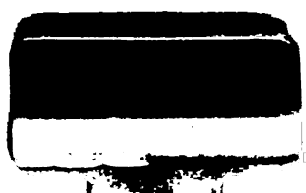
Ancient Chariot Race.



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